

The Times

II
1-12

VIIIth YEAR.

THREE PARTS, WITH MAGAZINE SECTION

LOS ANGELES

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1898.

FIVE CENTS

THEATERS—

For Theatrical Announcements See Outside Cover Magazine.

OPHEUM—

THE TEMPLE OF VAUDEVILLE.

MATINEES TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c.

See last page of Magazine for large ad.

LOS ANGELES THEATER.—

BEGINNING TONIGHT
"THE MAN FROM MEXICO."

Large ad with dates on back cover of Magazine.

SIMPSON AUDITORIUM—

ROSENTHAL.
Thursday evening, Dec. 25th. Saturday Matinee, 2:30.
Prices, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00. Management of J. T. Fitzgerald.
For particulars see back page of Magazine.

BURBANK—

PRICES: 15c, 25c, 50c; Loge Seats, \$1.00.

C. A. SHAW,
Leasee.

TODAY and the rest of the week.

"ALL ABOARD."

Large ad on back page of Magazine.

A MUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—

With Dates of Events.

O STRICH FARM, South Pasadena—

Special Rates Today and Tomorrow.

25¢ Round Trip on Pasadena Electric Cars, including admission to Farm 25¢

In the NEW YORK JOURNAL Christmas Number

a whole page is devoted to illustrations of the

South Pasadena

Ostrich Farm,

Describing it as "ONE OF THE STRANGEST SIGHTS IN THE UNITED STATES."

The only place where California Ostrich Feathers can be purchased.

AGRICULTURAL PARK—

F. D. BLACK,
Lessee and Manager.

Grand Christmas Coursing Meet.

Continuous coursing Christmas and Monday, December 25 and 26, commencing at 10:30 a.m. each day, under American Coursing Board Rules.

64-DOG OPEN STAKE. PURSE \$600.

All the Crack-jacks entered—2 from San Francisco. JOHN GRACE, (Ingleside) Judge. JAMES GRACE, (Ingleside) Slipper. Admission 25c. Ladies free, including grand stand. Music by Seventh Regiment Band. Take Main street cars. Lunch and refreshments served throughout the day. Coursing over ample time for Christmas dinner.

SUPERB ROUTES OF TRAVEL—

RAPID RUNNING—

California Limited

Via Santa Fe Route

53 Hours to Kansas City—65 Hours to Chicago—93 Hours to New York

Leave Los Angeles 12:00 p.m. Pasadena, 1:45 p.m.

Mondays, Wednesdays, Saturdays,

Lighted by Electricity. Elegant Sleeping Cars. Dining Car all the way; Barber Shop, Buffet Car, with Smoking and Reading Room; Observation Car; with Ladies' Parlor, Library, Etc.

NO EXTRA CHARGE Beyond the regular ticket and sleeping car rates

Santa Fe Route. Ticket Office 200 Spring Street

TO SEE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—

YOU MUST GO AROUND The Kite-Shaped Track.

The principal points of interest are on this famous line. You can go one way, return another. See a new country every mile. Tickets admit of stop-overs at any point. Round trip \$4.10. Ticket office, 200 Spring street.

WINTER CRUISE—

To the scenes of the Battles of the SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR. The American Line Twin Screw U.S. Mail S.S. "New York," U.S. Auxiliary Cruiser "Harvard" will sail from New York March 4, 1899, visiting Havana, Santiago, Gibralter, Guanabacoa, San Juan, Ponce, Windward Islands and Jamaica. Duration of trip 31 days. Passage \$200 and upwards. For full information regarding rates, accommodation, etc., apply to INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION CO., 30 Montgomery St., San Francisco, or to any of its agents.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS—Mount Lowe Railway.

\$2.50. Each and every day from Saturday, Dec. 24, including Monday, Jan. 2, from Los Angeles, including all points on Mount Lowe Railway and return. Enjoy the grandest trip on earth. Tickets and full information at office, 214 South Spring Street. Tel. Main 960.

TIMELY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS—

CARBONS—

And Platinotypes. Every Picture a Word of Art.

Exquisite Effects. Natural Poses.

Do not put oil settings on account of cloudy weather. Still another Gold Medal Award on Display of Carbons at the Omaha Exposition.

Visitors to Southern California should not miss the opportunity to have photographs taken under the most favorable condition of atmosphere in the world.

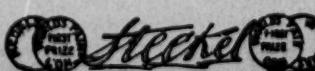
UNRIValed SUCCESS IN THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITURE.

16 MEDALS 16

Unquestionable Indorsements.

The greatest number of medals awarded in the last nine years to any photographer on the Coast, including both the gold medals awarded by the World's Fair Convention of Photographers, that is, the highest medals offered on photographs at any time or place during the World's Fair.

Studio, 220½ S. Spring St. Opposite Hollenbeck.



WHY IT PAYS—
To Trade at Headquarters.

BECAUSE we buy direct from the growers. BECAUSE we handle only the finest grown. BECAUSE our stock is received fresh daily. BECAUSE our berries and vegetables are not sewerage irrigated.

We ship to all. **ALTHOUSE FRUIT CO.**, 218 W. Second St.

BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURES—
IN PLATINUM AND CARBONS.
Southern California Views, Missions and Studies by Oliver Lippincott, published only by the Lippincott Art Photo Company, Room 22, 110 West Second street, Los Angeles, Cal.

EDLANDS AND MONTE VISTA ORANGES—
\$2.75 a box the finest oranges grown. A Merry Christmas to all of our customers. "It's all right if it comes from Rivers." Open all night. We ship everywhere. **RIVERS BROS.**, Temple and Broadway, Tel. M. 1426.

REACHING OUT

The President's Policy of Expansion.

United States to Dominate the Pacific Ocean.

Plans Which Dazzle the World With Their Audacity.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] November 17 last these dispatches contained an interview with James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, in which Mr. Wilson used these words: "President McKinley's policy is to use the Philippines to build up the Pacific Coast. He will use them to make Pacific seaports important and develop all interests of California. The annexation of Hawaii was the first step in this chain of events."

At the time those words were uttered they comprehended President McKinley's policy in the Far East. They do not comprehend his policy now, because that policy has broadened until today it includes almost the complete domination of the Pacific Ocean by the United States, and while Senator Hoar and Senator Hale are discussing with deep apprehension the effect upon the American body politic of holding "vassal peoples," President McKinley is going ahead with plans which rise far above such considerations, and, which, when fully revealed, and understood, will dazzle the world by their magnificence, quite as much as the world was dazed by the audacity of the leaders in the American revolution.

This information comes directly from the President, through a gentleman who had a long confidential talk with him this week. The President sees that the vast territory west of the Mississippi River remains commercially quite undeveloped and must remain far behind its possibilities until new markets are opened. These markets must be in the Philippines, China and Japan largely. And in order to get trade with those countries, and hold it permanently, without strife and conflict with other powers, the President believes the United States must dominate the Pacific Ocean, or at least as important a commercial and naval power in the Pacific as she is now in the Atlantic, which will be a tremendous step forward.

Spain, the President believes, cannot long hold the Caroline Islands, and he expresses the determination that the group shall not pass into the control of any other power. He intends to make all haste in fully equipping naval stations at Honolulu, Manila, Gaum and Pago-Pago. These stations, with Dewey's fleet and the battleships Oregon and Iowa, will practically dominate the Pacific, but additions will be made.

The President hopes when the Senate fully realizes his plans, and appreciates that he is after commerce, not territory and vassal peoples, it will regard the subject in a different light.

[FOLLOWING DEFENDERS.]

Isla de Luzon and Isla de Cuba Safe at Hongkong.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The gunboat Wilmington sailed today from Norfolk. She will touch first at San Juan, Porto Rico, and then proceed to the north coast of Brazil, where she will enter the Orinoco River and ascend that stream for a distance. This is the first time an American steamer has ascended the Orinoco for some time.

The Isla de Luzon and the Isla de Cuba, two of the vessels sunk by Dewey and raised by Naval Constructor Capps, have safely made the voyage from Manila to Hongkong, and because of their peculiar fitness for the service, will be kept among the Philippine Islands for some time to come.

The Cincinnati arrived today at Havana.

She is coming north to be repaired at New York.

The Annapolis and Vicksburg have arrived at St. Kitts.

The Scandia has arrived at Callao,

carrying a supply of coal for the battleships Oregon and Iowa, which are closely following her. The battleships will receive instructions at Callao, which will determine their course either to Honolulu or directly across to the Philippines.

The Abarenda has arrived at Norfolk, where she will fit out for a cruise to Samoa, carrying a supply of coal and material for erecting the docks and fixtures for the new coal station at Pago Pago. It will be several weeks before she will be ready to leave the United States.

Smith Says It's a Go.

[VICTORIA (B. C.) Dec. 24.—[Exclusive Dispatch.]

Articles for a fight between Denver Ed Smith of this city and Jeffries of Los Angeles have been signed, according to Smith. He says the fight is for a purse of \$10,000, and that it is to take place January 27. Smith has been preparing for the fight for some time.

SAGASTA'S ILLNESS.

Spanish Premier's Condition Reported Somewhat Better.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

MADRID, Dec. 24.—A bulletin issued this evening announces that the condition of Señor Sagasta has undergone no change since the last report.

[SOMETHING BETTER.]

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

MADRID, Dec. 24.—The condition of Señor Sagasta, the Premier, was somewhat better this morning and the attending doctors are hopeful of his recovery.

[FALL OF SECURITY.]

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

MADRID, Dec. 24.—After the close of the bourse here today, Spanish securities fell to 63.75 owing to an unfavorable bulletin regarding the condition of the Premier, Señor Sagasta.

WATCHING US.

All Eyes in Europe are on America.

Our Rapid Commercial Strides Viewed With Alarm.

England Sees Her Supremacy in Trade Fading Away.

tion for the contracts in connection with Russia's extensive railroads, has alarmed manufacturers here and elsewhere. Consuls assert that all Europe is swarming as never before with the agents of American manufacturers of steel, street railways, electrical apparatus and all kinds of machinery, who are leading the commercial invasion.

The report of attempts to float a British loan in New York have been received skeptically here.

Several financiers have told representatives of the Associated Press that Russia tried to raise money in London, Paris, Berlin and Amsterdam, and that she seems to have turned to the United States as a forlorn hope, possibly with the view of reaping incidental political advantages. But, it is admitted that it is a question of a short time when capitalists will have to reckon with New York as a competitor in high finance.

The Daily Chronicle comments upon the fact that American capitalists have the courage of their financial opinions, if they think they know the European situation better than the capitalists of the old world.

There is much interest here regarding the choice of a successor to Ethan Allen Hitchcock, as United States Ambassador to St. Petersburg. It is considered that the post demands the presence of the strongest diplomat in the States into the East.

Russia has sent one of her ablest men to Washington, though a transfer from Washington to Constantinople or Madrid has hitherto been considered in the service as being a promotion. Russia expects President McKinley to reciprocate.

Mr. Hitchcock carries home with him the conviction that Russia is still a staunch friend of America, which he has endeavored to impress upon the State Department at Washington, and on all influential Americans he has met abroad.

The English habit of entirely dropping serious affairs at the holiday season has resented the squabbles about the Liberal leadership, but Sir Edward Russell, who is writing his reminiscences, furnished material for a new controversy. He writes that while Lord Rosebery was resigning the Premiership, the Queen earnestly, almost affectionately, begged him not to turn Conservative. He explains that Her Majesty dreads the alignment of all the aristocracy on the Tory side against all the commoners on the Liberal side. Lord Rosebery has prominently requested the newspapers to drop the statement, and Sir Edward Russell says:

"I have good reason to believe it is true, though nobody shall drag from me my authority."

The English newspapers, pursuing their traditional policy of keeping the sovereign above partisan politics, refrain from commenting upon the incident, but the people discuss the story with the utmost interest.

The Hungarian politicians of the opposition party threaten to throw Hungary into a state of anarchy before they consent to an extra constitutional "compromise" with Austria. They have carried out their promise to issue a manifesto to the people urging them not to pay taxes or to allow the enrolling of recruits. As the clergy are preaching resistance to the government which they have never forgiven for passing the law allowing civil marriages, the rebellion may be serious.

Trouble is expected from the municipalities which have the right to withhold taxes and recruits so long as Parliament has not legislated therefor.

A Banquet for Day.

CANTON (O.) Dec. 24.—At a meeting of the Stark county bar held tonight, it was decided to tender a reception and banquet to William R. Day, president of the Peace Commission, after his return to his home in this city.

Points of the News in Today's Times.

[THE BUDGET—This morning's fresh telegraphic budget, received since dark last night, includes the principal Associated Press (or night) report, many exclusive Times dispatches, including a New York budget from our special correspondent, making about 18 columns. In addition is a day report, of about 9 columns—the whole making a mass of wired news aggregating the large volume of 27 columns. A summary of both telegraphic and local news follows:]

The City—Pages 10, 12, Part 2; Pages 1,

able to complete their work in Paris in almost exactly the time predicted by Judge Day before he left the United States.

It is expected that the treaty will be submitted to the United States Senate almost immediately, after the reassembling of Congress.

GLAD TO GET BACK.

Arrival of the Peace Commissioners at New York.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Judge William R. Day, Senator Davis, Senator Gray, Senator Fry and Whitelaw Reid, the United States Commissioners to arrange a treaty of peace with Spain reached home today on board the steamer St. Louis. Holding that the rules governing their diplomatic mission are still in force, none of the gentlemen named would speak regarding its work in Paris. They took the first train to Washington, carrying the treaty of peace with them. J. Bassett Moore, secretary and counsel of the commission, and Arthur W. Ferguson, the interpreter and translator, were with the commissioners.

Mr. Reid said he and his fellow-commissioners were very glad to get back, but they could not discuss the treaty. "We are going to Washington this afternoon, by the first train we can get," he said, "and shall report immediately to the President. It was understood among us that we should say nothing about our official business when we arrived. When the treaty was signed it became an official document, and must be left for the public of the United States and the President to decide what shall be done with it."

Mr. Reid would not discuss the published translation of what purported to be the text of the treaty, nor would he say anything about Montero Rios's recent criticism of the commission. "As a newspaper man I should like to speak," he said, "but as a public official I cannot."

Senator Gray, the only Democrat on the commission, was told of W. J. Bryan's recently declared attitude on the question of expansion.

"Unanimous," said the Senator; "I am not on Col. Bryan's curves yet."

The Senator admitted that he had an opinion concerning expansion. "I have no doubt," he said, "that there is a sober, thoughtful opinion in this country against expansion—there must be. The treaty gives us control of the situation. We can do as we please. We can keep the Philippines or not, as may be determined in the future."

Senator Fry said that at the opening of the session in Paris "the Spaniards first wanted to give us the island of Luzon; that we refused to accept. Then came a squabble about the Cuban debt. We were not inclined to pay that, and after a hard fight of days and days, our opponents finally yielded to our claims and signed the treaty, which I have no doubt will be ratified by Congress."

HALE WILL OPPOSE IT.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

LEWISTON (Me.), Dec. 24.—A special to the Evening Journal from Washington says that Senator Hale revealed today his determination to oppose the ratification of the Paris treaty.

"The newspapers," said the Senator, "are reporting that this Senator yielded and another Senator has gone over. That seems to be the tactics of the friends of the treaty."

This statement is taken as equivalent to a positive declaration of opposition by the Senator.

FILIPINOS ON DECK.

Reinforcements to Assist Agoncillo at Washington.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—The Filipino envoys, Agoncillo and Lopez, following close on the heels of the Peace Commissioners, returned to this city today on the Etruria. They will remain here over Christmas, and at the close of the holidays go to Washington, where they will await the arrival of Juan Luna, Gen. Rego de Bros and Dr. Tejada, special commissioners sent out by Agoncillo to the American government. The new contingent of Filipinos is expected to reach Washington by way of San Francisco by January 2 next.

Agoncillo, when he arrived at quarantine, made inquiries about Judge Day and the other members of the American commission. He was told that they had all arrived safely on the St. Louis, and that the treaty of peace between the United States and Spain was doubtless in the hands of President McKinley.

"I have seen a Spanish copy of it," said Agoncillo, "and know all that concerns my country. The Spaniards gave away or sold what they did not possess. The agreement, so far as it concerns the archipelago is practically void."

"Was your mission to Paris as fruitful as you expected?"

"I believe that it was fairly so. I think that the American people understand that justice is done the Filipinos when the expansion bubble has burst. I am now awaiting further instructions as to how to proceed, and they will arrive with the special commissioners I have mentioned."

WILL BE RATIFIED.

Senator Gray Thinks the Treaty Will Stand.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WILMINGTON (Del.), Dec. 24.—United States Senator Gray, one of the peace commissioners, arrived home tonight. He said that while he did not know the sentiment of the people on this side of the Atlantic with reference to the treaty, and had not consulted his colleagues in the Senate, it was his opinion that the treaty would be ratified without amendment. When asked if he was favorable to the conditions of the treaty, he evaded a direct reply by saying:

"Well, I signed it."

Mr. Gray declined to discuss the treaty, saying that it would not be diplomatic at this time.

Death of a Noted Wisconsinian, JAMESVILLE (Wis.), Dec. 24.—J. C. Sloan, a distinguished lawyer, ex-Commissioner, ex-Attorney-General of Wisconsin and dean of the law school of the University of Wisconsin, was found dead in his bed today from a stroke of apoplexy. He was 76 years old. Mr. Sloan was a member of the Committee on Military Affairs in Congress, during the administration of President Lincoln.

BRITISH YULETIDE.

MUGGY DECEMBER WINDS UP WITH A COLD SNAP.

Baron Rothschild's Magnificent Bequest of Art Treasures, Armor and Jewels to the Museum.

LORD IVEAGH'S PHILANTHROPY

CHRISTMAS PARTIES GATHER AT THE COUNTRY SEATS.

Nobility Snubbed—Miss Golet's Finance—An Ethical Marriage—Felan Dynamiter Released. Wages of Sin Insanity.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

London, Dec. 24.—[Special Cable Letter. Copyright, 1898.] Muggy December is winding up with a cold snap which promises a reasonable yuletide.

The London bus drivers lost a friend in the late Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, who presented every driver and conductor with a brace of pheasants and a bottle of wine at Christmas. The drivers made a demonstration on Thursday, the day of the funeral of Baron Rothschild, expressing their sympathy with the deceased by fastening on their wraps the Baron's racing colors, amber and dark blue, the ribbons being tied with a slip of crepe.

Baron Rothschild left a fortune of about \$2,000,000 (\$10,000,000) and has made a generous gift to the nation by bequeathing to the British Museum a magnificent collection of art treasures of the Renaissance period, and certain jewels, comprising some exquisite sixteenth century enamel and gold work and priceless examples of weapons and armor.

LORD IVEAGH'S PROJECT.

Lord Iveagh, whose munificent gift of \$250,000 (\$1,250,000) to the Jenner Institute, and who proposes to expend a like amount in improving a most unsanitary portion of Dublin, is reputed to be the richest man in the kingdom. He expects that he is worth \$14,000,000 (\$70,000,000). He is \$250,000 (\$125,000) in 1898 to erect dwellings for people of the working class in London and Dublin. His present scheme is to rebuild Bull Alley district of Dublin, including the ruder half reading-room, bath and a gymnasium. Lord Iveagh will execute the whole scheme at his own expense, and will place the property in the hands of the people.

CHRISTMAS HOUSE PARTIES.

All society has flitted to the country seats, where the gentry are gathering for the Christmas parties. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire are entertaining lavishly at Chatsworth House, Derbyshire. About two hundred guests, including Henry White, the United States Charge d'Affaires, and Mrs. White, Lord George Hamilton, the Secretary of State for India, will be there this Christmas next week. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have a large party of relatives and friends at Blenheim, and their well-stocked cellars will be shot over. The Marlboroughs are negotiating for the purchase of Sifton House, one of the largest mansions in London. It is intended for entertainment on a generous scale. The Duchess of Marlborough distributed the prizes at the Girl's High School at Oxford this past week.

ROYALTY CELEBRATES.

The Prince of Wales has a house party at Sandringham, but it is very small owing to the fact of the Prince's mounting at the moment to the Prince's best friends, Christopher Sykes and the late Baron Ferdinand Rothschild. Mr. Sykes, who inherited an immense fortune, practically ruined himself in "going the pace" with the Prince of Wales. Queen Victoria will be at Christmas at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, in an off-fashioned way. A royal barrel of beef will adorn the side of the royal dining-room, flanked by the time honored boar's head and game pie.

NOBILITY SNUBBED.

There is considerable bitterness in French royalist circles because the Queen has not entertained the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, who are now in England, although Her Majesty received a broad hint from the court at Vienna that such an invitation would never be given.

"The injustice of holding men in jail without charges," he says, "or putting them in jail and holding them there without trial, which seems to be the custom in this country, cannot be too strongly impressed upon the people and will not be allowed."

Regarding military rule, Gen. Henry says: "It is the intention that soldiers, so far as possible, shall preserve law and order, but as soon as the United States soldiers are not needed, they will be sent home; so the idea now is to educate the people to take care of themselves. This, of course, will take time, but every official resorting to violence in order to protect himself in the performance of his duty will be upheld by me."

"Soldiers who do not respect the civil authority will be severely dealt with," adds Gen. Henry.

He also says: "The English know that the mayors and councils of the various towns send delegates each to San Juan to meet him on December 19. His purpose, he declares, is "to give the people every latitude consistent with discipline and good order."

In Ponce Gen. Henry attended a meeting of the school children, who were addressed on the subject of Christmas in the United States, and Christmas presents. The children were asked what they would like for their Christmas present. They answered they would prefer teachers to anything else. This occurrence has been reported to President McKinley. There is as yet no evidence of opposition to this general idea, but one already begins to hear Port Rican opinions against the desirability of sending English for Christmas.

Gen. Henry is going to put an American army officer at the head of the San Juan department of street-cleaning and city sanitation. The actual work of this department will still remain under the jurisdiction of the San Juan City Council. The American officer will inform the new ideas, good methods and above all energy. This measure is one greatly needed, and the results reasonably expected therefrom will make San Juan much more agreeable as a residence to Americans.

San Juan political circles it is said, Salisbury intends that the United States shall sue for England's consent to control the Nicaragua Canal. Already there have been intimations given in the form of private conversations that the United States might buy England's consent, either by agreeing to some liberal commercial reciprocity arrangement with Canada or by official endorsement and support of Great Britain's aggressive policy in Asia, or both.

London advises this morning it is useless to attempt to gloss over the truth. Mr. White was instructed to communicate with the British government regarding the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, because during the recess of the Canadian-American commission, Lord Salisbury would be able to name the price for which his government will consent to allow the United States to do what Blaine and Frelinghuysen both informed Lord Granville we had a right to do without British consent. That is the meat of the matter.

A PAPAL EMISSARY.

It is stated at Rome that Cardinal Satolli will visit the United States in the new year. At the Vatican it is admitted that His Eminence contemplates such a trip, but all inquiries are gravely assured that it is due entirely to an urgent call of private business.

It may safely be declared, says a Rome special, that the Cardinal has no private business in America which could not be comfortably arranged by mail; his visit must be political. The Pope is well known to be anxious that there should be no doubt as regards his benevolent, sympathetic interest in the new American policy of expansion, in regard to which it seems misrepresentations have been made in the interest of fat and happy islanders scratching the soil for a bountiful living.

BUDGET VASTLY REDUCED.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN JUAN DE PORTO RICO, Dec. 24.—Gen. Guy V. Henry, the military governor of Porto Rico, reduces the budget for next year from \$4,000,000 pesos, as under the Spanish régime, to 1,700,000 pesos. He asks for authority to apply the customhouse revenues to the providing of roads and the cleaning of cities.

WINE AND CHANGE.

The Combination Gets Two Workings into Trouble.

George Fischer and C. W. Grimes were arrested last night on a charge of disturbing the peace preferred by the barkeeper in the Washington saloon, opposite the Plaza.

There are many people in the country districts who are literally half starved. Gen. Henry will give relief to the sufferers, even if it means it necessary to issue them rations. A knowledge of this state of affairs would serve to dispel the notion of illustrations of fat and happy islanders scratching the soil for a bountiful living.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

Sad news has been received regarding the condition of Princess Louise of Cobourg—daughter of the King of the Belgians—whose name figured in a painful scandal during the early part of the year, and who had been confined in a private asylum in Belgium.

The Princess, who was married to Prince Philip of Saxe Cobourg-Gotha, died with Lieut. Metternich-Kleivitch in the latter part of January last.

The Prince later fought a duel with the Lieutenant with pistols, and then withdrew, and was severely wounded in the right arm. He subsequently obtained a divorce from the Princess. The mind of the Princess is steadily giving way, and there now is

no hope of her ever regaining her intellect.

CURIOUS GREETING.

The King of Italy will receive a curious Christmas greeting in the shape of 400,000 post cards praying for the safety of the postal pouches convicts in connection with the recent troubles in Italy. The signers are sympathizers with the prisoners, and they have subscribed to a monster petition to Parliament in the same sense. The post cards bear the portraits of the imprisoned deputies and editors, and will reach the King on Christmas morning.

YORK IS NOT COMING.

The Sheffield Independent announces "on the highest authority" that the Duke of York will not go to the United States in 1899, contrary to reports that he might do so.

GOV.-GEN. HENRY'S POLICY

Home Rule to Be Granted as Far as Possible—Cities Must Be Cleaned Up—Personal Liberty not to Be Treated with Demand for Yankees Schoolmarm.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

SAN JUAN (Porto Rico), Dec. 24.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The insurgent Congress at Malibon on December 21 adopted unanimously the Filipino constitution which had been under discussion by that assembly for weeks. Aguinaldo and his Cabinet had fully approved the constitution previous to its adoption, and yesterday at the meeting of the council Aguinaldo submitted a draft of his proposed message to Congress.

He discusses the present crucial conditions in the relations of the Filipinos with the Americans, and proposed temporary suspension of certain sections of the constitution which limit the powers of the President, and to add another section conferring absolute power upon the President throughout the continuation of the existing situation. He desires the addition of a section giving the President the right to declare war without consulting Congress.

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SYSTEM IS ROTTEN,**BUT PERSONNEL OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT IS GOOD.****Secretary Alger Escapes Criticism at the Hands of the Investigating Committee.****METHODS, NOT MEN, TO BLAME.****NO CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF IN-COMPETENCY FOUND.****Gen. Eagan Wants an Opportunity to Reply to Gen. Miles. Mr. Hull's Report on the Army Bill.**

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES)
WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The work of the War Investigating Commission has progressed so far that the general outlines of the report which it will make have been agreed upon, although not all the evidence has yet been taken. The statement made some time ago in these dispatches that Secretary Alger would escape all criticism holds perfectly good, and a member of the commission today said the report would deal more largely with system than with men. It appears the commissioners have found the War Department system completely rotten, but they have discovered no considerable incompetency among the men.

ARMY INCREASE.**Mr. Hull's Report on the Bill Bearing His Name.**

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)
WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Representative Hull, chairman of the Military Committee of the House, today filed with the clerk his report on the bill for the increase of the regular army. After detailing the amendments adopted in committee, all of which have been set out in the Associated Press dispatches, the report says:

"The bill fixes no maximum strength for the entire army. Assuming that the government will require about one hundred thousand men for defense of the frontier, for coast defense and to maintain our authority in the islands for whose good order and government this nation is now responsible, together with a reasonable reserve force, the bill provides for the regiments of cavalry and infantry to provide the number required for each arm of our service, and corps of artillery for our sea-coast batteries, with all the regiments of artillery in their batteries."

"The committee believes the organization, as provided for in this bill, will make the most efficient military organization, at the lowest cost to the taxpayer, of any organization proposed by any bill before Congress.
The organization of the cavalry as provided in the bill is substantially the same organization now provided for by law. The change in the present organization is making fifteen captains in place of twelve, and providing for a commission of the rank of captain. By this increase of rank, the adjutant, quartermaster, and commissary are given the rank of captain, and a commissary sergeant is also added. The fifteen first lieutenants provided have three extra first lieutenants for each regiment to be available as squadron adjutants. It also provides for the creation of a band in each regiment by enlisting them as musicians, while under the present law they are enlisted in the regular force and enrolled as musicians. The organization of artillery provided in the bill changes from the departmental form to that of a corps of artillery, and as the artillery arm has so grown in importance, the committee feels justified in submitting the full reasons for the change.

"The relations of artillery organization to the work that the army has to perform may be best shown by a brief history of its history. Our present system dates back to 1821, when the first four regiments were organized. The fifth regiment was added in.

"The Fifth Regiment was added in 1861 and the Sixth and Seventh in 1898. Now when first organized that is in 1821, the question of coast defense and the like was not important as it is today, and consequently the question of organization was not so important. Moreover this relative unimportance of both functions and of organization continued for many years, in fact, down to 1861. On the other hand, there were questions before the country that made the services of infantry of very great importance. And the artillery arm had almost continuously used as infantry. Thus in the Mexican war the Fourth Artillery was used as artillery. It was armed, and equipped as infantry and served as such not only in Mexico, but also in Florida during the Seminole trouble, and in the wars elsewhere, even in the forties. When the civil war broke out in 1861 all the foot batteries heretofore armed and equipped and serving as infantry, were converted into light batteries, only to resume their infantry equipment and duties after Appomattox. In the bill under discussion the number of artillery units (batteries) which were retained from consideration of the number of gun positions to be manned. You must have, at the limit, as many batteries as you have gun positions. Further, these batteries must be grouped in sufficient numbers at each harbor to man all the guns in that harbor. Evidently, the idea of the regiments does not come from here at all and for good reason, there is no relation between the regiment as a unit and between the work to be done by the artillery. In other words, the essential of artillery organization is the battery, these batteries being grouped according to the necessities of each case, necessitates differing from harbor to harbor."

"The conditions are entirely different for infantry and for cavalry. In these each individual carries a weapon, which is not the case with the artillery when used as such. The fighting strength of infantry or cavalry is measured by the number of the weapons it can bring into line, but no such measure can be uniformly applied to the artillery.

REGIMENTAL ORGANIZATION.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Continuing Chairman Hull's report says: "Experience has shown that the regimental organization is suited to the infantry and to the cavalry, the unit selected, namely, the regiment, being the greatest number of muskets and sabers respectively, that can be directly controlled by one man and this unit is a necessity one. But evidently no such necessity exists in the artillery."

"Why, then, perpetuates a system that is essentially a relic of the past and wholly out of harmony with the present and with future conditions. There is no need of the regimental organization, because, as already explained, the chances are against an officer serving wholly in one regiment. For the purely local feeling for the regiment

alone, has been substantiated a strong feeling of pride in the army as a whole, a feeling born of the desire to see this long-neglected arm of the service at last rise to a full realization of its opportunities and its duties."

"Let it be borne in mind how complicated is the artillery service; how many different kinds of guns it has to serve, that in future it will be charged with the torpedo-service and that the nature of artillery service in general will depend entirely upon location that it is often hard to determine and it is evident that an arbitrary division of the personnel into regiments is inherently vicious. The corps system, on the other hand, gives the artillery the adaptability and flexibility that are demanded by the ever-varying conditions of its service."

"In respect to the number of batteries to be maintained, the argument only need be brought up. If the necessary personnel is not to be provided, why are millions appropriated every year for guns, for the complicated ordnance of the present cannot be trusted to untrained men."

"By June 30, 1898, 195 batteries of cast artillery will be needed for the guns of the coast defense. This will take care of 144 such batteries. According to reliable observation the deterioration of electric machinery in our coast for this, when uncared for, is 33 per cent. per annum; of other machinery, 28 per cent. and of guns and of carriages, 25 per cent. A battery of two 12-inch guns complete, with all its machinery, costs \$146,000. In one year, the yearly loss would be about \$44,000."

"In the organization of the infantry regiment, the change has been made in the number of enlisted men in a company from 106 to 145. The object of this increase is to provide for an adequate force at the very lowest cost to the government. It has not been the object of the committee to sacrifice efficiency for economy, but taking the number of men necessary to carry out the purpose of the object, we believe that an organization on the basis of 145 which would give us but 112 privates, is more efficient in actual service than one of 121 privates, as proposed in the Senate bill. The large increased number of regiments, which would be necessary by the reduced number of privates, would entail an increased expense each year, for officers, and would materially impair the effectiveness of companies and regiments on the line of battle. Gen. Sherman in 1878, after a full study of the situation in the War Department, recommended a bill to the Senate that after twenty-one years of service as a line officer, he regarded 145 men as the best organization. Gen. Miles, in his testimony before the committee, recommended 100 enlisted men."

"The organization provided for in this bill gives as a maximum a smaller regiments than the minimum of the leading nations."
The committee inserted a new section in regard to the record and pension office, believing that the present chief of the office has by his wonderfully efficient services, made it only proper for him to have the rank of a brigadier-general. His administration of the office has resulted in a saving to the government of over \$400,000 a year in clerk hire alone.

"The committee has placed in the bill certain limitations as to age. The government retires an officer at 61, on three-quarters pay. If men are placed in the army at an advanced age, they are of no use to the government absolutely no adequate service for the obligation of the government assumed to care for them during life. The question of how long a man should serve before being retired was one the committee was not all agreed upon, but a compromise was finally placed in the bill, limiting age to those not over 50 years of age. The retired list should not be used for an asylum for men who have spent their active life in civil employment. An exception was made in a new section exempting all the staff corps now open to appointment from civil life, from the operation of the limit, all men who served in the army during the Spanish-American war, and all men who served in the army during the recent war with Spain. The reasons for the incorporation in the bill of section five, is found in the following, submitted by an officer from the War Department:

"I have made a calculation that the bill prepared, provided all promotion in each arm by seniority in each arm, respectively, in the following manner: In the Infantry all the present first lieutenants and sixteen second lieutenants. In the artillery, all the present lieutenants and forty-two second lieutenants; total for Infantry and Artillery forty-eight. In the Cavalry fifty-seven, the present lieutenants would be left such. The scheme to equalize promotion to captaincy would, therefore, give fifty-seven captaincies to the artillery and infantry and the fifteen remaining first lieutenants of the cavalry. All the first lieutenants in each arm would be captains and all the second lieutenants in each arm would become first lieutenants, leaving the vacancies at the foot of the list. First lieutenants and all the second lieutenants to be filled by promotion from the ranks, from the volunteers and from civil life."

The official estimate of the cost of the army under the organization proposed in the bill, Chairman Hull states is about \$90,000,000.

Mr. Hull estimates the pay of the army at \$24,000,887, and the additional cost for subsistence and all other expenses to be paying the total up to not to exceed \$83,000,000.

EGAN ON THE DEFENSIVE.**He Defies Gen. Miles to Substantiate His Statements.**

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Gen. Eagan, commissioner of subsistence, gave out the following statement today in reference to his contemplated action on statements by Gen. Miles concerning commissary supplies furnished the army.

"Gen. Eagan has referred to Gen. Miles the published article purporting to be an interview with Gen. Miles in regard to the military supplies, asking whether the statements attributed to him were made by him, or any of them or which of them, or to what extent the statements are correct."

Eagan does not propose to discuss this very serious matter in the public press, but has asked, first, if Gen. Miles avows or disavows this interview, and has also asked the investigating commission for a copy of the statements (that were not sworn to and were) made by Gen. Miles before it.

"Gen. Eagan has also asked the investigating commission to be called before it for the purpose of rebutting and refuting the statements alleged to have been made by Gen. Miles, and published in the press, and to determine any statement made by Gen. Miles, under oath and especially and particularly to meet the alleged charge of furnishing anything whatever, under protest of experiment."

"Gen. Eagan is of the opinion that the proper place to discuss the merits of this matter is before the investigating commission before the time of the civil and military, where the widest latitude, under oath, will be given to all concerned; where the conduct of Gen. Miles and the conduct of Gen. Eagan, under oath, will have the fullest, most exhaustive examination and analysis, concerning all the charges that may be brought by either, to the end that justice shall be done."

"In view of this already inaugurated

action, Gen. Eagan deems it unilitary and improper to make charges against anybody whatever in the service, but thinks the law, military and civil, is being worked in the cause of truth and justice. Gen. Eagan contents himself with a complete denial of the statements alleged to have been made by Gen. Miles."

AFFAIRS IN THE ISLANDS.**Refugees from Iloilo Detained—Native Starving.**

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

MANILA, Dec. 24.—The steamer Union, which, as cabled to the Associated Press yesterday, returned here from Iloilo with native and Spanish soldiers, and was refused a landing at this place, has been detained by the Manila officials.

Private advices from the southern provinces say that business is suspended in all the leading towns, that supplies are scarce and that foreigners are only permitted to travel when special permits have been issued to them.

At Malabon, the headquarters of the so-called independence movement near here, the native soldiers are levelling on the villagers for supplies of food, the people are half-starved and universal dissatisfaction prevails.

Volunteers to the number of 60 attended a meeting of the newly-formed Philippine Development Association yesterday evening. O. E. Williams, United States Consul at Manila, presided. Despite action on permanent organization was postponed pending the decision of Gen. Otis on certain matters.

LEFT TO GEN. OTIS.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The administration has decided to confide to the Adjutant and Inspector General, Gen. Otis, in command of the United States forces in the Philippines, the question whether our troops shall be dispatched to Iloilo, where recent Spanish reports have stated that a sanguinary conflict is in progress between the insurgents and the remaining Spanish troops. Some days ago Gen. Otis asked the War Department if any precise instructions were given to him in his decision on the situation at Iloilo. The motion was fully canvassed by the President and Secretary Alger, and as a result the decision was reached to let Gen. Otis, on the ground, deal with the situation by the exercise of his own discretion.

The reply was sent to Gen. Otis several days ago and it will be for him to decide whether a United States force shall go to Iloilo and how many men will constitute the force.

REINFORCEMENTS VIA SUEZ.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Although Col. Kimball, deputy quartermaster general, has not received definite orders from Washington regarding the transportation of troops to Manila via the Suez Canal route, he is preparing to do that end. Two steamers are being fitted for the transport service to Manila and will be ready to sail from this city, with troops, about January 10.

They are the Mohaw, now on the ways at Bath, Me., and the Mobile, purchased by the government at the opening of the war and are presented to the American Revolution, which will be displayed in the exhibition palaces, the great bridge over the Seine is being generously prosecuted, while all other indications point to that success which the French always give to their exhibitions."

129. Gen. Boardman recommends the remuster of such organizations after muster-out, as desire to return to the National Guard, and the reorganization of the Wisconsin National Guard to make it consist as far as possible to the organization of the United States army, and such organization should also be a part of the national defense, and placed indirectly under the War Department. A strict physical and medical examination of command officers is also urged.

Marching Orders Cancelled.

(KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 24.)

Marching orders of the Sixth Ohio Regt. were countermanded later today and the regiment will not leave this afternoon.

PARIS EXPOSITION.**American Commissioners Cordially Treated by French Officials.**

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—B. D. Woodward, the assistant commissioner general of the United States to the Paris exposition of 1900, arrived in this city today on the American liner St. Louis.

He said:

"I have been called over to participate in the permanent organization of the commissioner general's working staff, and to familiarize myself with the general plan and scope of procedure in the future, in order that, upon my return, the Paris end will be able to cooperate intelligently with the New York and Chicago offices.

Commissioner General Peck and every member of his staff were at all times most cordially received by the Paris Exposition officials, and, I may say, we were generously treated, so far as according to our requests for exhibit space, for it should be known the lands of the Paris Exposition grounds are fixed by inflexible boundaries—boulevards, streets, avenues, business houses and private residences—and are located in the center of the city, thus making it impossible to extend the grounds in order to secure more space with which to satisfy the demands of a foreign country." So that the additional allocation of space made to the United States—after the whole amount had been apportioned out to the various nations of the earth—required more than an ordinary effort upon the part of the French exposition authorities and demonstrates their generosity and good

will toward us as a nation.

The different exhibition palaces, the great bridge over the Seine is being generously prosecuted, while all other indications point to that success which the French always give to their exhibitions."

LAFAYETTE MEMORIAL.**Daughters of the Revolution Will Participate in the Honors.**

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The Lafayette Memorial Commission has assured the national society of the Daughters of the American Revolution that it will receive full recognition in the work of securing sufficient money to make the proposed monument to Lafayette a worthy expression of the nation's gratitude, and one of the four tablets on the monument will be reserved for the society, to be appropriately inscribed. The national board of management cordially recommends that each member of the society show her appreciation of this honor by interesting all persons in the locality to contribute according to their means to this enterprise.

It has also asked the society of the Children of the American Revolution, through its president, to contribute to the fund, and contributions should be sent to Mrs. Robert Hatchett, Department of Franco-American Memorial Committee, room 52, No. 902 F street, Washington, D. C.

The society also decided to issue an appeal for \$15,000 to be added to a fund already in existence, and created for the purpose of presenting to France during the Paris exposition, a bronze equestrian statue of George Washington.

MINE DISASTER.**Lieut. Hobson's Farewell Kisses to the Bay City Girls.**

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.)

SHAMOKIN (Pa.), Dec. 24.—A terrific explosion of gas occurred today in the east gangway, on the first lift of the Lake Fidler shaft, by which two persons were fatally injured, several others seriously, and it is feared that some more were overcome in the shaft by black damp.

The fatally injured are:

JOHN GORSILL, married.

MICHAEL CORTOSKI, married.

The seriously injured are:

MICHAEL and JOHN SPITT, both married.

FRANK SHOOK, married.

Immediately after the explosion Superintendent Kohlbrake and Foreman Her, headed by a rescuing party, are now making an attempt to explore various mine chambers in search of a few men supposed to have been overcome by black damp.

It has not yet been determined what caused the explosion. The force of the explosion was so great that ten timber sets and timber sets were blown to pieces.

The breaker was immediately shut down, and every effort is being made to locate the men supposed to have been in the mine at the time of the explosion.

Little Folks Like the new Food GRAPE-NUTS.**INSTINCT.****Taste is Frequently a Valuable Guide in Selecting Food.**

A little child's taste is often a reliable guide to palatable and desirable food, and it is worth one's while to observe how the little folks take to Grape-Nuts, the famous new food made by the Postum Co. at Battle Creek, Mich.

Children eat Grape-Nuts freely without addition of sugar, for the food has the peculiar, mild but satisfying sweet of grape-sugar, and the natural taste either of child or adult recognizes at once a food that will agree with and richly nourish the system.

A hot dish can instantly be served by pouring hot milk or cream on Grape-Nuts.

Wisconsin's War Expenses.

(MADISON (Wis.), Dec. 24.)

WORK IN SIGHT IN CUBA.

COMPLEX QUESTIONS FOR THIS GOVERNMENT TO SOLVE.

TRANQUILLITY GUARANTEED BY THE PRESENCE OF AMERICAN TROOPS. INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL RECONSTRUCTION - FINANCIAL PROBLEMS.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—American control is so close at hand that it is possible to see clearly the work ahead, says the Havana correspondent of the Tribune. Maintaining order by means of the troops is a preliminary condition so well understood that it does not call for explanation. All classes in Cuba know why the soldiers are here, and knowing, they acquiesce. That knowledge in itself is the best guarantee of tranquillity. Isolated instances may arise which will call for repression, but these will not affect the general good order. They will be held back to the measures of industrial and commercial reconstruction which necessarily precedes the practical government, as it will be made in the future.

The commercial classes are showing the greatest adaptability to the new order of things. Within a fortnight after the tariff is promulgated, business will be moving smoothly along all channels. The only uncertainty of the future is that which will come from the shifting of the money standard. So far as preparation can be made for change of this kind, the business houses of Havana have made it. They do not yet know positively that custodial duties are to be paid on the currency of the United States, and they are not certain that the inflation will be squeezed out of the Spanish and French gold coins, but they anticipate a modification of some kind. That is the last cloud that hangs over the business community.

The struggle against changing the present artificial relation of values appears to be growing. The merchants and bankers who are opposed to a change, advance some strong arguments against maintaining the present system. They take the ground that since the United States has no right to collect the customs revenues in trust, and to extend them in Cuba, change is not desirable. By the inflation in the gold coins by which everything from an ounce down to a doulbouf of a French Louis receives value greater than its actual worth, Cuba has been kept on a gold basis. Through all the periods of intense war and industrial anarchy gold has stayed in the island, and the paper known as "Weyler's scrip" did not make headway or debauch the currency. That is one reason the merchants advance in opposition a change in the present artificial values.

The think that as gold has been kept in the channels of trade it will continue to flow in the same channels without the necessity of squeezing out the inflation. The readjustment of financial values in its influence on the debtors and creditors is the point in something that cannot be fully analyzed.

The banking houses and firms which receive deposits will adhere to their agreement and repay their deposits on the basis of \$17 for an ounce, \$5.30 for a centen, \$4.25 for a doulbouf, and \$4.24 for a Louis. Because of the uncertainty of the value of the gold in the withdrawal of deposits while these values prevail. It is a peculiar condition that causes this course to be taken, though only a temporary one. The debts on the island were contracted on the basis. As the sugar planters and everybody else are in debt, the repayment under new conditions promises to be difficult of arrangement. Firms in the United States which had an account to make advances or to loan money during the period of the insurrection, used to require that repayment should be in American money or its equivalent. They are not certain what will be considered the equivalent.

The use of silver in the daily transactions promise to be the most troublesome of all the questions that must be settled by the United States. The merchants and sugar planters who are opposed to a change in the present system say the transition to a different basis cannot be made without industrial disturbances, and without great hardship to all employers of labor. Silver is the currency of every-day life. Wages and salaries are paid in it. In the country districts the mass of the population never sees any more except silver "pesos" or dollars, "pesetas," or 20-cent pieces, and "reales" or dimes. The rate of daily wages is ordinarily a silver dollar. The purchasing power does not follow the fluctuations so closely as might be supposed, though wages usually increase faster than the price of necessities rises faster than they fall when its value is appreciating. This has been illustrated during the last three months. Though the "centen" now buys only seven Spanish silver dollars, where formerly it bought eight, the wage-earners are not able to purchase more with their wages. The principal commodities have remained stationary.

The opinion of the employers is that if a change is made they will be compelled to advance wages 10 per cent, for that is about what the elimination of the Spanish silver currency, or its readjustment to American values, will cost. They do not believe that the laborers on the sugar plantations are elsewhere to be argued into accepting reduced wages in money of an increased purchasing power, because that readjustment would come slowly. The experience of the laborers has not been such as to make them wait patiently for the natural change under new values, would regulate themselves.

They know what a Spanish silver dollar has meant to them. They will not be easily convinced that 99 cents in either Spanish or American silver means just as much. On the other hand, employers as a class, either on the sugar plantations or in other branches of industry, cannot afford to give the equivalent of a 10 per cent increase in wages.

The payment of the American troops will add to the difficulties. A small amount of United States currency is in circulation, but it is in bills in denominations of \$5 and upwards; these are large enough to meet the foreign exchange which varies from 7 to 9 per cent. One dollar and \$2 bills where they are taken, pass merely as the equivalent of the Spanish pesos or silver dollars.

The small shopkeepers and the laborers will be still clinging to the value of American silver coins. In the islands they are distrusted, and the cabmen will not accept them. When large payments have been made to the soldiers this silver is certain to be forced into circulation, but the relation it will bear to the Spanish coins is a puzzle. There very little information that has been taken back to Spain by the officers and the officials, the fear that no silver would be left in Cuba has not been realized. At present value is rising due to further depletion by the departing Spaniards, but enough remains to add to the perplexity of business, and to add to the complex problems which must be solved by the Treasury Department at Washington.

GEN. BATES'S COMMAND.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS-DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—[Correspondence of the Associated Press.] The reconstruction of this great tobacco-growing, sugar-growing province has begun. Absolute peace exists and the people are at work. Gen. Davis, before he left Havana, was told that brigands probably would overrun the province; that petty dictators were taking the villages; that insurgents had occupied the towns and would not yield paramount authority to the Americans, and that he would be infinitely vexed if he was to be a master in command of the natural resources under his charge.

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GEN. BATES'S COMMAND.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS-DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—[Major Gen. John C. Bates, who is now in this city, has been ordered to assume command of the new military department of Cienfuegos, Cuba, January 1, when the United States will take formal possession of the island. Gen. Bates has recently been in command of the First

Division of the First Army Corps, with headquarters at Macon, Ga.

Brig.-Gen. Joseph P. Sanger of the infantry, who has since been temporarily assigned to the command of the military department of Matanzas.

These two assignments complete the details of officers to command the various military departments in Cuba, under the supreme command of Maj. Gen. Brooke, who is now on his way to Havana to superintend the steps attending the formal surrender of the territory to the United States forces on January 1.

CUBAN EVACUATION.

ADMIRAL SAMPSON SAYS SPANIARDS ACTED IN BAD FAITH.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—The World publishes the following interview with Rear-Admiral Sampson regarding the work of the Cuban Evacuation Commission, of which he was a member:

"It's work is practically completed," he said. "We have reached a satisfactory agreement upon all points, except one, which I confess is likely to lead to a renewal of hostilities. The commission was carefully instructed to obtain a complete inventory of every piece of crown property upon which just claim could be laid. This was to extend to every province. Not a foot of land that formerly belonged to Spain was to be overlooked. We had our own source of information, and the Spanish were to be given an opportunity to supply us with a copy, which, no doubt, the Spaniards could easily have furnished. We waited two weeks, but never received it. There is every reason to believe that the Spaniards had instructions from Madrid not to give it to us. This was an act of bad faith. Trouble is sure to arise sooner or later out of this matter, but the United States will never budge an inch."

"In what way did they attempt to hide the existence of the crown property?" was asked.

"They were very different from the representations made at the time of the transfer," replied the rear-admiral. "For example, Gen. Wood was told that the Spanish absolutely owned no property in Santiago except the naval hospital. It was asserted that all the other government buildings, even the governor's palace of the Governor of the province, were leased to private individuals. This was untrue. Following the instructions of American officers and privates are careful to return the salutes of the Cuban soldiers, who, armed and unarmed, are coming and going all the time. They subsist largely on gifts of food. Some, forced by necessity, have sold their rifles. Mauers captured from the Spanish are selling for \$4 or \$6. In Havana, where Gen. Davis stops, are surprisedly sold for \$20 or \$25. The battalion of the Two Hundred and Second New York Regiment under Maj. Wood is camped on high ground and about a mile outside the city. The landscape of rolling country and dimly wooded hills is most beautiful. The men have been working hard cutting grass and organizing camp. They had not missed having fresh bread and beef since they left Havana. Forty-two head of cattle bought today for the camp are grazing near by. Guard duty is light. One post of three men is maintained at the railroad station and another at El Gobio Hotel, where Gen. Davis stops. No other guard duty outside the camp is required. The men expect to be replaced by regulars in the spring and allowed to go home. Dreadful stories are told of the malaria that develops around Pinar del Rio with the beginning of hot weather.

PROVOOST GUARD FIRED ON.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—A dispatch to the World from Havana says two sentries detailed on the provost guard of the Second Illinois, reporting being fired on from the bushes at Cerro last night. The guard has been increased.

The Eighth and Tenth Infantry moved from the camp at Marianao today and are now stationed at Hotel Trocha, where the American Peace Commissioners are, two miles from the city, and within easy call in case of trouble.

DISTRIBUTION OF RATIONS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The Secretary of War has received the following cablegram from Maj.-Gen. Lee:

"HAVANA, Dec. 24.—Seven thousand rations have been sent to Guines and about 40,000 to other points in Havana province. Rations are being distributed in the city of Havana, including 232,000 cans of condensed milk to sick and disabled women and children."

[SIGNED]

"LEE,
General commanding."

SPANISH TRANSPORTS DETAINED.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

BERMUDA, Dec. 22.—Spanish ships Infanta Isabel and Conde de Venadí, bound from Havana for Spain, arrived here on the 19th inst. for coal and provisions, and are detained in quarantine for observation. The Conde de Venadí is said to have on board the remains of Christopher Columbus in transit for Spain.

ROTSOS REACH SPAIN.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

CADIZ, Dec. 24.—The Spanish transatlantic steamer Colon, from Havana, December 10, arrived here tonight. She has on board 2800 repatriated Spanish soldiers.

A DESERT TRAGEDY.

TWO VICIOUS DESERT MINING CAMP MEXICANS.

While in Search of a Fugitive One Member of the Posse Shot Down a Companion—Begged for His Life, but the Slayer Was Heartless.

Deputy Constable F. E. Wadham and Stenographer F. H. Robinson of Hedges, a desert mining camp in San Diego county, left two prisoners at the City Jail last night while waiting for this morning's train to San Diego. Although Hedges is in San Diego county, in order to avoid a trip across the desert it is necessary to travel by way of Los Angeles.

The two prisoners are Guadalupe Rosales and Epimundo Melendrez, the former charged with an assault with a deadly weapon and the latter with murder.

About a week ago at Hedges Guadalupe Rosales quarreled in a saloon with Charles Salaman and slashed him viciously in the back with a razor. Rosales then escaped and a posse of citizens started in pursuit.

Among the posse Epimundo Melendrez, a relative of Salaman, John Lee, a cook restaurant keeper of Hedges. During the search for Rosales Melendrez shot Lee three times, inflicting wounds from which he died the next day.

Melendrez claims that he shot Lee by mistake. He says he is unable to speak English and, seeing Lee and mistaking him for Rosales, ordered him in Spanish to stop, and when Lee refused to do so, he shot him.

Lee, before he died, made an antemortem statement. He said that Melendrez shot him down in cold blood. He said the Mexican, on meeting him, covered him and compelled him to stop, when he was hit, he revolved in the seat through the leg with a 44-caliber Winchester rifle. Lee then begged Melendrez not to kill him, offering him money to spare his life, but the Mexican turned a deaf ear to his entreaties and deliberately shot him down, putting two more bullets in his body.

The statement of the victim caused great excitement in Hedges, where Lee was very popular. Melendrez was arrested, given a preliminary examination and held for murder without bail.

Rosales had been captured in the mean time, and was held in \$2000 bail for assault with a deadly weapon.

The two prisoners will be taken to San Diego by the first train this morning.

Surgeon Major W. J. Kneeler had become separated in the crowd from Gen. Davis, and one of the committee of priests began to read him an address of welcome, thinking the doctor was the Alcalde of the town. The first did not perceive the drift of the address, was unable to find an opening to stop the padre before the welcome had been concluded. The doctor, through a Cuban, who could speak

English and Spanish, said that as one of the Americans with Gen. Davis, he regarded the Cubans as men and Americans, and that in all his travels he had not been in so fine a country.

The Americans then swept on through wide spaces of deserted country. From the train they could see occasionally the blackened walls and tall chimney of a ruined sugar central. At each of the towns the Cuban commander turned over the municipal and provincial belongings.

Gen. Davis has communicated by letter to the Spanish government, and the American government, his desire to be naturalized as a German. He has known his allegiance to the proposed order of things under the American protectorate. Pinar del Rio city gave a reception as enthusiastic as that given at Santiago de Las Vegas. The Cuban commander turned over the municipal and provincial belongings.

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Liners**FOR EXCHANGE—Real Estate.**

FOR EXCHANGE— 40 acres, clear, Ventura county, for groceries; 10 acres and 17 acres fruit, San Bernardino, for this county.

Eastern improved for city or Pasadena. 40 acres oranges, etc., for alfalfa ranch. Good house, southwest, for Santa Monica cottage.

City property for eastern. CALIFORNIA ESTATE CO., 25 24-15 Potomac Block.

FOR EXCHANGE—THE MIDWINTER NUMBER of the Times, to be issued next Sunday, January 1, will contain from \$80 to 100 pages of carefully-written, handsomely-illustrated matter, including a large or small, guaranteed. Advertisers—large or small, who have anything to say to eastern people, can obtain publicity at a bargain in this issue of the Times. Advertising rates furnished on application. All advertising copy must be in by Friday night, December 30.

FOR EXCHANGE— 5, 10 or 20 acres near Verdugo, well improved, clear, for rooming-house.

Also 5½ acre near city, well improved, for land in Ventura county.

Also 10, 20, 50 or 100 acres clear for house and lot or rooming-house; will assume. FLOYD & HOVIS, 25 606 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—CLEAR CITY IMPROVED PROPERTY AND FOOD TRADE EQUIPMENT for small ranches near this city; interest-pay OK property in Cleveland, O.; Saginaw, Mich.; Omaha, Neb.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Chicago, Ill.; and eastern cities, for sale. Sales city and country property. If you have anything to trade we know it will be to your advantage to call and investigate the matter. C. E. MAYN & CO., 25 115 W. Fourth St.

FOR EXCHANGE—SAN PEDRO PROPERTY for Los Angeles; big lot, 4-room cottage; close to business; fine view; clear, cash value \$1000; for like property south or southwest. East-front lot, Center st., close to depot, and future business center; clear; \$800; for clear lot or equity in San Pedro or southwest. D. R. CRADICK & CO., San Pedro.

FOR EXCHANGE— Two good homes, splendidly located, near Westlake; 8 large rooms beside hall and bath, and worth \$5000; want a smaller house and will give time for the difference. R. E. HIBBETON, 25 119 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE— FURNISHED HOUSE, between Grand and Figueroa on 21st st., value \$1200; net price \$2500; rent, \$15 per month and tenant included; \$15 cash balance trade clear property. J. ROBERTS, 25 28 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—40 ACRES ALFALFA OR better, in valley, 10 miles from town, want to trade equity of \$2500 for clear, rent, \$1000; value \$1200; want to exchange for 40 acres, southwest. S. M. CRADICK, Orange, Cal.

FOR EXCHANGE—2 5-ROOM COTTAGES, rented, city, clear; 10 miles from town, want to exchange for 40 acres, southwest. S. M. CRADICK, Orange, Cal.

FOR EXCHANGE—100 ACRES UNIMPROVED, southeastern Kansas; want house and lot, Pasadena, or Los Angeles, or small ranch near. Address D, box 22, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR EXCHANGE—VALUE \$1000; CHOICE income city property for ranch or farm; good loam garden land; near city, with plenty water. Address 1835 E. FIRST, 25

FOR EXCHANGE—MODERN 7-ROOM RESIDENCE near Figueroa and 21st for Oakland or Alameda; value \$1200; want to exchange for 100 acres, Shinglewood & Koyer, 144 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—25 ACRES FRUIT RANCH near Orange; income \$3000; price \$15,000; will take ½ in Los Angeles property, balance \$1000. C. R. CRADICK, Orange.

FOR EXCHANGE—NEWTON'S INN, 71 Central av., 24-room house \$1500; want to exchange for a small hotel. TAYLOR, 104 Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—HOUSE AND LOT \$1800; one block below Washington; want house and lot, 1000 sq. ft., with water; address C, box 57, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR EXCHANGE—10 ACRES San Luis Obispo county, all improved, for cottage in Pasadena or Boyle Heights. LOOK & EDGAR, 158 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—10 ACRES OF FRUIT TREES 6 years old; all bearing; 2 miles from town; vacant lots, city. Address C, box 1, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR EXCHANGE—\$1000; CHOICE income city property, all improved, for cottage in Pasadena or Boyle Heights. LOOK & EDGAR, 158 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—10 ACRES of fruit trees 6 years old; all bearing; 2 miles from town; vacant lots, city. Address C, box 1, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR EXCHANGE—100 FEET IN HAK- per tract, mortgage \$2500; want good building lot for equity. BOX 14, 330 S. Main st.

FOR EXCHANGE—8-ROOM COTTAGE, brick, 2 lots, chicken ranch, Tropico, horses. TAYLOR, 104 Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—TEN ACRES ALMOND Ranch, 1000 feet above city; will assume. TAYLOR, 104 Broadway.

FOR SALE—\$400; EQUITY NEW MODERN cottage; price \$1000 or trade, 1000 S. COLORADO ST., Pasadena.

FOR EXCHANGE—MORTGAGE FOR \$1000; drawing 10 per cent, net interest, as part payment; house and lot in city. TAYLOR, 104 Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—GOOD EASTERN lot and some cash for small stock of groceries or notions. Address C, box 40, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR EXCHANGE—160 ACRES IN RIVER- side country for clear Los Angeles city property. COLEMAN, the grocer, 714 E. Fifth st.

FOR EXCHANGE—NINE-ROOM MODERN house, Westlake, for city, country or eastern. Address D, box 66, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR EXCHANGE—NEARLY ALL KINDS of real estate in nearly every state in Union. A. L. AUSTIN, 116 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—FINE 9-ROOM MODERN house, fully furnished; want house for ranch or city. CARVER, 217 N. High.

FOR EXCHANGE—100 FEET IN HAK- per tract, mortgage \$2500; want good building lot for equity. BOX 14, 330 S. Main st.

FOR EXCHANGE—8-ROOM COTTAGE, brick, 2 lots, chicken ranch, Tropico, horses. TAYLOR, 104 Broadway.

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FOR SALE—\$400; EQUITY NEW MODERN cottage; price \$1000 or trade, 1000 S. COLORADO ST., Pasadena.

FOR EXCHANGE—FINE INCOME ORANGE grove, 1000 feet above city; for Oakland home. S. M. CRADICK, Orange, Cal.

FOR EXCHANGE—3-STORY BRICK BLOCK in Los Angeles; want orange ranch. TAYLOR, 104 Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—10 ACRES FRUIT in bearing; to city property. Apply 120 E. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—IMPROVED RANCH near city on car line; plenty water. BLACK, 448 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—VERY LARGE FINE diamond; diamond for lot. TAYLOR, 104 Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—GOOD CITY PROPERTY for ranch near city. CARVER, 217 N. High.

FOR EXCHANGE— \$1000; room house, southwest.

\$750 5-room house, southwest; exchange for diamonds, plain, faceted, etc. EDDIE, Times Office.

FOR EXCHANGE—I WANT TO TRADE MY bicycle for sound young horse, not less than 1200 lbs.; will pay difference. Call or address J. R. ALEXANDER, La Canada.

FOR EXCHANGE— \$1000; room house, southwest.

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SWAPS—All Sorts, Big and Little.

FOR EXCHANGE— 1000 FEET IDEAL

home, completely furnished, elegant loca-

tions, Pasadena; with use of horses, car-

riages, cow and gardener; \$150 per month.

Address C, box 63, TIMES OFFICE.

25

FOR EXCHANGE—A PRETTY CHRISTMAS present; a beautiful white, round guitar in exchange for paper and the papering of three rooms, Boyle Heights. Address C, box 14, TIMES OFFICE.

25

FOR EXCHANGE—PAINTING, PAPER

and other articles; for first-class driving bus, buggy, harness or light spring wagon. Address C, box 53, TIMES OFFICE.

25

FOR EXCHANGE—AN AGREEMENT of \$1000 for my wheel, mine, first class, also a typewriter. Address 123 S. GRAND AVE., or call in person.

25

FOR EXCHANGE—WANTED, BICYCLE IN EXCELLENT condition; for pairings. Address 286 WILCOX BLDG.

25

FOR EXCHANGE—GROWING BUSINESS centrally located, for a good profit, on improved property, with good instalments. J. P. BROWN, 548 S. Spring.

25

FOR EXCHANGE—FINE HOUSE AND LOT in vicinity to exchange for good use of services or general merchandise. McNAMARA & TONKIN, 129 S. Broadway.

25

FOR EXCHANGE—A GOOD OODGE WILLING to trade for good wagon and team; will split wood; will help to load up. An old-established business; good trade; owner needs the time to devote to other affairs. Address D, box 73, TIMES OFFICE.

25

FOR EXCHANGE—MARE, HARNESS AND light spring wagon; mare 5 years old; afraid of nothing; to trade for good b'kse. Address D, box 63, TIMES OFFICE.

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FOR EXCHANGE—WANT TO SELL CHEAP OR exchange for pairings. Address 286 WILCOX BLDG.

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FOR EXCHANGE—WANT TO EXCHANGE music lessons from a first-class teacher for a good piano. Address 123 S. GRAND AVE., or call in person.

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Liners**To Let—Rooms and Board.**

TO LET—THE MIDWINTER NUMBER OF THE TIMES, to be issued next Sunday, January 1, will contain from 80 to 100 pages of carefully-written, handsomely-illustrated matter. A circulation of 100,000 or more is guaranteed. Advertisers, large or small, who have anything to say to eastern people, can obtain publicity at a bargain in this issue of The Times. Advertising rates furnished on application. All advertising copy must be in by Friday night, December 30.

TO LET—WE WILL LET ONE OR TWO ROOMS with exceptionally good board to refined persons, house, family and liberties; strictly private; house thoroughly heated; large fine grounds; flowers, trees, tennis, croquet. 614 S. MARKET ST.

TO LET—SUNNY, HANDSOMELY FURNISHED rooms, single or en suite, in modern home; opposite Westlake Park; excellent cooking, reliable maid. Advertising rates desired. 450 S. ALVARADO ST.

TO LET—AN IDEAL HOME, COMPLETELY FURNISHED; elegant location, Pasadena; with use of horses, carriages, cow and gardener; \$12 per month. Address C. box 63, TIMES OFFICE.

TO LET—MT. PLEASANT HOTEL, MOST BEAUTIFUL location; corner Boyle ave. and First and Spring. 25

TO LET—SUNNY SOUTHPAST FRONT roomed house; new board; three blocks from business center. 2125 GRAND AVE.

TO LET—BRIGHT SUNNY ROOMS AND first-class board in private family; spacious and comfortable. 929 FEDERICO ST.

TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED, SUNNY rooms, bath; electricity; private family; home cooking; terms reasonable. 1533 W. LITTLE ST.

TO LET—PLEASANT ROOM WITH BATH, rates reasonable. Call 18-22-26 VERNON AVE., Los Angeles, Cal.

TO LET—HANDSOMELY FURNISHED SUNNY rooms, excellent table; fine location; private house; 2725 S. GRAND AVE.

TO LET—SUNNY FURNISHED ROOMS and excellent board; obtainable. 186 W. PICO ST.

TO LET—ROOMS AND BOARD, FINE newly furnished, close in, 428 TEMPLE ST.; no children allowed. 25

TO LET—FRESHLY FURNISHED, WELL LOCATED; good table for couple or single parties. 1236 W. 30TH ST.

TO LET—

Flats.

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TO LET—1/4 BLOCK FROM WESTLAKE, electricity, modern conveniences, light finish, etc.; rent \$12.50 including water, or will furnish for responsible tenant for \$15.00. 2109 W. EIGHTH ST. corner Alvarado.

TO LET—THOSE LOVELY NEW 5 AND 6-room flats, First and Hope; everything modern; solar heaters; fine view; walking distance, 10¢ water free. See them and then see E. R. BRAINERD, 334 S. Broadway. 25

TO LET—LARGE SOUTH SUNNY MODERN 5-room flat, newly papered, varnished, gas, stove, electric lights, shades, with 10¢ water, 125 S. FLOWER.

TO LET—NEW AND SUNNY 4-ROOM lower flat, all modern conveniences; No. 1618 S. Olive st. BRANDIS, 162 N. Spring St. room 4. 25

TO LET—LARGE AND 8-ROOM FLATS, FIRST and Hope, new modern, chess room, R. BRAINERD, 334 S. Broadway. Tel. 1-22-23.

TO LET—UPPER FLAT OF 7 ROOMS ON 10th and Spring, grand ave.; cheap rent. Apply 612 W. 21ST.

TO LET—SUNNY 5-ROOM FLAT, 14¢; ALSO 2 rooms; adults; see them at 515 W. FOURTH ST.

TO LET—CLOSED-IN, SMALL, MODERN flat, cheap to permanent tenant. 544 S. HOPE ST.

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PASADENA.

GERMANS CLAIM THAT A COMPATRIOT IS PERSECUTED.

Following Up the Case of Miss Bellin—The Poor Woman Finds Friends and Companions in Morrovia—How the Taxes Come In—Christmas Services at Churches.

PASADENA, Dec. 24.—**Regular Correspondent.** With her Miss A. Bellin has been ill-treated and wrongfully deprived of her liberty or not, she has aroused the interest of a large number of people, who earnestly believe she is an abused woman, and are determined to look out for her welfare in the future. Her misfortunes may prove to have been the luckiest happenings of her life.

Miss Bellin is not a friend, or even an acquaintance, when she came to Pasadena. Although frail and ill, she managed to support herself by turning her hands to all sorts of work, and kept hours alone in a little shack on Vernon street. Finally her distress became very great, and she was taken first to the Pasadena Hospital, and then to the County Hospital. From the latter she once escaped, as has been related. Yesterday she was found here, and was sent back to the institution, much against her will. It appears that she had been in Monroe, where she had enlisted the sympathy of two German families, who gave her a home and became her friends; they were much disturbed, and an old gentleman and his wife, named Matthews, came to Pasadena today to inquire for her.

On being told that she had been conducted to the County Hospital, they expressed good indignation. "All she needs is care and good food," they said. "She is not fit for prison, but she is entitled to make a sick woman insane to be imprisoned in the County Hospital and receive such treatment and care as she got there." The suffering from such a punishment, and the hospital not a fit place for her. We are willing to give her a home and comfort her, and it is wicked to keep her in a place like this."

The Midwinter Number of The Times, to be issued next Sunday, January 1, will contain from eighty to one hundred pages of carefully-written, handsomely-illustrated matter. Advertising rates must be in by Friday night, December 30.

corner Green and Raymond. Telephone red 50 or main 37.

Christmas dinner at Carlton today. The leading grocer—W. J. Kelly. Merry Christmas! Bon Accord.

ANAHEIM.

Wind Subsidies—Buy Run Over by a

ANAHEIM, Dec. 24.—**Regular Correspondent.** The wind died out at midnight and today has been beautiful. A large Christmas trade is reported by merchants, and the streets during the afternoon have been thronged with people. Outside of orange groves, little damage was done by the storm. The loss there will amount to considerable.

John Cadman, a nine-year-old boy, was run over by a delivery wagon belonging to H. C. Jones, on Main street, while playing ball in the street. One of the horses and two wheels of the wagon passed over the boy. He was picked up in several broken condition, but examination failed to reveal any injury to the boy, and in a few minutes he was again playing ball.

A call has been issued for the annual meeting of stockholders of the First National Bank, which will be held on January 1. An election of officers will be held and a proposition which is expected from P. Weisel for the purchase of the plant will probably be considered.

Many ducks and other game have been shipped from the Westminster country in the last several weeks to the Los Angeles market, where a very good figure has been realized. Many hundreds of hunting dogs have been in the lowlands all season shooting for the market.

Rev. L. B. Benedict of Elmira, N. Y., is here to speak at the First Presbyterian Church. He is a friend, but is not an acquaintance, when he came to Pasadena.

Although frail and ill, she managed to support herself by turning her hands to all sorts of work, and kept hours alone in a little shack on Vernon street. Finally her distress became very great, and she was taken first to the Pasadena Hospital, and then to the County Hospital.

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CATALINA ISLAND.

The Fortightly Storm—Boating Adventures—New Building.

AVALON, Dec. 24.—**Regular Correspondence.** The usual fortnightly Friday storm put in an appearance on time yesterday. It was unattended by wind this time, but instead we were enveloped in a cloud of dust, which was wafted over the twenty-eight miles of water which separates us from the mainland. The usually placid waters of the bay were much disturbed and a heavy surf rolled in all day, which seemed to move with the heaviest of the winds. This is the third storm which has been experienced on Catalina this season, each on Friday and at intervals of exactly two weeks.

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CHARGED WITH ASSAULT.

Nealy Jensen of Coronado, a machinist, was placed in the County Jail last evening on a charge of assault. He is charged with having assaulted the four-year-old daughter of James F. Connell, a laborer living at First and Lincoln. The mother of the child was arrested, and the child was held in custody.

Miss Clementina Frank, vocal solo by Mrs. Cleves and recitations by Mrs. Carruth and Mr. Miller. The mothers of the children were present, and the child was held in custody.

"Resolved, that marriage does not increase the happiness of the persons married." The bachelors were carried from the platform by C. H. Thorpe and wife of Philadelphia, F. S. Ross and wife of Curay, Colo.; Miss Bryant and Mr. Hale of Boston, and G. N. Farnell and wife of Toledo, Ohio, to the Isthmus for yesterday on the Fleetwing, and went regardless of the threatening weather. To escape the rough seas on the north side of the island they went around the east end and the south side of the harbor side, where they found comparatively quiet water, and it was only after passing San Pedro on their return that any accident was experienced.

At Julian, on the Fleetwing, when the storm broke, and after barging a fast, for two or three hours, they essayed to land, but the heavy surf prevented them from launching their boat, so they were obliged to give it up and wait for the storm to subside.

Word came last night that the Indian stage could not get further down the mountains than Witch Creek, as the road was too much for the horses to face.

CHARGED WITH ASSAULT.

Mr. Russell had kindly offered to the Literary and Debating Society the use of his parlors for the winter, in which to hold its weekly meetings. The programme prepared and most enjoyed by the members of the society was a success, but it did not reach San Diego with much violence. There was enough stir, however, to cover Christmas goods with fine dust. The great clouds of desert dust rolled out to sea, until the whole horizon between Coronado Islands and Point Loma was obscured.

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City Briefs.

UNDER A MANGOTREE

BULLETS POWDERED SOLDIERS' HAIR WITH PEBBLES.

Capt. McClintock Tells of Deeds of Heroism and Devotion on Cuban Battlefields.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT.

SENSATIONS, THOUGHTS AND EXPERIENCES OF A WOUNDED MAN.

The Rough Riders' Flag, Made by Arizona Women, the First to Wave Over Santiago Province. Returned to Phoenix.

Warfare in modern days is so vastly different from any battling that ever was since the world began that Alexander, Marlborough or Napoleon would feel like a novice in the midst of an army of today. The Cuban campaign is separated by a wide advance recorded in history, and that is one of the reasons for the interest of Capt. J. H. McClintock's stories of his experiences with the Rough Riders.

As Capt. McClintock limps about Los Angeles, helping his stiffened tread with a cane, few of the passers-by know that it is two Mauser bullets from Spanish rifles that robbed his gait of its springiness. It was at Las Guasimas, the hottest battle of the war, that Capt. McClintock received his wounds, and it was an amazement to the surgeons that he reached America again alive.

On the morning of June 24, Capt. McClintock's active participation in the Cuban campaign ended.

"That was the first battle ever fought in the world," said the Rough Rider,

in which both sides used nothing but smokeless powder. The Spaniards were at a disadvantage from our forces varying from five to ten hundred yards.

They were hidden behind earthworks, and we were out in the open, with nothing to even hide us but the long grass.

It was impossible to tell from what place the bullets came which were spattering all around us. The smokeless powder cartridge makes no noise louder than a sulphur match, and from a slight distance it is impossible to see at all.

"Suddenly I felt an excruciating pain in my left ankle. I instantly dropped. It was so with every one who was shot, if only in the hand. Some men were seriously wounded, but felt no pain whatever. One soldier was shot through the lung. He did not suffer except that he felt a keen apprehension of internal hemorrhage."

"As I lay there on the ground, some of my men came and picked me up and carried me under a mango tree, where I would be sheltered from the sun though not from the enemy's bullets. A private named Foster, sick and wounded, lay there beside me. Once I tried to move myself to see how much strength I had. I found that I was to weak from loss of blood to raise myself or to move from where I lay.

"Don't try to move," he said. "You're as much sheltered there as you would be anywhere. I'm between you and the enemy's fire."

"He had deliberately crawled between me and the enemy's fire. Wait," that an act of simple bravery? He had not realized that a Mauser bullet would have gone clean through his body and right on through me, too, and still have been ready for half a company.

"The Spanish came up and did what could be done. They found that two bullets had struck the front of my left ankle. I recollect the shock, and so far as I know the two must have entered my ankle simultaneously. There are two big holes clear through the ankle, and a swab could be pushed from back to front.

"They were surprisingly few deaths from blood poisoning. The bullets moved through the flesh with such speed that by the time they struck a man they were red hot from the friction, and consequently they cauterized the wound themselves made. In my case some of the cloth of my clothing must have been carried in, for the wounds were rouged, and that prevented rapid healing.

"As I lay there the bullets kept on falling around me. They plowed up the ground all around and knocked up until my hair was full of dust and pebbles. I couldn't help swearing, it was so annoying. Fully a dozen must have hit the ground between me and my comrade, within arm's reach of me, but not one struck either of us."

"Edward Morris, the man who corresponded, came up and saw me lying there. You're in hard luck, old man," he said, bending over me. He took my name and found out who I was, wrote it down, and then started off down the hill to follow my troopers. A few minutes later he himself was shot in the spine.

"For all the day and all that night we lay under the mango tree, with a mackintosh for covering and the thick foliage of the tree kept off the dew. During the day land crabs kept skurrying around us, and when night came it turned cold."

"Were you given any nourishment?" "No, I did not eat anything for two weeks, not about as near to nothing as possible."

"When morning came I was picked up and placed on a piece of a canvas shelter tent. Eight men started to carry me to the seacoast, twelve miles away. The improvised litter was not long enough, so my head hung over the rear end. Every eight minutes the men who were carrying me would change end of the litter set. Each time they did this my body had to rest for a moment on the ground, and the jar was exquisite agony."

"About half-way to the coast we met that and transferred me to the more comfortable convenience."

"We drew near the coast we reached the top of a high ridge. It was a beautiful view, the mountains, wooded and green, stretching down to the purple sea, the streams and the tropical vegetation. When we reached the town I found that I was to be sent to the hospital, and the doctor said, 'You are to be buried.'

"William J. English, a native of Wisconsin, aged 27 years, and Nettie Kennedy, a native of Iowa, aged 25 years; both residents of Los Angeles.

"Hans H. Carl, a native of Norway, aged 26 years, and Henrietta Hansen, a native of Washington, aged 22 years; both residents of San Pedro.

"Fred W. Elley, a native of Georgia, aged 24 years, and Marilee A. Bradley, a native of Illinois, aged 23 years; both residents of Los Angeles.

"William J. English, a native of Wisconsin, aged 27 years, and Nettie Kennedy, a native of Iowa, aged 25 years; both residents of Los Angeles.

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"Fred W. Elley, a native of Georgia, aged 24 years, and Marilee A. Bradley, a native of Illinois, aged 23 years; both residents of Illinois.

"DEATH RECORD." MEYER—At Cleveland, O., December 21, 1898, Mrs. William Meyer, father of Mrs. Robert Fife.

FIFE—In Benicia, December 17, 1898, at the American Hotel, Frederick John Fife, aged 46 years.

SHAW—December 24, 1898, at 1267 W. Adams St., Florence Nancy Zeiger, infant daughter of J. T. and L. F. Shaw.

"When the sun comes to work on me they found that an inch of nerve, muscle and tendon had been shot away in my ankle. Muscle and nerve are elastic, and will grow out together, but the tendon is inelastic, and that is why the difficulty attending to the wound. A plaster cast was placed on my leg and taken off daily to have the wound dressed. While the vessel bobbed up and down on the waves a steward had to stand with both feet

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FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Morning: Organ prelude, "Offertoire pour Noel" (Julie Grison). Tenor solo and chorus, "Shout the Glad Tidings" (Brewer)-Mr. Gribble and choir. Baritone solo and chorus, "The Birthday of a King" (Neidlinger)-Mr. Chick and choir. Duet, "The Advent" (Rubinstein)-Mr. and Mrs. Chick. Soprano solo, quartette and chorus, "Christmas" (Shelley)-Mrs. Chick and choir, Mrs. Sparks, Mrs. Bender, Miss Pierson, Mrs. Upright. Offertory solo, "The Gift" (Behrends)-Mr. Chick. Soprano solo and chorus, "Sing unto the Lord" (Blumenschenk)-Mrs. Chick and choir. Organ postlude, Scherzo (Edmund Lemaigne). *

THE BOYLE HEIGHTS METHODIST CHURCH.

Morning: Organ prelude, "Santina, Adagio" (Grainger); Mrs. Ray Bowman. Anthem, "Hark, What Mean Those Holy Voices?" (Parks)-Chorus choir. "Gloria" (Glazier). Offertory, "The Holy City" (Adams)-Joseph D. Batchelder. *

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, (Figueroa between Washington and Twentieth.)

Morning: Organ voluntary, "Sing O Heavens" (Berthold Tours)-Miss Amelia Brown. "Gloria" (Spohr). Response, "Come Gracious Spirit" (Harrison). Offertory solo, soprano, "O Little Town of Bethlehem" (Barney)-Miss Metcalf, with violin obligato by Mrs. Julia Harpham. Evening: Organ voluntary, with baritone solo, Christmas Anthem (Faure). Offertory solo, soprano, "Christmas Song" (Adam)-Miss Metcalf, with violin obligato by Mrs. Julia Harpham. Anthem, "Nazareth" (Gounod). *

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Morning: Organ, "March Religieuse" (Guilmant). Chor, "From the Eastern Mountains" (Schnecker). Organ, "March of the Magi Kings" (Dobols). Choir, "O, Holy Night" (Adam). Organ postlude, "Hallelujah Chorus from the Messiah" (Handel). Evening: Organ, "Fugat Sun" (Dobols). Choir, "Lift up Thine Eyes" (Allen). Solo, "Though Poor be the Chamber" (Gounod)-F. A. Bacon. Ladies' trio, "Lift Thine Eyes" (choir, "He Watching Over Israel," from Elijah) (Menken). Offertory, "Narcissus," by request (Nevin). Solo, "O Thou That Telest," from the "Messiah" (Handel)-Mrs. Wyatt. Choir, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks" (Martin). Solo, "A Dream of Paradise" (Gray)-Mr. Williams. Chor, "The King of Love" (Shelley). Solo, "In Dreams I Heard the Seraphim" (Faure)-Miss Shepard. Choir, "Sing, Heavens" (Tours). Organ postlude, "Grand Fugue in G minor" (Bach). The choir-Miss Shepard, Mrs. Wyatt, Mr. Williams and Prof. Bacon, assisted by Mrs. Helen S. Kerr, contralto; organist, Mr. Skeele. *

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, (Cor. Adams and Figueroa street.)

Morning: Organ prelude, "Cantique de Noel" (Adam). Processional, "Christmas Awake!" (Wainwright). "Gloria," "Gloria Tibi," "Credo" (Tours in F). "Hymn, 'O Come All Ye Faithful'" (Reading). "Gloria Patri" (Stainer). Offertory, "Break Forth Into Joy" (Bruce Steane).

"Sanctus," "Benedictus," "Agnus Dei" (Tours in F). "Gloria in Excelsis" (Gregorian). "Nunc Dimittis" (Barney). Recessional, "Angels From the Realms of Glory" (Smart).

Organ postlude, "Glory" from Twelfth Mass (Mozart).

At Children's Vespers, 4 p.m.: Processional, "O Come All Ye Faithful" (Reading).

Chor, service (Tallis).

"Magnificat" (Tallis).

Coral hymns, "Once in Royal David's City (Gauntlett); "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" (Willis).

Recessional, "O, Little Town of Bethlehem" (Redner).

At evensong, 7:30:

Organ prelude, Pastorate from "Messtahl" (Handel).

Processional, "Adete Fideles" (Reading).

Choral service (Tallis in F).

"Magnificat" (Henley).

"Nunc Dimittis" (Gilbert).

Hymn, "I Came Upon the Midnight Clear" (Willis).

Offertory, "Break Forth Into Joy" (Steane).

Recessional, "Hark, the Herald-Angele Sing" (Mendelssohn).

Organ postlude, Improvisation, W. F. Chase. *

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH, (Cor. Hope and Eleventh streets.)

Morning: Organ prelude.

Solo, (a) "He Shall Feed His Flocks," "Come Unto Him," "Messiah" (Handel)-Mrs. Delphine Todd Colby.

Anthem, Chorus from "Christmas Cantata" (Trimmer).

Evening praise service.

Solo, "In dulci dona" (Faure)-Mrs. Delphine Todd Colby.

Quintette, "List to the Cherubic Host" (Holy City) (Gaul)-Mmes. Colby, Gerhardy, Young, Washburn and H. R. Maybin.

Solo, "When Marshaled on the Mighty Plains" (Bastford)-Claud L. Friell.

"Christmas Cantatas" in four parts, Op. 2, (C. McK. Trimmer).

Solo, "He Will Forgive" (Moir)-H. R. Maybin.

Chorus, "For Unto Us a Child is Born," "Messiah" (Handel).

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN, (Y.M.C.A. Hall)

Christmas praise service, 7:30 p.m.,

by double quartette composed of Mr. and Mrs. Modell-Wood, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Newkirk, Mrs. Perry Johnson, Miss Lillian C. Wallace, J. H. Stephens and Mrs. W. D. Lovelace, accompanist; Russell H. Ballard, cellist; Misses W. Ballard, and Mary Mullin first violinists; Miss Crowder, second violin; Miss Knox viola.

Double quartette, "The Christmas Herald" (C. W. Coombs).

Voice solo, "Legende" (C. Bohm)-Miss Wilson and Ballard.

Church quartette, "O, Divine Redeemer" (Gounod).

Double quartette, "White Shepherds Watched Their Flocks" (C. A. Havay).

Cello solo, Romance in E-Minor, Op. 17 (Guttermann)-Russell H. Ballard.

Double quartette, "The Christ Child" (C. W. Coombs).

Double quartette, "Seek Ye the Living" (Dr. J. V. Roberts)-Obligato by Modell-Wood.

Church quartette, "Art Thou Weary" (A. Schnecker).

Double quartette, "Hark! What

Mean Those Holy Voices?" (W. W. Gilchrist). *

THE IMMANUEL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Morning: Offertory, "St. Cecilia" (Grison). Anthem, "Christmas Bells" (Stevenson).

Offertory, "Exodus" (Tours).

"Believe, Let Us Love," response (Foot).

Offertory solo, "A Christmas Song" (Van der Water)-Miss Jennie Winston.

Anthem, "The Vigil of the Shepherd" (Blumenschenk).

"Gloria," from twelfth mass (Moore).

Evening: Organ prelude (Grison).

"Gloria in Excelsis" (Tours).

"Believe, Let Us Love," response (Foot).

Offertory solo, "A Dream of Bethlehem" (Rodney)-Mrs. J. G. Scarborough.

Anthem, "O Holy Child at Bethlehem" (Chadwick).

Offertory, "Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices?" (Hawley).

"Sanctus" (Martin).

"Gloria in Excelsis" (Chant).

Hymn, "O Come All Ye Faithful" (Adam-Fredericks).

"Kyrie" (Martin).

"Gloria Tibi" (Martin).

Hymn, "Shout the Glad Tidings" (Avison).

Offertory, "Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices?" (Hawley).

"Sanctus" (Martin).

"Gloria in Excelsis" (Chant).

Recessional, "Angels From the Realms of Glory" (Smart).

"Postlude."

J. P. Dupuy, choirmaster; Owen Foster, organist.

at both morning and evening services by a quartette choir, of which the personnel is, Miss Metcalf, soprano; Miss Fannie Lockhart, contralto; Albert Coombs, tenor, and Scott Palmer, bass.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

Prelude, "Largo" (Handel).

Processional, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" (Mendelssohn).

"Venite" (Robinson).

"Te Deum" (Van Beek).

"Benedic" (Heathcock).

Hymn, "O Come All Ye Faithful" (Adam-Fredericks).

"Kyrie" (Martin).

"Gloria Tibi" (Martin).

Hymn, "Shout the Glad Tidings" (Avison).

Offertory, "Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices?" (Hawley).

"Sanctus" (Martin).

"Gloria in Excelsis" (Chant).

Recessional, "Angels From the Realms of Glory" (Smart).

"Postlude."

J. P. Dupuy, choirmaster; Owen Foster, organist.

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SIMPSON TABERNACLE.

Organ prelude (Waddington)-Mr. Colby.

Quartette, "Hail the King" (Miss Jessie Goodwin, soprano; Miss Adele Stoneman, alto; Mrs. Jeffery, tenor; Frank A. Waters, bass).

Contralto solo, "He Shall Feed His Flock" (Handel)-Miss Adele Stoneman.

Male quartette, "It is the Lord's Own Day" (Kreutzer)-Misses Jeffery, Chaplin, Colby and Waters.

Duet, "I Came Upon the Midnight Clear" (Barney)-Miss Goodwin and Miss Stoneman.

Soprano solo, "Christmas" (Shelley)-Miss Jessie Goodwin.

Offertory, offertory in C minor (Colby).

A praise service will be given in the evening by the Tabernacle Male Quartette and other talent.

UNITY CHURCH.

Morning: Prelude, "St. Cecilia" offertory No. 2 (Battiste).

Anthem, "I Came Upon the Midnight Clear" (Shelley)-Choir.

Anthem, "Hear My Cry, O Lord" (Woodward).

Offertory anthem, "Calm on the Evening Ear of Night" (Shelley)-Choir.

Postlude, "Postlude in F" (Rink).

PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

Morning: "Vivace" Chopin Op. 27, No. 1.

Anthem, "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful Triumphant Sing" (P. A. Schucker)-Choir.

Offertory, "Nazareth" (Charles Goulden)-F. W. Abbott.

Evening: "Gloria Patri" (Stainer).

Christmas carol, "Hark! the Christians Bells Are Ringing" (Fonteyne)-Choir.

Anthem, "Hark, the Hosts of Heaven Are Singing" (Marston)-Choir.

CHURCH OF THE COVENANT, (Los Angeles Theater.)

Morning: "Morning Song" (Cormen).

"Sweetly Chime the Bells" (Shelley).

"Hall the Rapturous Song" (Vogrich).

"Angels Wing Your Flight" (Coenen).

"Gloria Patri" (Gounod).

Solos by Mrs. Burdett and C. Modini-Wood.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, (Boyle Heights.)

Morning: "Prelude," "Gloria" from Mozart's Fifth Mass.

Processional hymn, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" (Carol).

"Venite," B flat (Belcher).

"Gloria Patri" (Bennett).

"Rejoice, O Ye Shepherds" (Bayley).

"Te Deum" (Dykes).

"Gloria Tibi" (Faxon).

"Whale Shepherds Watched" (Shelley).

Offertory solo, "Angels From the Realms of Glory" (Smart).

Processional, "Calm on the Evening Ear of Night" (Shelley)-Master Arthur Farnham.

Presentation of alms, "All Things Sanctus" (Ely Service Book).

"Hymn in Excelsis" (Old chant).

"Nunc Dimittis" (Gregorian).

Recessional hymn, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" (Stainer).

"Gloria Tibi" (Faston).

"Whale Shepherds Watched" (Shelley).

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY

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OUR FORTHCOMING MIDWINTER NUMBER.

The Midwinter Number of The Times, to be issued on January 1, next, will surpass in interest and value any special number ever issued from this office, and will be in every respect worthy of the section the incomparable resources, attractions and progress of which it will represent. It will be issued in the popular magazine form, with beautiful lithograph cover, and will be freely illustrated with half-tone and other engravings, presenting attractive scenes in Southern California. There will be a comprehensive glance at the progress and present condition of the seven counties, prepared by writers who are experts in the matters of which they write, the whole being amply illustrated by THE TIMES artist. The edition will comprise at least 100,000 copies.

For the purpose of informing friends at a distance in regard to Southern California, there is nothing obtainable which will compare with The Times' Midwinter Number. This issue will be furnished for 10 cents a copy, and will be mailed to any point in the United States for 15 cents.

THE SITUATION AS IT STANDS.

For weeks past the State of California has been rife with agitation regarding the election of a United States Senator at the forthcoming session of the Legislature, and more feeling has been aroused, preliminary to that contest, than has ever before existed in the State's history, for the reason that the gang politicians have been working with might and main, and with the devious methods for which they are noted, to exalt as California's representative in the upper house of Congress a man whose record in both public and private life is such as to make honest men shrink from discussing his candidacy as a remote possibility.

Speaking of the suggestion of the election of Dan Burns, the San Francisco Chronicle well and forebodingly says: "Every decent citizen has a right to feel resentful at this prospect. The election of Burns would be a personal insult to every Californian proud of the reputation of his State, and the corporation responsible for the infliction would be bitterly detested by everyone for having brought so great disgrace upon the commonwealth."

Now, while all that the Chronicle says is true, the fact is plain to every man in the State who is familiar with the movements of the political heelers, who are in the business for what there is in it, that the ring of potherous politicians in San Francisco, backed by William F. Herrin, the political attorney of the Southern Pacific of Kentucky, is moving heaven and earth to seat Daniel M. Burns in the chair at Washington now occupied by the Hon. Stephen M. White. This being the condition that confronts the Republican party and the honest Democrats of the State, it is meet that they should consider severally, at least—and jointly as a last resort to save the honor of California—what is to be done to prevent the consummation of this unholy deal to disgrace not only the people of this commonwealth, but the distinguished body to which it is proposed to send a dishonored ex-State official; an ex-Mexican jail bird, and the promoter of a sport which has ruined and disgraced some of the most promising young men and most prominent officials of the western metropolis.

THE TIMES has been waiting with impatience to discover the candidate who should develop such an amount of strength as would seem to make it possible for the honest Republicans (and, if necessary, the equally honest and patriotic Democrats) in the Legislature, to rally around him, and thus insure the overthrow of the scheme concocted in iniquity to elect Daniel M. Burns, or some creature of the Southern Pacific Company whom he may "name." THE TIMES

has effective and not be dissipated like a shot fired in the air. The time, too, has come for the man who has been standing out as a candidate for the Senate, but who is really being made a stool-pigeon for Dan Burns, to remove himself from the scene, to the discomfiture of the political marplots who are attempting to drag the good name of California in the mire, or suffer the odium that must surely attach to him if he maintains his present attitude. The name of that man is Robert N. Bulla of Los Angeles!

TRUE AND FALSE ECONOMY.

Much attention is now being paid—and properly so—to the subject of economy in our State government. The necessity of economy is obvious, but the economy should not be so drastic as to impair the effective operations of departments or officials into whose hands matters pertaining to the welfare of the State are entrusted.

In the work of retrenchment, two points should be considered. First, is a department necessary? Second, is the remuneration of its officers more than that which the work they perform would command if it were done for a private individual, instead of for the State?

The first question involves a consideration as to the value to the State of the interest or industry which is the subject of any department in question. Is the said industry or interest of sufficient value to the State that there should be a department to record its progress, to supply information concerning it and to gather data which it is everybody's business and therefore nobody's business, to secure? With regard to departments already existing, this may be determined by the demand for the literature which said department has published, the number of inquiries annually made of the department, and expressions of public opinion concerning work done, which are more or less a matter of record. The motive for any direct attack on any department should also be sifted out, lest such attack may be the result of political animosity, or made to further personal ends.

While waiting for the "strong man" to disclose himself as a candidate for the United States Senate, Dan Burns has been "crystallizing" the members-elect to the Legislature who can be "manipulated" by Southern Pacific methods. Every man in California knows what those methods are—they are the instruments such as Collis P. Huntington always uses in his business—bribery, coercion and intimidation, exerted either by direction or by induction. It is against these forces of fraud and these muskets of fear that the honest men in the Legislature must array themselves if they do not want to see the State betrayed into the hands of its enemies. The time is past to insist upon having any particular make of gun with which to fight the octopus forces, but we must take to the front with whatever weapon the patriotic citizen may be able to lay his hands on. The wily old fox of the S.P. of Ky. is alert, adroit and unscrupulous, but he can be beaten by a mobilization of the army of honesty. Honest men must get together to beat down the enemy that threatens the honor of California.

Granted that there is reason for the existence of a department, and that its work appears to have been well done, the second question involves the consideration as to whether or not the number of officials employed in the department is excessive. This may be ascertained by analyzing and reviewing the work done by the department or institution in question, and comparing it with the work done by similar departments or institutions in other places. A careful discrimination should be made between these services which demand technical training and experience, and those which do not. Any position which demands technical knowledge should have such a salary attached to it that the occupant should have no excuse for doing any work on the outside, but should give his entire services to the State. While the salary should be moderate, it should be sufficient to secure competent and experienced men. An inadequate salary would only be accepted by apprentices, or by those who expect to also engage in private professional work. The wages of those whose services do not demand technical knowledge can easily be scaled, by comparing them with wages received for similar work done for official departments in other places, or for private individuals in this State. In scaling the wages of State employees, it should be borne in mind that it is not an economy to reduce wages to such a point that employees are almost compelled to do work outside of their official duties, or that the wages offered are only sufficient to warrant their acceptance by apprentices, who would simply look upon the position as a good place from which to watch for a better job.

While, in the nature of things, the chief executive officer of an institution may be the subject of biennial change, such need not be the case with the rest of the employees. In nearly every community there are men who like public work, even if it is not very remunerative—competent men, of mature years, who have ceased to think that they are going to reform the world; men who have learned that they have much yet to learn; men who have ceased to expect to make a great stake in life, but who are glad to give their whole attention to the details of public work, and who can bring half a lifetime of experience to bear on the subject before them. The details which make a department or institution a success are not mastered in a day, nor in a year. It is the class of men above referred to who make the best public servants, and they generally require a sufficient wage to support themselves and their families.

In an article on retrenchment, published by THE TIMES recently, more than fifty items are mentioned as entering into the problem of economy to which our next State Legislature should address itself. The time at the disposal of the Legislature for investigating these items is necessarily short, and there are two things which must be guarded against, since a somewhat hurried decision has to be made.

First, lest the representatives of institutions whose ample funds admit of their having guardians at the capital ruthlessly assail smaller institutions, with a view of gobbling up such smaller institutions and their finances. Second, lest a desire for retrenchment should lead to the amalgamation of

heterogeneous institutions. It is well to differentiate the political, the legal, the commercial, the educational and the various institutions which come under the head of political economy. A cow and a carriage horse may be both good animals, but they never make a good team. Another point to be considered is that we are likely to find more esprit de corps among individual departments than in cases where a number of them are amalgamated.

LEGISLATION NEEDED.

The State Legislature should do well to take up, before the close of the coming session, the question of voting at the primaries, with a view to provide some needed safeguards to insure honest voting and counting at these important elections, which are the fountain-head of our political system.

What appears to be needed is a law to control the methods of voting at the primaries, based on the Australian ballot system, which has proved so satisfactory in its practical operation, not only in California but in nearly every State of the Union. Under the present practice, the votes cast at the primaries are registered in a haphazard way, which permits, and even invites, fraudulent practices of various kinds. The defects of the present plan can and should be remedied, and to the State Legislature belongs the duty of furnishing the needed remedy.

It is to be hoped that this matter will be taken up early enough in the session to insure the enactment of the needed legislation. There is just as much need for surrounding the primaries with safeguards against fraud as there is for safeguarding the general elections. Let the Legislature do its duty in this matter, and earn the approval of the people of the entire State.

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BUSINESS.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE TIMES.
Los Angeles, Dec. 24, 1898.

EXCHANGE HIGHER. There is a better demand on this coast for exchange on the East and rates are higher. Regular is quoted at 15 cents and telegraphic at 17½. Sterling is also higher both here and in San Francisco, merchants' sixty-day bills being quoted at \$4.83%, and bankers' sight drafts at \$4.86. Silver is quoted a little higher at 53 cents per ounce.

LOCAL CLEARANCES. For last week the exchanges through the local clearinghouse amounted to \$1,443,779.42 compared with \$1,360,377.04 for the corresponding week in 1897.

NATIONAL CLEARANCES. For last week the clearinghouses of all cities in the United States reported exchanges amounting to \$1,673,030.02 compared with \$1,691,765.208 for the week before. Compared with the corresponding week in 1897 the increase is 23.7 per cent. It is plainly evident that December is to go on record as the greatest business month in the history of the country.

FEDERAL FINANCES. For the first five months of the fiscal year the total amount of the government's debt was \$357,006, compared with \$181,123,575 in 1897, and \$131,6,048 in 1896. The total expenditures for the five months were this year, \$287,18,504; in 1897, \$180,570,119, and in 1896, \$171,597,335. The deficits for the three years respectively, were \$83,259,408; \$2,456,244, and \$1,160,489. The civil service was in only less than the others; the Indians and pensions cost about an average amount. The interest account was a little larger; but the army and navy cost much more.

COMMERCIAL.

COMMERCIAL. The six years now closing, taken in groups of three years each, made a most impressive showing as to the export and import trade of the United States. The most impressive feature is the growth of exports.

EGGS, BUTTER AND CHEESE.
EGGS—Per doz., fresh, 28@31; storage, 25@30.
BUTTER—Fancy local creamery, per lb., 12½@13½ wholesale; mills' quotations, 15@16½; eastern, 15@16½; foreign, 16@17½; sweet, 12½@13½; green, 12½@13½; prunes, 14@15½; dates, 12½@13½; green, 14@15½; turnips, 7@8½; prunes, choice, 4@5½; fancy, 7@8½; dates, 7@8½; green, choice, 4@5½; fancy, 7@8½; dates, 7@8½; California, black, per lb., 6@7½; California, fancy layers, per lb., 10@12½; imported Smyrna, 16@20.

NUTS—Walnuts, paper shells, 8@9½; fancy softshells, 8@9½; hardshells, 7@8½; almonds, softshells, 14@15½; paper-shells, 15@16½; hardshells, 16@17½; pecans, 16@17½; walnuts, 12½@13½; pistachios, 8@9½; peanuts, 8@9½; peanuts, eastern, 9@10½; roasted, 8@9½; California, new, 4@5½; roasted, 6@7½.

GRAIN AND HAY.
WHEAT—Per cental, 12½@13½ wholesale; mills' quotations, 15@16½; eastern, 15@16½; barley—Per cental, 1,20 wholesale; mills' quotations, 13@14½.
CORN—Per cental, large yellow, 16@17@17½; small yellow, 12½@13½; large yellow, 11@12@12½.
HAY—Per ton, alfalfa, 15.00@16.00; barley, 20.00@21.00.

FEEDSTUFFS—Bran, per ton, 21.00; shorts, 22.00; rolled barley, 26.00@27.00; cracked corn, 15.00@16.00; feed meal, 1.20.

DRIED FRUITS, NUTS, RAISINS.

RAISINS—London layers, per box, 1.00@1.25; loose, 3½@4½ per lb.; seedless Sicilianas, 5½@6½.

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FOUL AND FEEDSTUFFS.

FLOUR—Per bbl., local extra roller process, 4.20; northern, 4.35; eastern, 5.00@6.25; Oregon, 5.50@6.50.

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FOUL AND FEEDSTUFFS.

FLOUR—Per bbl., local extra roller process, 4.20; northern, 4.35; eastern, 5.00@6.25; Oregon, 5.50@6.50.

FEEDSTUFFS—Bran, per ton, 21.00; shorts, 22.00; rolled barley, 26.00@27.00; cracked corn, 15.00@16.00; feed meal, 1.20.

DRIED FRUITS, NUTS, RAISINS.

RAISINS—London layers, per box, 1.00@1.25; loose, 3½@4½ per lb.; seedless Sicilianas, 5½@6½.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, evaporated, choice to fancy, 8@12½; apples, new, 11@12½; pears, 10@12½; peaches, 11@12½; plums, 12@13½; prunes, 13@14½; plums, pitted, choice, 9@10½; prunes, choice, 4@5½; fancy, 7@8½; dates, 7@8½; green, choice, 4@5½; fancy, 7@8½; dates, 7@8½; California, black, per lb., 6@7½; California, fancy layers, per lb., 10@12½; imported Smyrna, 16@20.

NUTS—Walnuts, paper shells, 8@9½; fancy softshells, 8@9½; hardshells,

COLLOSSAL FINAL OFFERING OF '98

We end the year as we began it—with a colossal offering of bargains that will resound from mountains to sea, from purse to bank book, from economical minds to extravagant tendencies. All, everybody, men, women, children, rich and poor share alike in this last grand offering of bargains. This is more than ever a store for the people. All classes turn hitherward when in search of necessities or luxuries. Every quality finds ample showing under our roof. Whether wanting ordinary pins or the finest marble statuary, Los Angeles' Greatest Store is sought first and few indeed are they who go away disappointed.

So we urge you to come and share in this wonderful distribution of bargains—the final offering of eighteen-ninety-eight.

Sale Begins Tuesday Morning—Store Closed Monday.

Black Coque
Feather Boas
Worth \$1.25 at
75c

Full Yard
Wide Percales
Worth 10c. at
5c
Men's White
Silk Handk's
Worth 10c. at
19c
Ladies' Felt
Dress Shapes
Worth \$1.00 at
25c

Men's Merino
Under-Wear
Worth 75c. at
52c
Ladies' Military
Walking Hats
Worth \$1.00 at
25c
Large Bicycle
Foot Pumps
Worth 25c. at
19:

Embroidered
Soiled Handk's
Worth 10c. at
5c
Plain or Dotted
Tuxedo Veiling
Worth 30c at
19c
Metal Cabinet
Picture Frames
Worth 10c. at
5c
Boys' and Misses'
Crush Hats
Worth \$1.00 at
76c
Celluloid
Puff Boxes
Worth 50c. at
19c
Serviceable
Shopping Bags
Worth \$1.00 at
19c
Men's Puff
Neck Scarfs
Worth 50c. at
15c



Colossal Jacket Offer

These radical reductions make buying easy. You'll wait many a day for another such chance. The materials would cost you more than the garments will sell for.

Black and navy kersey jackets reefer style, shield front, high stand collar, lined, full sleeves, every garment worth not less than \$6.00 final offering price.

\$3.95

Fine Kersey Jackets in black, tan, reefer style and shield front, high stand collar, lined, full sleeves, every garment worth not less than \$6.00 final offering price.

\$6.95

Final Elegant, stylish and exceptionally good suits to be offered at final prices for this week.

Ladies' covert cloth Suits, reefer jacket, satin lined, tight fitting fly front jackets and trouser suits. Jackets silk and satin, lace flounce skirt, every suit \$12.00; final price.

\$9.95

Plush Capes Seal plush capes, 18 to 20 inches long, cut full sweep, beaded and braided in all-over pattern, black Thibet fur trimmed; regular \$7.50 capes for.

\$4.95

Final Offering Bedding The most luxurious bed coverings are here in ample variety. Thick, fluffy, down comforts, fleece blankets, etc. The colossal offering includes many of our richest values. We quote from among the lower priced goods.

California white wool blankets, 10x4 size, pretty pink, blue or red border, \$3.69
10x4 size white blankets, fine fleecy cotton, pretty blue or red border, ends nicely finished, worth 75c a pair; final price.

Gray blankets, double bed size, cotton warp, wool filled, long fleece and as warm as all-wool; reduced \$1.75

For Your Floors A most unusual offering of cottage car-

pets, size 9x9 feet, the very best floor designs are high class, colorings just as effective as the higher priced carpets, both ends are fringed, 18 inch border all around, you can use either side; \$3.69
\$5.00 values; final price.

Carpet samples, a drummer's line consisting of mill samples, one yard square, all wool, handsome patterns, make very fine rugs, if cut from piece would cost 25c; final price.

Bed Christmas buying is over and Cottons thoughts turn toward necessities for the home. The final offering of sheets and pillow cases will remind you of the exceptional bargains of the Maze sale. "Fruit of the Loom" sheets for double beds, wide hem and worth 55c everywhere, on sale at.....

45c
Lot of fine quality hemstitched ready-made sheets for three-quarter bed, 48x72 inches, good muslin, fringed by hand, worth 60c. final price.

Ready-made bed sheets, best grade of sheeting, size 72x108 inches, 45c. final price.

One lot of pillow cases, 42x26 inches, made by hand, wide hem, worth 12c. final price.

Special Ribbons Every thread of these ribbons is pure silk. Hardly a color missing from the line. Prices as only an occasion like this requires.

1 inch wide, 75c a yard.
1 1/2 inches wide, 8c a yard.
1 1/2 inches wide, 12c a yard.
2 1/2 inches wide, 12c a yard.
2 1/2 inches wide, 18c a yard.

Embroidered Handkerchiefs Here is a value

please every purchaser. 50 doz.

of assorted patterns in fine lawn Embroidered Handkerchiefs that you have all paid 25c for. Final offering 19c

Ladies' 35-inch

Serge Umbrellas

Worth \$1.00 at

75c

Ladies' Ribbed Underwear

Worth 50c at

45c

Children's Ribbed Union Suits

Worth 50c at

19c

Dress Skirts

Worth \$1.00 at

98c

Black Dress Goods

Most of the jackets are of the very latest styles. Others have sleeves a little fuller than is deemed strictly proper.

The very choicest weaves of the season are included in this colossal final offering. Note particularly the item at \$1.50. More elegance than you will ever find again for the price.

For 50c Figured Brilliantine.

29c 20 pieces of Black Figured Brilliantine in neat floral designs, scroll patterns and braid effects, 38 inches wide, equal to any 50c value in the city. Sale price 29c.

37c For 60c Figured Sicilian.

30 pieces of Black Sicilian in floral patterns, braid trimmed effects in elegant designs, 30 inches wide, equal to any 60c value in the city. Sale price 37c.

75c For \$1.00 Mohair Crepons.

10 pieces of black Mohair Crepons in handsome raised effects and bayadere stripes, 44 inches wide. Offered everywhere at \$1.00 a yard; sale price 75c.

\$1.50 For \$2.00 Wool and Silk Crepons.

10 pieces of black wool and silk Mohair Crepons, the proper dust shaker in these elegant blistered effects that are shown elsewhere at \$2.00 a yard. Sale price, \$1.50.

Colored Dress Goods

You never saw a better value than the following item at 25c. Then, too, the dollar Venetian Suitings are strictly new, and more than ever desirable.

25c for 50c Novelty Suiting.

50 pieces Novelty Suiting in elegant bourette plaids and checks, two and three-toned effects, fancy all-wool mixtures, and 40 inch illuminated effects. Not a yard but is extra 50c value, sale price 25c.

50c for 75c Arlington Suitings.

10 pieces of fancy mixed Arlington Suitings in gray, brown, blue, green and black, excellent for a good serviceable dress, 50 inches wide, our extra 75c values, final offering 50c.

69c for 90c Blue Storm Serges.

10 pieces of navy blue storm serges in coarse and fine weaves, smooth and cheviot finish, 50 inches wide. No better value offered anywhere at 90c a yard, final price 69c.

\$1.00 for \$1.25 Venetian Cloth.

20 pieces of Venetian suitings in all the new shades of cadet blue, Napoleon blue, brown, etc., 54 inches wide, 5 yards of make a full gown. The most popular suiting for tailor-made suits. Regular \$1.25 quality, sale price, \$1.00.

Final Silk Offering

Take for instance the Moire Velour and Black Satin Duchesse at a dollar, and if you ever before saw any as good or as wide for the price we will forever keep still about our bargains.

50c for 75c Waist Silks.

1000 yards of Fancy Black Pattern Silks, in evening shades of pink, blue, green yellow, cream and dark shades for waists or trimming, quality the same as you would expect to get for 75c a yard; final offering 50c.

68c for 89c Satin Duchesse.

800 yards of Heavy Satin Duchesse, in a rich lustrous black, with a soft cashmere finish to shake the dust, 21 inches wide, the regular 88c quality; on sale at 68c.

78c for \$1.00 Novelty Waist Silks.

2000 yards of Fancy Figured Waist Silks, in ombre stripes, plain taffeta, with white stripes, plain checks and fancy checks, silks that are extra \$1.00 values anywhere; final price 78c.

\$1.00 for \$1.25 Satins and Velours.

500 yards of Black Molte Velours, 27 inches wide, in a very rich design, and 27-inch Satin Duchesse, in a rich lustrous black, neither one of these can be duplicated anywhere at \$1.25 a yard; grand final offering \$1.00.

Dress Trimmings

Midwinter styles of Dress Trimmings are here in all the newest and freshness of a spring morning. Styles and kinds galore. Some of this fall's favorites, and others that will soon become spring favorites. We can only describe a few.

A beautiful applique ornament, 1 1/2 inches wide, 100 yards in a combination of colors, pink, green, maize and lavender, \$6.00 per yard.

Another handsome piece of applique in black or cream, 3 1/2 inches wide, per yard, \$3.95 per yard.

New applique in cream tinted with black, 100 yards in a combination of colors, pink, green, maize and lavender, \$6.00 per yard.

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Part I—28 Pages.

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to be taken from
the Library. + + +

DECEMBER 25, 1898.



Price, 5 Cents

Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION.

WHO'LL GET IT?



THE MAGAZINE SECTION.

[ANNOUNCEMENT.]

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION constitutes, regularly, Part I of the Los Angeles Sunday Times. Being complete in itself, the weekly parts may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has 28 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing strong local and California color and a pleasant Southwestern flavor; Historical and Descriptive Sketches; the Development of the Country; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Romance, Fiction, Poetry and Humor; Editorials, Music, Art and Drama; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; also Business Announcements.

The MAGAZINE SECTION is produced on our Hoe quadruple perfecting press, "Columbia II," being printed, folded, cut, inset, covered and wire-stitched by a series of operations so nearly simultaneous as to make them practically one, including the printing of the cover in two colors.

Subscribers intending to preserve the magazine would do well to carefully save up the parts from the first, which, if desired, may be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.



ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION.
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1867.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MAN.

TODAY we go backward, in fancy, nearly nineteen hundred years, and turn our steps toward the vales and hills of Judea. It is a quiet nook in the great world's realm, and what transpires there is little heeded by haughty Rome, the proud mistress of the world. And yet there, all unrecognized by her, an event of the greatest moment to the whole human race has taken place. A King has been born whose dominion shall be everlasting, and who yet shall be acknowledged as "the Wonderful, the Counselor, the Prince of Peace." The world is blind, oftentimes, to the grandeur and importance which wraps many of the events which appear to be but simple, every-day occurrences. The wise men who came from the East were probably the only worshipers at that hour at the humble manger, and the throbbing, busy life of the city moved on, taking note only of this world's affairs. Not even Jerusalem, the holy city, was aware that its Lord and King had come. But away from the city, amid Judean hills, the songs of the angels had been heard by the watching shepherds, and the echo of their song has come down to us through the passing centuries, and today all Christendom is thrilled anew by its glorious refrain, "Peace on earth, good will to man!"

It was that matchless event, the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, that made possible the existence of Christian civilization, as it exists today, that rolled back the tide of darkness with which sin had deluged the world, and brought the morning of hope to the race. In His life lay concealed the seed of universal Christian empire, of human progress and of immortal being. Grander than any throne was that humble manger, for in it lay the Christ, without whose coming being would have been hopeless, and life a weary, plodding existence, with no sustaining faith to gladden and uplift the soul, and no spirit of holiness to exalt it.

"Peace on earth, good will to man!" Today these words thrill the heart of Christendom anew, and we as a nation rejoice that peace has come to us, and that the dark cloud of war no longer obscures our sky, and that the smoke of the battlefield gives place to the clear shining of peace. But the time has not yet come when universal peace and good will prevails. For nineteen hundred years have those herald angels waited for the nations to learn war no more. But this spirit of "good will to man" brightens with the coming of every Christmas day, for it is the day when we throw off, in a measure, the thrall of selfishness and recognize in every man a brother.

The habit of Christmas giving enlarges our sympathies if we give unselfishly to the poor and needy, without hope of return. It is the day when every Christian community should search

out the poor and unfortunate in its midst and gladden their hearts by the bestowal of some gift that will make them feel that they do not stand alone and isolate through poverty, but that this Christ-love with its good will to man, is everywhere in sympathy with their necessities and ready to extend to them all needed succor. We welcome all days that tend to strengthen our recognition of the brotherhood of man, and when this "good will to man," that is associated with every thought of Christmas day, comes to everywhere about, we shall hear no more the sound of strife, and the Prince of Peace, whom we recognize in the Babe of Bethlehem, will come into His kingdom.

Let us consecrate this Christmas day by giving as we are able, not alone to our friends, but to others who need our help. Let us, if possible, make sure that no little child heart is sad for lack of Christmas cheer, that no home is lacking for food, or for the ordinary comforts of life, in so far as we may be able to prevent it.

The spirit of the day is that of benevolence, and at its close may every reader of The Times be able to rejoice in the experience that teaches that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Peace on earth, good will to man!" It is the blessed refrain of angels, the song of heaven, and the hope of the world. Nineteen hundred years ago on earth's first Christmas day, was it made possible of realization, and we doubt not that the unborn Future shall yet see perfected that blessed "peace on earth, good will to man," of which the angels sang above Judea's hills.

THE DEATH OF SECTIONALISM.

EVER since the close of the civil war it has been the earnest desire of loyal and patriotic citizens, both in the North and in the South, that the bitter sectional feelings engendered by the war should be obliterated, and that these two great sections of the country should be reunited in the bonds of peace and fraternity. It was not, of course, to be expected that this beneficent result could be accomplished all at once. The animosities aroused by one of the fiercest wars ever waged in the history of our warring world were so intense, so deep-rooted, and so radical in their nature that they could only be allayed by the slow processes of time. For some years subsequent to the close of the war, the longed-for era of amity and good will seemed hopelessly distant. So persistent were the enmities of the great conflict, so intense the feelings of sectional hatred and prejudice, that the patriotic men of the nation were often driven almost to despair, and at times the fear was entertained by those of a pessimistic nature that the "bloody chasm" left by the war would be widened instead of narrowed.

Among the sinister influences which served to prevent a complete reunion of the once hostile sections—chief among those influences, in point of fact—were the exigencies of politics. If the people of the two sections could have disengaged themselves altogether from political considerations and machinations, sectional feeling would long ago have been dead. But this was not to be. Colossal problems were presented, as a sequence of the war, and they pressed themselves imperatively upon the public mind and conscience. In the nature of things, these problems had to be settled through the political machinery of our form of government. As a consequence of this necessity, the "Southern question" became and for some years remained, the plaything of politicians, who too often took advantage of it to advance their selfish interests at the expense of the great body of the people in both sections.

For the past ten years there has been a noticeable decrease, from year to year, in the intensity of sectional feeling. The common sense, the loyalty, the genuine Americanism of the people, both in the North and in the South, have tended steadily to assert themselves, and their influence has as steadily grown broader, deeper, and stronger. Sectional bitterness, as the term

is understood, in its widest meaning, has moved slowly toward the vanishing point, until at last, it seems, that point has been nearly reached. We are at the threshold of a new and a better era, where our nation, powerful beyond the dreams of any earthly potentate, united in bonds of sympathy and love which are indissoluble, can enter with confidence and serenity upon the realization of its career of greatness. The possibilities of that career, under these auspicious conditions, appear to be limitless. United as one man, the American nation is invincible in war; and it is also invincible in the mightier conquests of peace, which may mean the regeneration of a large proportion of the human race, and the enlightenment of the earth's dark places with the torch of civilization.

It was reserved for our wise and far-seeing President, William McKinley, to speak the words which, more than any other words spoken or written within the past generation, will aid in bringing the North and the South together on a common plane of brotherhood. The President's recent address at Atlanta contained words and sentiments which will become historic. The following sentences, in particular, are worthy of frequent reproduction and of remembrance for all time:

"A nation which cares for its disabled soldiers, as we have always done, will never lack defenders. The national cemeteries for those who fell in battle are proof that the dead as well as the living have our love. What an army of silent sentinels we have, and with what loving care their graves are kept! Every soldier's grave made during our unfortunate civil war is a tribute to American valor. And while when those graves were made we differed widely about the future of this government, these differences were long ago settled by the arbitration of arms—and the time has now come in the evolution of sentiment and feeling, under the providence of God, when in the spirit of fraternity we should share with you in the care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers."

"The cordial feeling now happily existing between the North and South prompts this gracious act, and if it needed further justification, it is found in the gallant loyalty to the Union and the flag so conspicuously shown in the year just passed by the sons and grandsons of these heroic dead."

"What a glorious future awaits us if unitedly, wisely and bravely we face the new problems now pressing upon us, determined to solve them for right and humanity!"

These are noble, eloquent, lofty, patriotic, and significant words. The instant response which they evoked from the press and the people of the South proves that they were timely, and that they were not spoken in vain. Throughout the North, likewise, the President's words have met with a warm response and almost unanimous approval. They mark the beginning of the end of sectionalism, and show to the world that the American Union is at last a union of hearts as well as of States.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt is one of the few wives of political notabilities who share their husbands' enjoyment of cartoons. Mrs. Thomas Platt has said that she sometimes fears to open a paper. So, too, Mrs. Russell Sage. But Mrs. Roosevelt has made quite a collection of the multitudinous representations of the Rough Rider.

A. T. Quiller-Couch, the Cornish novelist and essayist, has great difficulty in persuading people that his name is pronounced "Cooch," and says that, though he never invented the pronunciation, he can only prevail on a few friends (outside of Cornwall) to believe in it. The poet Cowper, who called himself Cooper, had a similar difficulty. "Cooch" (Cooch), by the way, has nothing to do with repose. It is a Celtic name and signifies "red."

By the will of the late Susan S. Clark of Hartford, Ct., Trinity College is to receive \$10,000 for the support of two students, to be nominated by the bishop of the diocese. There were other charitable bequests, aggregating about \$25,000.

Kitigima Kata Haselle, or, as she is known to magazine readers, Otano Watanabe, is a young Japanese woman living in Chicago. She was at one time in her newspaper career the only woman allowed to be present at the sessions of the British Council in Jamaica.

Queen Victoria's third daughter, the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, belongs to choral societies in London and Windsor, which give public concerts, in which she takes part.

A REPORTER'S CHRISTMAS.

HOW HEARTS AND KITCHENS OPENED TO HIM IN A SOUTHERN CITY.

By a Staff Contributor.

THE proverbial oldest inhabitant could not think of a time when a greater quantity of snow had fallen on the island of Galveston, Tex., than that Christmas of 1894, when I was there. The fact that there was so much of a downpour was not more astonishing to the residents than that any snow had fallen at all, for there had been none for sixteen years.

Galveston, in common with many Southern cities, does not publicly celebrate the Fourth of July. This lack of interest in the natal day is so paramount that a stranger, losing the day of the month, would have no outward token that the day is a national holiday. Therefore Christmas is all the more important to the Galvestonian, and he gives his children on that day, aside from the usual Christmas presents, such things as Northern children get on the Fourth.

As it is usually like a summer's day on Christmas, outdoor games are played, there are pyrotechnic displays, and the youngsters discharge an abundance of fireworks. The celebration is in every respect a double one. But that year the thoroughfares were impassable for snow, the street cars did not run, and business of every kind was suspended. It was an epoch in the city's history.

Sights strange to one from the North could be seen at every step in the residence districts, such as husband and wife snowballing one another or exchanging "snow baths;" children lying in wait for their father to come from the house, then pummelling him with snowballs already prepared, doing likewise to their mother, but with less energy, and to their brothers and sisters, more particularly to the latter. People passing were snowballed, but they seemed to take it good-naturedly. Children were sleighing in sleds made that morning of a soap box, or anything else that was handy, while their toys and fireworks lay unused. Not a sled nor a pair of skates could be bought in the town, for it was so long a time since there had been a call for them.

About noon, when the sun came out, the omnipresent saloon-keeper threw open his front doors and sold Tom and Jerry to the pathfinders with cold stomachs and parched lips who had found their way downtown. Otherwise the place looked like circus grounds in the morning—deserted save for a few loungers and haigersons. But everywhere men who the night before felt that they would have to accept a meal given in charity, were working with pick and shovel clearing the sidewalks. They ate where they chose and what they chose that day.

In the afternoon the principal street and the side streets in the center of the town were animated with flushed-faced boys and men snowballing. By 3 o'clock two murders had been reported, growing out of snowball fights. When the sun had set four men lie in the morgue and a dozen or more were being treated at the Emergency Hospital. The play had become rough; some were soaking snowballs in water, while others put rocks in them. Many people were maimed, and pistol or knife fights resulted. Hence it was also a gory and fatal day, besides a drunken one, for the native thought it necessary to warm up on liquor.

An idea occurred to the City Editor in one of those moments of leisure that so often fell to his lucky lot. It was not an original idea, but still it was new to Galveston, and for the instant he felt that when the result of it appeared in print the next morning it would electrify the town, and the paper would be spoken of as up-to-date, et cetera.

The first intimation any one in the office had that his brain was working overtime was when he banged his fist hard on the desk and exclaimed: "By Jove! Eddie, here's the chance you've been looking for. Turn yourself loose and you can sign it!"

The excited way in which he spoke caused every one to turn about, and the reporter spoken to, to question "what he was driving at."

"Here's the proposition," the man of the Blue Pencil said, addressing the office staff generally, his eyes alternately going from one to the other to get their approval, "this snow is preposterous and unprecedented. It deserves attention in more than one way, not mentioning the fact that it is Christmas to boot. We ought to have a special story. Now, Eddie, you dress up as a tramp and go to the doors of the prominently-wealthy and beg for food. Write your experiences; they'll make a great story!"

"No doubt of it," Eddie assented, "but I'm too well known here."

"But, dam me, you'll be disguised and your own wife won't recognize you. I guess you're right, you're too well known. (He draws a long breath and prepares to leave.) Confound it, though, I can't let this idea perish—it's too good, and besides, there's only one chance a year to use it. Ah, Lou, yes

haven't been here long. Take the detail."

"Very well," I replied, resignedly, though mentally, I said some unprintable things. I had an invitation to dinner, and aside from hoping to meet a certain person there, a chance to take dinner with a family of friends, after eating in restaurants day after day, and then to lose it, is enough to make a John Bunyan regret having written a godly line. It was damnably annoying, that's all, especially as that City Editor could just as well not have thought of it.

A "hobo" printer about my size, who always kept a suit of clothes to bum in, loaned me that portion of his wardrobe. I still needed a pair of rough-looking shoes to complete my attire; and as there were none standing about to answer my purpose, a pair of brogues were purchased, costing just \$1.

My clothes were now typical of the tramp, but the shoes were too shiny, and I wore a Prince of Wales beard. I had the office boy take the shoes into the street and find a pool of mud to dirty them in. A working barber was found for me, and he removed my beard so as to make it appear that I had a ten days' growth. I was then ready to fulfill my detail.

The City Editor surveyed me, and said I would do; but Ed thought I should have another rent in the coat, which he promptly made without consulting me. The office boy, who once stole a ride on a freight train to Houston, said his recollection of hobos was that they invariably had the seams of the coat torn; and, as the City Editor agreed with him, that was done.

On the way to the street a printer who knew me well, ordinarily mistaking me for one of the craft, comiserated me that I had been refused work, and gave me the card of a weekly paper which he said needed a good all-round printer. A few feet from the office building a popular business man, with whom I was also acquainted, was about to pass me, and I him, when he stopped short and fumbled in his vest pocket for a coin. I had not said a word to him, but he evidently thought I intended to, for money, at that. He handed me a quarter and involuntarily my hand stretched out and received it. I did not dare thank him for fear that my voice might betray me.

Some distance on a man known for his unusually-indiscriminate charity, stopped and appraised me, then passed on, sneering. His looks told me that he thought me unworthy. Without further incident I reached the back door of the Mayor's residence as the family and invited guests were taking their seats at table. I concluded it would be best to let the meal progress at least to the third course before making my wants known. To kill the intervening time I walked about the neighborhood. Across the street was a home I certainly intended to call at, that of a judge of the Superior Court. Adjoining the latter's was the home of the Congressman from the Galveston district, also an intended host. In the middle of the block was the residence of one who has Hon. prefixed to his name, whom I would also see.

I walked leisurely back to the Mayor's house, and as I entered the gate I could faintly hear his words of toast to the guest of the occasion. I waited until he had finished, and the merriment had subsided, when I knocked at the kitchen door.

A maid servant responded and, without asking what I called for, questioned whether I would have it wrapped up or "sit down to." As my purpose was to attract the attention of the Mayor—though, heaven knows, I hated to be made an object of pity and stared at—I replied that if it would not inconvenience her servanthood I should be glad to sit at a table to eat what she had to offer. I was accordingly beckoned into the kitchen.

I had not anticipated such a spread—three kinds of fowl, fish, meat, dessert, fruit, extravagances, and what-nots—more things than I could have eaten had I come prepared—and, as I was supposed to be in a state of semi-starvation, she piled it on. To be candid, I thought I detected in her looks more than mere pity for me.

"You ain't eatin' like yer very hungry," she said to me, sweetly.

"Quite the reverse," I hastily replied, and then, instantly checking myself, for I felt that my words were too pedantic—"It's been so long since I eat, that the taste's worn out."

"Poor man!" was all she could say, for the sympathetic soul was actually affected.

I was eating slowly and with difficulty, and thinking rapidly, when I chanced to look up from the table. The Mayor, his wife and daughters and several of his guests were standing within a few feet of me apparently much interested.

"You are a stranger here," the Mayor ventured.

"Yes, sir."

"Any business or profession?"

"A wood-carver."

"No work, I suppose," and he and the others walked away.

It was torture to eat with those young women staring at me, and I arose from the table and thanked the ser-

vant as soon as they left. As I walked to the door a man servant handed me a package, which he said I might need in the morning. The maid told me to wait a moment, when she placed two large coins in my disengaged hand. "It's from the master and missus," was all she said.

Out in the street, as I sat myself in the snow on the curbing I found that in addition to the experience. I had a package of cold lunch, excellently selected, and enough to make two meals of, and \$2 in cash. Money I was perennially in need of, and I welcomed it, but I could have appreciated it better had it come in a more dignified way. There was nothing to do with the eatables but to cast them aside, in some alley where a hungry animal, or perchance, a starving man, might feed off them.

Then I went to the judge's house, ringing the front door bell just to see what the result would be. A visitor of some note was apparently expected, as the lady of the house answered the summons. She opened the door to its extreme, a smile upon her face, and her mouth open to speak; and then she observed for whom she was doing this.

"What do you wish?" she asked, haughtily.

"I'd like to get something to eat. I'm—" but she stopped me.

"It is customary for beggars to go to the rear door; the servant will give you something there."

As the eyes of several persons on the inside of the house were following me, I did as directed. I could hear her yell to the servant "Give that beggar something to eat—in a pack-age." Bridget followed instructions, serving it in mouldy newspaper.

I called at the Congressman's next and was invited to sit down in the summer kitchen, protected from the cold only by latticework. They gave me considerable of everything that can be looked for at a Christmas-day dinner; and more, too, for the head of the house was just home after a turbulent session of Congress (during the progress of which he managed to get his name in the papers quite often), and the repast to them was in the nature of a family banquet.

Two servants watched me eating—they did not seem to have anything else to do—and I had to gorge myself to properly play my part. As I was leaving one of the servants whispered to me: "The missus says she hopes you'll get work." I suggested that my special thanks be tendered her. The servant thanked me in return. That seemed to be a very polite house from Biddy to milady.

I now felt dull and heavy, and thinking upon it I found I had eaten four times already, and it was only shortly after 7 o'clock. But, determined to carry out official instructions, I went to an honorable banker's, though nau-ssea had so overtaken me that I feared something unpardonable might happen to me while there.

As the servant announced "a beggar" the head of the house said in sweet tones: "This is Christmas; let the poor fellow eat as much as he wants."

The servant entered into the spirit of her master's wish and started me off with a tureen of soup sufficient for a dozen volunteer soldiers. I made a feeble attempt to get away with a small plate of it, but it was beyond me.

The cook said it was of his concoction, that it had pleased people accustomed to good eating, and he was astonished that a beggar should presume to be so discriminating as to disdain it. He did not exactly use those words, but that was his meaning. Fortunately he said no more, for a servant was bringing me some fish and poultry and things with the entire family at her heels.

My only salvation was to make a pretense at really eating with relish, and I forthwith began to reach the food to my mouth quickly and in large lumps. I swallowed things of hard substance with little mastication, and I feared for my stomach. The family enjoyed my feigned enjoyment, and expressed their pleasure by all sorts of hearty remarks. I was beginning to think they would never leave my presence until I left theirs, when the banker remarked: "All sorts and conditions of men in this world," and motioned the others to leave with him.

"This is from the master," and a slip of money paper was handed me as I took my hat to leave. The banker himself came forward then. "I see a good deal of suffering humanity every day," he said, "and have given food to six today. I like your face, and, if you are in earnest in your efforts to get work, call at my office tomorrow and I will see what I can do for you." He extended his card, and I thanked him and left.

An overpowering feeling, emanating as before from my stomach, again came upon me. I almost persuaded myself to discontinue the task. But I reflected on my obligations to the paper, and it also occurred to me that if certain other prominent men were not mentioned in the story they might in some manner resent it in time.

I made for the home of the "merchant prince" of the town, intending to decline to sit to eat, if asked to do so. I acquainted the servant with my wants and before I could say what I wished to the outer door was opened wide, and then the one leading into the kitchen. Mechanically I passed into it.

This seemed a singularly silent house, and without a word being spoken by any one plates and other necessaries to civilized eating were placed before me; and then a varied lot of eatables, mostly cold.

A boy and a girl, the one

dressed like Little Lord Fauntleroy and the other like Little Red Riding Hood, came in to see me eat. The four servants of the house also came. I refused to permit their presence to disconcert me.

One by one the children and the servants departed. I was alone with the roustabout. He appeared to me to have been a tramp once.

"Don't seem much hungry, 'bo,'" he said, conjuring up all his plebeian sarcasm. I did not answer him. "Hoped you'd get a piece o' coin, I guess," he continued. "Or mebbe a chance at something." The entrance of a servant stopped his talk.

As I passed through the doorway the creature of dishwater and refuse buckets placed a piece of paper in my coat pocket. I found that it contained her name and downtown address.

From there I went to a street-car magnate's, a few doors below. As I opened the gate my arm was arrested. I started quickly, much surprised to be molested. The man looked somewhat as if he might himself be seeking house-to-house charity. In a spirit of worldly sociability, and thinking I might learn some news from him, for a reporter is always on the scent, I said to him airily: "Well, 'bo,' getting much?"

The stranger pursed his lips, and scrutinizing me closely through half-closed eyes, said: "Yer one of them reg'lar Weary Wilfies what comes down here to spend the winter; but this year you get's left. Where're you from?"

"I don't know that's any of your business." But the reply was involuntary; I felt that something was amiss.

"Don't get gay with me," he said, drawing his cheeks into a sneer. "I've been watchin' you. You been in four houses since night, moochin' (begging) and rubbin'!"

"But what's—"

"I'll show you what's to me. Yer hobo-thief—I'm dead on to yer kind; we get 'em here every winter. You been in them houses to see where the things lay, and then you'll come back with yer pals and burglarize."

"You don't know what you're talking about," I said, with as much severity as I could at the moment command.

"Who are you, anyway?"

"That's who I am"—displaying his star—"and you come with me, so's you'll be out of mischief. Damn a man that'll go sneakin' around on a Christmas night, when there's snow. I ain't got no use for yer kind, damn you."

He walked me to the nearest patrol box and sent me to the Police Station, summarily ending my adventures for that night.

EUGENE KATES.

HOW HIS JOKE FAILED.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat:] For the last week or so a Louisville drummer, who is an incorrigible practical joker, has been staying at an uptown hotel and putting in his time chiefly in thinking up schemes for having fun. He happens to have a friend at the same house, who is greatly troubled with insomnia, and when once aroused after retiring is in for a night of tribulation. A few evenings ago the Louisville man was seized with a bright idea, and, ringing his bell, told the boy to leave a 2:30 call for 1140, his friend's room. "Tell 'em to be sure to knock very loud," he said, and chuckled smugly to think of the row that was certainly to follow the summons.

He went to bed rather early himself, and was rambling through the happy realms of dreamland, when his door was knocked half off its hinges by a succession of terrific thumps from the outside. "Holy Moses!" cried the Louisville man, jumping up in a panic, "what the dickens is the matter?" Bang! Bang! Bang! went the door, like three cannon shots. "Get up! Get up!" called somebody from the hall, and then there was a sound of quickly retreating footsteps. The drummer was thoroughly alarmed. "Good heavens!" he said to himself, "the house must be on fire, and the porter is rousing the guests!" He dressed in frantic haste, buttoning his pantaloons into his vest, put on his shirt wrong side to, omitted his socks altogether and sprinted down to the office at a record-breaking gait.

Everything was strangely quiet. "What's up?" he said breathlessly to the clerk. "You seem to be, for one," growled that dignitary, waking out of a doze. "I should say so," retorted the drummer. "Somebody nearly broke my door down just now. What's the snafu, anyhow?" "Why, that's our call," said the clerk. "You ordered a call at 2:30, didn't you?" "Yes," replied the drummer, beginning to understand, "but, confound you, I ordered it for 1140." "So you did," said the clerk, calmly, "but you made a mistake. Your room is not 1140, but 1166. If I hadn't noticed it on the book you wouldn't have been called at all." The drummer looked at him in silence for a moment. Then he turned, still without speaking, and slowly mounted the stairs. At 2:30 the elevator is not running.

GLADSTONE WAS GREATER.

[From Life:] The Scotch reverence for Gladstone is displayed in this conversation between two Scotchmen. One of them said, with much emphasis: "There hasn't been a lawgiver equal to Mr. Gladstone since the days of Moses."

"Moses!" retorted the other: "Moses got the law given to him frae the Lord, but Mr. Gladstone makes laws out o' his ain head."

William Pitt Washburne, youngest son of the late Elihu B. Washburne, died in Texas a few days ago. He was a Yale graduate and of literary bent,

RULER OF THE ARGENTINE.

STORY OF THE NEW PRESIDENT AND HIS GOVERNMENT.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BUEÑOS AYRES, Nov. 20.—I want to tell you something about the new President of the Argentine. He has been in office only a few weeks, but his strong right hand is already felt in every part of the republic. He has begun a settlement with the Chileans as to the boundary question, and has at the same time ordered new war vessels from Europe in case the settlement should not come off. President Julio A. Roca has long been noted as one of the strongest men in South American politics. He has been President before, has been Minister of War and has made himself noted as a general in the Argentine army. It was largely due to him that Patagonia was thrown open to settlement, and he has the reputation of being a great Indian fighter. When he was Minister of War, now more than twenty years ago, he led an army to Patagonia against the Indians and conquered them. I have heard it said that the victory was easily won and that the fighting was mere butchery on the part of the Argentines, the so-called savages making no resistance. However this may be, President Roca got great fame from his campaign, and he is today looked upon as the Gen. Grant of the Argentine Republic. Roca has been compared to Grant in character. He is the still strong man of the country, with enough nerve to carry out his ends without regard to who goes down before him. He is a very quiet man. He possesses the golden gift of silence, and believes in the old Spanish proverb which states that "flies will not go into a shut mouth."

A STABLE GOVERNMENT PROMISED.

Roca's election means that matters will be stable in the Argentine for six years to come. The President is, you know, elected for six years, and he reigns that long provided there is no revolution. Roca has the army behind him, and he will not tolerate opposition. He has always been a fighter. He has at the same time been a diplomat, and his Cabinet has been chosen with the idea of harmonizing the factions. He has the confidence of the foreign capitalists, who believe that he will maintain peace, and peace in the Argentine means progress.

President Roca is now 55 years of age. He comes of a good family, being a native of the province of Tucuman, in the northern part of the republic. He is a straight, well-formed, broad-shouldered man, with a face that would not look foreign in Washington or London, although it would be striking anywhere. President Roca is more like an Englishman or an American than an Argentine. You would imagine him a descendant of Anglo-Saxons rather than of Latins. His face is almost fair. The forehead is high and broad, and eyes bright and piercing, the nose large and the under jaw strong. He is simple in his dress and manners, and walks about the streets of Buenos Ayres like an ordinary citizen. He has never cultivated the arts of the salon, nor has he pronounced literary tastes, although he is well read in history and keeps posted on political matters. He is more of a statesman and a soldier than a carpet knight, and he has been called the past master of the political science of the Argentine.

ELECTIONS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Gen. Roca was chosen President. This means that he was the strongest man of the small coterie which runs the Argentine Republic. There are no such elections in South America as in the United States. The country is supposed to be a republic and the people to have the right to vote. But the truth is that a few families control everything political, and that the ballot boxes are always stuffed. Elections are held on Sundays in the porches of the churches. Outside the church door there are three or four tables, about which sits a seedy-looking crowd of men, who are the receivers of the election. The ballots are paper and are dropped through slots in the boxes. Many of the

voters hand their ballots to the receivers and tell them to vote for them. The same man often votes over and over again, declaring himself to be some other man each time. The receivers recognize the fraud, but as the matter is all cut and dried beforehand they do not object. The better classes recognize it also and do not vote. Buenos Ayres is a city of 800,000 population. At its last election for Senator there were only 2000 votes cast, whereas, at one vote to each family of five, there were 160,000 possible votes. The election lists are scanned by the candidates beforehand and added to or taken from as is desired. Not long ago the Mayor of Olivera was looking over such a list with a friend of mine. At last he came to a name which we shall call "Munyoz," when my friend said: "Why, Mayor, Munyoz is dead. Don't you remember we were together last month when the report of his death came in?"

"Oh, yes, I remember," replied the Mayor. "But if he is dead that is all the better. He can now make no fuss as to how his vote is cast."

AN OVERGOVERNED COUNTRY.

This corruption in politics extends throughout the republic. Every province has its political factions, the most of which are connected with the ring in Buenos Ayres and take their cue from it. The government is entirely in the hands of the native Argentines, who are natural politicians and who work the business for what it is worth. The country is overgoverned. It has all told only 4,000,000 people, of whom one-fifth live at the capital. Still, every State has its own Senate and House, and its own minor officers. The result is that in a country which has a population about that of the State of Ohio there are, in addition to a horde of Federal officers, fifteen Senates, fifteen Chambers of Deputies, and fifteen sets of revenue collectors. There are small officials without number, all of whom receive a salary, and most of whom add to this in some way or other, not sanctioned by law. All of the provinces are in debt, and only a few of them pay their interest. The internal debt of the country now amounts to more than \$100,000,000, and in 1895 the provincial debts, including unpaid interest, amounted to more than \$137,000,000 in gold. At present the city debts foot up more than \$24,000,000 gold, while the country has a national debt of more than \$300,000,000. A large number of the provinces have to be annually assisted by the general government to pay the salaries of their own officials. Roca believes in centralization of power. He spells the word nation with a capital N, and he will make the union of the provinces even stronger than it has been. In the past petty revolutions have occurred in the different provinces. In many of these the national government was not implicated, but it had at times to send its troops out to quell the troubles. President Roca will not tolerate much foolishness of this kind, and in such cases will send military Governors to take the places of the regular officials until new elections can be held.

CONGRESS AND THE BANKS.

The Argentine Republic has a Federal Congress, which meets at Buenos Ayres. There are two houses, one composed of Senators, the other of Deputies. Senators must be thirty years of age, must have resided six years in their districts, and have annual incomes of \$12,000 each. A Deputy may be twenty-five years of age and must have been a citizen for four years. The Deputies are elected for four years and the Senators for nine years. The President is elected for six years. Members of Congress each receive twelve thousand Argentine dollars a year, and the President has a salary of \$36,000. The Vice-President receives just half as much as the President, and each of the Cabinet Ministers gets \$16,800 a year.

You sometimes see statements in the papers of the United States that there is a close telephonic connection between our national capital and Wall street. The Argentine Congressman is not troubled by having to telephone. The houses of Congress in

Buenos Ayres are just across the square from the stock exchange, and the President's house stands between. Some of the greatest scandals of the Argentine Republic have been in connection with the misuse of the public funds by government officials, and this especially in connection with the national banks and stocks. Nowhere upon earth has there been such corruption as there was in connection with the National Bank of the Argentine, which failed for millions. This bank was largely political, and a word from a prominent official would cause it to pay out money to almost any one. Congressmen made no bones of levying upon it for their support. I heard of one Deputy who borrowed a million dollars from the bank, and with this built a palace at Belgrano, one of the suburbs of Buenos Ayres. In getting this loan he agreed to repay it in installments, so much every three months. The time the first payment came due the bank directors sent for him. When he appeared they presented the note. He looked at it and coolly said that he had no money. They then asked him to pay the interest, but he nonchalantly replied: "I have nothing." He was then asked if he could not pay some of the interest, whereupon he burst out in a rage, saying:

"I have no money, I tell you. I don't expect to have any, and I want to know right here, and now, whether you expect me to fight the battles of your bank in Congress and then pay back the money I get from it just as other people do?" At last accounts that million dollars and accumulated interest was still outstanding, and it will probably stand until the end of time.

ASKED FOR \$6000, GOT \$60,000.

Another instance showing the looseness of the business methods of the bank at this time was in the case of an irresponsible army officer of Cordoba, who wanted to borrow \$6000 to build a house. He knew Celman, who was then President of the Argentine, and at his request the President gave him a note to the bank officials, but through a misunderstanding as to the amount wanted, asked the bank to lend him \$60,000 instead of \$6000. The officer went to the bank, showed the letter and signed an application, which the clerk made out for him, the clerk putting in the \$60,000 as requested by the President. The bank directors voted that he should have the money, and the papers were made out, the officer signing the note without scanning the figures. When this was done the teller of the bank shovved out \$60,000 to the officer, whereupon he replied that he had not asked for \$60,000, but wanted only \$6000. Thereupon they showed him the papers. The officer pointed out the mistake and asked what he should do. They replied that he had better take the \$6000 and leave the rest of the money on deposit, and that when the first payment came due he could pay the whole note. So leaving the \$54,000 the officer went away. Later on, however, he met a friend who persuaded him he would be a fool not to take all the money, as he could certainly make more by using it for speculating. The result was he did take it and lost the whole, and the bank was never repaid.

Orders like this for money from public officials were frequently given to this national bank. The standing of the man who was to receive the money was seldom questioned, although his notes were taken in exchange for the cash. I have heard of common peons who thus got money on their worthless notes at the instance of politicians, who took the money and paid them for their trouble.

The bank would accept drafts twenty or thirty times greater than those which its directors authorized. One of the directors was always to be bought by a bribe. False balance sheets were periodically published to deceive the public, and dividends which had never been earned were paid out of the bank capital. The bank at the start had a capital of \$8,000,000. Ten years later this was raised to about \$20,000,000, and it was afterwards increased to \$50,000,000. In one year its deposits were \$253,000,000, and its loans over \$412,000,000. It had in its vaults \$423,000,000 of national treasury bills, and it had a savings department in which \$1,400,000 were deposited. The bank went down in the panic, as did other banks of similar character. One was a mortgage bank whose business was lending good money on bad property. The government was also interested in this, and many a swamp lot was used as security for a \$10,000 loan.

Today such banks have passed away and the man who makes money out of the government, must do so either through bribery or through the getting of fat contracts.

BIG PUBLIC JOBS.

Buenos Ayres has many fine public buildings. It has as fine steamship docks as can be found anywhere in the world, and it is now building a great structure to correspond with our national Capitol at Washington. I do not know the exact amount of money that is to be spent upon this. Some of the public buildings already erected are extravagant beyond description. Take, for instance, the waterworks. The houses of the rich millionaires of New York have no finer tiles about their mantels than the material which forms the outside of this great public building. The structure covers four acres, and this whole block is faced, not with stone or pressed brick, but with costly porcelain tiles. Every tile was imported from England. I have seen the tiled walls and roofs of the palaces of the Emperor at Peking, but the waterworks building at Buenos Ayres has a finer covering. The building has cost about as much as our National Library at Washington, and its only use is to hold twelve great iron tanks, through which is filtered the water of Buenos Ayres. The tanks themselves cost \$2,000,000. They are worth seeing. Each of them weighs 14,000 tons, and they fill the great building from floor to mansard. The water flows in from the river through pipes, so large that they can carry 20,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours. The tanks will hold 15,000 gallons at one time, but a continuous stream of water is filtering through them, so that they contain much more than this amount in a day. It was charged that there was a big job in this building, and that the government officials who secured the contract were able to put in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000 into their own pockets.

JOBBERY IN RAILWAYS.

There has also been considerable robbery in government railroads, I am told, and, indeed, the government finds that it cannot afford to hold on to its railroad property. There are annually deficits where there should be dividends. The lines are rapidly passing into the hands of the English. Those which are still controlled by the government have such poor rolling stock that the private companies will not allow government cars to pass over their rails. They prefer to tranship. Appointments on the government railways are commonly made without regard to efficiency or previous experience. Politicians after a job apply for the places. One prominent man recently asked to be made assistant manager of the Central Argentine system. He was questioned as to his experience. He replied that he knew all about the railroad, for he had traveled over it as a passenger several times.

The government lines are generally in bad condition. All sorts of jokes are made concerning them, a common charge being that they should put cow catchers on the rear of the trains to keep the cattle from running over them. The private lines, on the other hand, make money. They are well managed and economically run.

THE MATTER OF JUSTICE.

Theoretically, the judicial system of the Argentine Republic is a beautiful one. There is a Supreme Court of five judges, which is also a Court of Appeal. There is an Attorney General, who is supposed to bring criminals to the bar, and there are a number of inferior and local courts. According to the Constitution trial by jury must be given in criminal cases, and each State has its own judicial system. In 1895, 4500 criminal cases were tried in Buenos Ayres, and there were during this year 14,000 arrests for breaches of the peace. You find policemen on every corner in the Argentine capital. They are well dressed, carrying swords, with which they are ready to cut down anyone who resists them. On opera nights a company of mounted police, upon prancing steeds, guards the streets leading to the opera house, and generally you will find that order in Buenos Ayres is as well kept as in any city of the world. The matter of the police appointment, however, is one of political influence, and the police are very careful whom they arrest. One of the distinguishing or upper class of young men may get as drunk as he pleases, and it is rare that he will be arrested, while a poor Italian or Spaniard will be quickly taken to jail. In the courts the rich stand a much better chance

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than the poor. There are, of course, some just judges, but the man who will accept a bribe is in the majority. Prominent Argentines are awarded the preference in the courts where the matter of right is at all equally balanced, and, as a rule, the man who sees the judge first has the best chance of a decision in his favor. There is no lack of lawyers, for the young Argentines of good families, as a rule, adopt the law as a profession, many of them not expecting to practice, but only to have the title of doctor before their names. There are some that are very good at the law, and many have large incomes from this source.

IT WAS ALL IN THE SIGNATURE.

Speaking of the morality of high Argentine officials, I heard the other day a story of President Celman in connection with the national bank, of which I have already written. The influence of the President was such that a note from him would usually result in the holder getting the loan. The President was overwhelmed with such requests, some coming from men whose ill will he could not afford to have. He never refused to grant such favors. He would receive the men cordially, and tell them they could have the money. He would even write a letter to the directors of the bank, saying: "I know this man is all right, and I wish you could grant him the loan." He would sign such a letter, and the man would go at once to the bank, and be surprised to find it refused. The truth was that President Celman had an understanding with the directors of the bank as to his signature, according as certain curves were made this way or that. If the final "n," for instance, was elongated into a scrawl, it meant that the man was to have the money, whereas, if it was cut off short, the directors would know that the President meant, "I am just writing this letter to get rid of the man, and it would be a favor to me if you would refuse him."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.
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BIERCE ON HOBSON.

[San Francisco Examiner:] If Lieut. Hobson has any judicious friends they should go to him and say: "Sir, we are very proud of your gallantry, as is the entire country. Pray give us an opportunity to be proud of your modesty. You are a very young man; you are not known as a particularly wise one; you hold no high office and have no political following for whom you may be supposed to speak. How, then, does it happen that you go about the country with the President, the members of the Cabinet and distinguished generals of the army, sitting upon the same platform and speaking from the same stand? Nobody cares for what you say; all that is wanted—and that by foolish persons only—is a look at you. You are a show—nothing else. How can you assent to the exhibition? It is to say: 'Look at a brave man. I, Hobson, am he!' Do you fear oblivion unless you blow the cooling coal of your fame? Small danger of that, though it were better that your courage were forgotten than your modesty remembered. It is difficult to imagine an exhibiting hero—a speech-making, baby-kissing son of the gods. And when one has achieved the conception it is not altogether pleasing. Have the goodness to relieve us of it."

And then, if Hobson will not grant the desired relief we can do something for ourselves by shutting our eyes when he comes forward to be looked at, putting our fingers into our ears when he makes a speech and denying to his seeking lip the clammy muzzles of our young.

WHEN HE BEGAN.

[Detroit Journal:] "You doubtless cursed the day you were born!" sneered the heroine magnificent in her new fall coat, to say nothing of her anger. The villain winced.

"Believe me, no," he protested. "I never swore until I was eight months old!"

For in every life, after all, there is a period of innocence, ere yet inevitable depravity asserts its sway.

HER WATCHFUL CARE.

[Chicago Tribune:] Tenderly the young wife leaned over her sleeping husband.

He muttered in his sleep.

"There!" she exclaimed softly to herself. "That's the password of his lodge! The next thing will be the combination of his office vault, I'll bet a cooky."

And she bent again tenderly over the slumberer.

THE CAT KNEW.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] "Ellen, has George come home from school yet?" called Mrs. Snags.

"Yes, ma'am," came back the answer.

"Where is he?"

"I haven't seen him."

"How do you know, then, that he is at home?"

"Because the cat's hiding under the dresser."

THE OLD AGE OF "OLD GLORY."

WHAT SHOULD BE THE DISPOSITION OF OUR TATTERED ENSIGNS.

By a Special Contributor.

THAT we Americans are a sober-sided, practical people, our conduct during the past nine months and now will show.

For nearly half a year the country fairly fluttered with patriotism, and flags were to be seen on all sides and on all occasions in the utmost profusion. Today, with the general exceptions of public and governmental buildings, many of them only awaiting the confirmation of peace to lower their colors, Old Glory has substantially ceased to be more than a routine decoration.

One reasonably wonders what has become of those flags that lately were so conspicuous, but as this article has to do only with what may be the final disposition of those that have faced the enemy or have been borne, either afield or afloat, by our defenders, those of the vast public may be left to the individual good feeling of the civilian.

Not long ago, but before the late struggle, the writer overheard a conversation during "colors" at a naval station. At the first stroke of eight bells, four buglers sounded their well-known strain, two marines, carefully holding the flag clear of the ground, raised it to the truck, while every one present, save an inquiring stranger, raised his hat. The latter asked why so much should be made of the occasion, to which the corporal of marines replied, "To breed manners at home, to enforce them abroad." Such was the honest feeling of the enlisted man in peace, and such he has amply verified in strife; but it forms a sorry contrast to the estimate of some of his superior officers, annotated in the remark column of reports of surveys where a threadbare ensign is described as "unfit for service; recommended to be thrown upon the heap"—the naval parlance for dump. Service in storm and sunshine, honored so long only as it fluttered aloft, it was to be treated as a common rag when no longer fair and strong enough to ripple away proudly on the breeze. To the credit of the navy, may it be said that such is not the sentiment at large, even though official language and the disposition of the old flag may remain pretty often the same.

It was just this frequent—perhaps thoughtless—report that led one gallant bureau chief to direct that such flags be burned; and in that he had more than one heroic instance to recall where the honor of the standards had thus been saved. During that famous retreat from Moscow, in 1812, the French officers, in many cases, burned their eagles and swallowed the ashes, while many a battle-borne flag of the British had been cremated and the ashes carefully preserved in the boxes wrought from the staves from which they once waved defiance to the foe.

Our own emblem of freedom, of which we may well be proud, is something more than so many cotton stars and so many stripes of bunting. It is the one great token of our dignity as a nation; and, once stamped with that message for the world, should be held sacred just so long as one thread hangs upon another.

As a matter of indignity, there is no personal distinction between the kick of indifference or the kick of malice; and there can be no difference between the disregard of the flag in rags and its dishonor in the proud sweep of all its freshness. It is the nation's token to the world, and the foremost thing we bound to the front at once to make them honor; and it certainly behooves us to start our lesson well at home.

From time immemorial, the standards of a nation have been held sacred to its defenders, and nothing thought more ignoble than their desertion in the hour of danger. In the days of the crusaders, their arms and their pennons were always blessed; and some such function still survives in most of the continental armies, and especially where a national creed has made them as one in religion. With us, such is not possible by direction, at least, but still there is no good reason why regimental standards and a ship's ensign on each commissioning should not receive the chaplain's benediction. In Russia, where the Greek Church prevails, there is the strongest kind of an undercurrent of religious devotion, and this is exemplified even in the midst of warlike surroundings.

Each year, on August 13, according to our calendar, but the first according to the Russian, the ceremony of blessing the flags takes place with much beauty of form and devotion at the camp of Krasnoe-Selo, near St. Petersburg. At that date, all the troops of the Imperial guard, and a certain number of regiments belonging to the military boundary of St. Petersburg, are quartered at Krasnoe-Selo, where are held the summer maneuvers in the presence of the Grand Duke Vladimir, major-general of the Russian army;

the Czar, the Czarina, who, for the brief occasion, are housed in nothing more

pretentious than a structure the size of a large Swiss chalet.

The ceremony starts upon the edge of the pond of Bezmennoe, at the foot of a hillock, and screened by shade trees from the residence of the staff officers. There a pavilion-chapel of wood, built half upon the river and half upon pilings rising above the water, forms the center of the occasion. The soldiers are ornamented with garlands, with trophies, and with crosses of roses upon their breasts.

Forming the three sides of a hollow square, the troops are arranged in front of this chapel, and in front of the ranks are the colonels, the officers, and the color or standard-bearers. Precisely at noon, a long beating of drums announces the arrival of the sovereigns in their carriages. The Empress descends at the entrance of the chapel and remains standing there, surrounded by the royal suite, which has preceded her, while the Czar and the Grand Duke Vladimir pass in review the delegations and the flags.

At the flag staffs hang tassels, ribbons of St. George and St. Andrew, and pennants adorned with inscriptions, perhaps, without other cloth. Others are composed of a square of cloth-of-gold or embroidered silver, almost rigid, while others, the pride of the imperial sharpshooters, may be only a soiled rag—an heroic tatter.

When the Czar has finished his inspection of the standards, the ensigns and the flags that have come to be blessed, the bearers group themselves, file past the sovereign and the Grand Duke, and enter the chapel and arrange themselves in two lines, face to face. The Emperor, followed by the imperial family, places himself between these lines.

A silence prevails at once, to be broken only by the prayers of the priest. When these are finished, the first almoner starts to make the rounds of the flags. The staffs, the eagles, the crosses and the iron lances are reverently lowered. Slowly the priest advances between the ranks, making the sign of benediction, and sprinkling the standards with holy water. As he finishes with each one, it is raised again, and the ceremony terminates with a grand march past of the assembled troops. Can one wonder at the traditional courage of the Russian in battle, and his devotion to his flag?

Even practical and unemotional as we are, as a people, still the real poetry of patriotism is as deep in us as ever it has been in the military, religious unity of Russia, and only governmental encouragement, i.e., example, in practice is needful to make it bear the best of fruits—unfailing deference to the flag. By force of the dangers of modern warfare, troops should hardly expose their positions by bearing their colors into action—in fact, the British regulations strongly command that they be left behind at the army's base, but with the navy, risk or otherwise, not a hostile shot shall be fired till "Old Glory" shall be broken aloft to tell the enemy for what we strike.

How many lives have been lost, how many deeds of imperishable glory have been done in planting that flag before the foe and in defending its majesty and all it represents? In the face of shot, shell and bullets, how many courageous souls have climbed to the top of splintered poles to replace those torn standards? Was that merely duty or was it real devotion to the flag itself?

Certainly no one can point to a time in our history when it was done by order. Life, then, to them was but the widow's mite beside the all they lovingly deemed that ensign's due; and to be buried wrapped in those folds was a dignity not even rank could purchase, while to be carried to the grave covered only for the nonce meant honor enough for which to die.

Ships as ships only rouse but a small part of one's enthusiasm till their national colors tell their country; and, when abroad, to see the Stars and Stripes broken at the truck is more than enough to make the heart beats quicken, to brighten the eye, and to make one long to slap his neighbor's back in the very ecstasy of satisfaction. The flag does it, and one's whole being responds with the best that is in one at the sight of those rippling bars.

In the moments of fire and carnage, men forget themselves, but not their flag, and willing hands in plenty are ready, though the air be thick with messengers of death, to keep that flag aloft in proud defiance to the foe.

Hobson's keen regret that he should not have been allowed to run the gauntlet of his foemen with his country's flag flying, is but another recent instance of what those Stars and Stripes mean to men that face the direst peril for the nation's sake. It is not momentary emotion—it is the uppermost thought of every true defender of the country's right; and, for the while, that flag is as near as possible the embodiment of his land, his honor and his love.

We are a prosaic people and one of long suffering ere we strike, but diversified as we are in creed and temperament, still we are one in the moment of strife, and united we should also be

in peace upon the national respect we owe our flag even in the time of tatters and faded coloring. Of the flags that have actually faced the enemy in conflict, all of them should be carefully preserved, either by the ships or the forces that bore them, or by the general government, where they may be a lasting inspiration to the coming generations that may know only the consequences of righteous war in the fruits of peace. Of those carried by the national forces, either in the presence of the enemy during war at all, of which only the veriest tatters remain, some way should be accepted as a proper termination of their being.

Too much of human, heroic, and humane passion is wrapped up in the history of our flag to permit of even momentary thoughtless degradation or disregard, and there can certainly not be one good American that is not anxious to see "Old Glory" fittingly honored in old age.

Expanding upon the recommendation of the patriotic bureau chief, would it not be appropriate, hereafter, to direct that all flags no longer serviceable—if something historic attach not—be properly laid aside till such earliest moment permitting of their decent burning in the presence of the ship's company, the marine guard, or the regiment, as the case may be; taps to be sounded after the last flame dies, and reveille just as the ashes are scattered upon the wind to begin anew their mission of freedom to the four corners of the world—the company saluting the while.

There is neither sacrifice nor truancy in this parting service, but rather an inspiring emphasis upon the imperishable spirit of the national emblem—plucked, so we are told, from the very heavens themselves, and an assurance that not even one small shred shall ever suffer ignoble contact or rebirth in some degraded form. May it become a custom officially directed, and a civilian practice as properly followed.

ROBERT G. SKERRETT.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE GREAT.

[Ambrose Bierce in San Francisco Examiner.] Alexander the Great would never touch redhot iron with his left forefinger. Miltides would not eat cat on the first day of the moon. Caesar thought it unlucky to leap into a well. Brutus used to eat a meal before consulting an oracle—and afterward. Frederick Barbarossa would not sleep in the same room with a venomous snake. When entering a hostile fortress Massena always let his soldiers precede him. Talleyrand shared Mirabeau's aversion to smallpox. Napoleon could not be persuaded to play the violin in the presence of a musician. When Louis XI had a presentment of the death of an enemy his faith in it was immovable. Neither Queen Elizabeth nor Madame de Staél would consent to be fired at with a silver bullet. George Washington believed that misfortune attended the patting a mad dog. Guatimozin could not sleep on a hot grill with his head to the east. Nothing could induce Elizabeth Cady Stanton to look between her ankles at the new moon. The great are always superstitious.

Frances Hodgson Burnett has received \$90,000 in royalties from the dramatization of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

TODAY WE WILL EAT

English Plum Pudding and Fruit Cake.

The old custom of eating Plum Pudding during the Christmas tide has long been established. The only place you can get this rare delicacy is at Meek's. They make a specialty of English Plum Pudding and Fruit Cake, using nothing but the best fruits and other wholesome ingredients. They sold hundreds of pounds last week. Why buy stale or canned goods when you can get fresh, wholesome Pudding and Fruit Cake at the popular price of 25 cents a pound? Our reputation in this is the same as our Bread—we have no competitors. Physicians claim our Bread and Cakes are more nutritious because they are well baked. You will save time and money by giving your order to us.

Agencies all over Southern California.

Meek Baking Co.,

Tel. M. 322. Sixth and San Pedro Sts.
RETAIL STORE—224 W. Fourth St.
Tel. M. 1011.

SANO TARO.

A JAPANESE LOVE STORY.

By a Japanese Contributor.

I. THEY say that we have at home in Japan some few Shinto gods—eight millions of them, I believe. In America, so I have been told, you have some titles—a few more than a million times the number of our deities. But there is but one title, whether in Japan or in America, that is worth a man's envy.

Sano, "the woman hater," had it; Sano did not care a tilting of a nose for it; Sano perfectly abominated it; Sano cursed it.

In order to let him see how ridiculous and unreasonable he was, I took upon myself a huge task of revealing to him the trials and tribulations of the monstrous hordes of a tribe known as "ladies' men."

And so it came to pass that one spring evening, after seeing the sun comfortably, and with much crimson vanity, put to bed in the offing of the Santa Monica Bay, I stepped out into the gloaming of Southern California, over which the stars were dreaming and whose air was as intoxicating with the breaths of invisible flowers, as wine. I went forth to tempt Sano, my countryman, out to a "social evening."

II.

The room was already filled. I was not there to please anybody that evening, nor indeed to be pleased. I was there to witness, with all the microscope of my observation, an experiment which, in my love for big words and sounding adjectives, I was pleased to term a "physiological study."

The ladies, who looked like a wonderful mixture of smiling bouquets, marble statues and advertisements in the show windows of millinery shops, were very pretty; and the wild boars in evening dress and the pale ghosts (who are called financiers) with silver solution in place of blood, all playing the gentlemen of Valois court, were very amusing. I wanted to see them, but since I could see them at any season of the year, and because I could not see two things at the same time, I persuaded myself to be content with what the society may do with Sano, and he with it.

After the first bewilderment was over, when his pupils became reconciled with the blaze of electric lights, my friend Sano seemed to have turned into a statue of shy curiosity.

And, on my part, as you may very easily imagine, all the plates of my visual organ were sensitized and my head was a perfect camera obscura, ready for any photographic feat.

Neither did Sano keep me waiting long. His eyes wandered, purely by accident, I am sure, to Miss Heine. And Miss Heine threw him a glance—a glance which reminded me of a gold coin flung by millionaire charity to a beggar.

"Come," I whispered in his ear.

"Where are you going?"

"Where I take you."

He silently obeyed. Taking him by his arm, I guided him from chair to chair and introduced him to half a dozen people.

"Miss Heine," said I at last, "allow me to present to you my countryman and friend, Mr. Sano."

His bow was not really so bad. Of his blush I am not permitted to comment very extensively here.

Blushed? Why?

Because she was such a pretty girl. And more especially because he was—

Oh, it always choked him every time he tried to own the fact to himself—so ugly, so ridiculously homely. It made him sad, too—this unkindness on the part of Providence. And another, and the graver reason of his sadness is this, that while he never could persuade himself to think that he was in any way concealed, he could not help but see that what was attractive in him, what really was beautiful in him, what, in truth, was lovable in him, were all wrapped up in the curse of his unsightly exterior. And whenever he tried—in those rare opportunities which came to him—to mingle with the world, to make himself more intelligible to his fellow-creatures, to tell them a few things of the sweeter side of his nature, he felt that something choked him into silence. No, for the life of him, he could not tell, could not even hint at the thousand and one beautiful dreams which were adorning the palace of his fancy, which made his heart far more enchanting than a palace of a king.

In the presence of a young lady—a young lady for whom he really cared—the bitterest and the most repulsive side of his character seemed always to make the most emphatic exhibition. And naturally, it made him preternaturally shy.

Moreover, he was a Japanese; that is to say, an idolator of the beautiful. The only paradise he enjoyed was the fairy-

land of his imagination, and as a woman—whose only paradise is her life—would hold up her snowy skirt from the pollution of mud, so would he guard his dreamland from the taint of the world. It was no credit to him that he did not dive into the gutter of drunkenness or the sewer of debauchery. Those things repulsed him as a putrefying carcass would drive away a sensitive nose.

And this, along with others, for such is the sad depravity of the world, made him so unique and strange among the young men of his day. And as if these are not enough, his education and mode of life encouraged him in the solitary path he was treading. He felt happy in his den, where, from every shelf, Jesus, Gautama, Confucius preached to him, and Sappho, Burns, Heine, Onono Komachi sang to him, and Shakespeare, Hugo, Aeschylus, Chikamatsu Monzayemon, Bakin told stories to him.

Once in a great while, it is true (and the occasion I have started to describe was one of them,) he summoned all his courage, as if he were about to take a Gibraltar by assault, and in a fever of desperation he went into a drawing-room to study—as his friend urged him to do—the people instead of books. There he saw a thousand varied and delicate shades of rouge and powder, painting woman's passion for youth and beauty—others called it hypocrisy, not he—and admired it, not without a deadly fainting of his heart, however. He noticed also how men, young and old, were trying to dress the emptiness of their heads with the rags gathered from the wit-and-humor columns of newspapers. That amused him and gave him a shudder.

And when some pretty women—for accidents happen even in this scientific age, you know—gave him a word or two by way of charity, he resented them. Under the touch of a sympathetic hand, however, he more than once forgot himself and even essayed to make himself more readable to others. But it was all no use, although he could speak the English with no miraculous difficulty, he was made to see more and more, in every word he uttered, the impossibility of translating sentiments which were nourished on cherry blossoms and the poetic aroma of tea, into the language of commerce and science.

Still it was not fair to lay all the blame on the language of Shakespeare and of Shelley, for it is true that Sano was not able to express his best self in the language of his mother—before women.

When, therefore, the title of "Woman-hater" was conferred upon him, everybody thought it most appropriate and justly envied him.

III.

And she?

Slender and graceful of figure, and slender-like even in her Russian blouse—can I, in sooth, pay a greater compliment to the charms of a woman's figure? And if the angels and saints in heaven do not weave their halos out of the gold silk of Miss Heine's crown, it was not a fault of her hair. Under the massy tresses so full of light, the snow of her complexion did not seem to lose the luster all its own. It is true that there was an imperial spark in her steel-grey eyes which made you think of the razor blade of a Japanese sword. Something like this in the eyes of historic dames had been the death of many a gallant knight, and even in this shallow-natured age, in this prosaic America, one is apt to hesitate to prophesy what fruit a flash from Miss Heine's eyes might not bring forth.

Her lips of the color of passion, were worthy of a madrigal.

This fair German was rather reticent and in a curl of her lips, and a few remarks that might escape her now and then, there was more cynicism than philosophers would have known what to do with.

At times, however, she would throw herself into the vortex of a noisy merriment of her more flippant sisters, apparently as if she were not willing to have others outlaugh her. Thus her grave reticence and laughter-resounding intoxication, coming and going on the horizon of her mood, like day and night, made her a puzzle.

IV.

Sano saw Miss Heine. Crisis, transformation!

As for his being in love; that, any one with half an eye could see easily enough. And I have no doubt that he was the most original lover upon whom the genial California sun, or any other sun, for the matter of that, had ever smiled. Indeed, he was original in everything else; why shouldn't he be so in his love-making as well?

Yes, I remember accompanying him to the residence of Miss Heine a few times. He took her out once or twice himself, I believe. But the most indifferent friends visit each other a hundred times oftener than he did her.

And I will own, since a simple confession is said to be good, that I was as ass enough to preach a wise sermon whenever I caught him pacing the

moon-frosted path in our front garden at an untimely hour.

I knew that Miss Heine was a coquette, and of the heart of a coquette I had had a misfortune to learn a thing or two. Nevertheless, with all my scepticism of a heart of a woman and all that, I could not think it possible that Miss Heine's heart would be as icy and marble-like, could I, through some means, introduce her to the intense pathos of Sano's love for her. But since I could not, I bit my lips; made a few philosophic reflections; and swallowed a lump in my throat—for beside being his countryman, I had a special attachment to the poor boy. As I expected, all my wise sermons did him no good. He fed on his heart, which is worse than feeding on one's fat.

At the close of the year he said to me:

"I am going to start home next Monday."

"Next Monday!"

"Yes, there is an opening for me in Formosa."

"Formosa!"

"Yes," he said, "there is an interesting place near Gen-San."

"But look here, are you going to give up all your literary work, all this talk of years, but mizuno awa, foams of water?"

"Oh, my literary ambitions?—my dreams?" he signed as if he was thoroughly tired, "I am dead here." And he pointed to his heart.

"Hang your love—that woman!"

"Hush!"

V.

Nearly a year had passed.

"Here is a letter," said Miss Heine to me as I bowed my respects to her, one evening in her drawing-room, from our mutual friend. It might interest you."

She laughed.

At the same time, and very abruptly, she turned her face away from me. It was done very quickly, but it was too late. I saw it all—in fact, in turning sharply away, she shook a drop down on her satin bosom.

I read it. Yes, it was from him.

VI.

So long ago—but my memory insists that it happened but yesterday—I close my eyes and it is there before me, and very vividly, too, that drawing room.

And that night it looked like an idyll spelt out of palms, pines, ivies and the pretty dresses of women, tinted all over with the life-blood of many a thousand flowers; yet, it was there that I—in the days when I was as weak and romantic as a poem—met you and—a fay. And as I was made to see by and by—of death, and something worse.

The moon-like rays from milky globes smote you, and your face answered the blow with the revelation of that royal harmony of features—like that of the composite photograph of dignity and coquetry. I, who stood not very far from you, forgot myself; my gaze, I fear, was a little stronger than that the flowers would have received. You paid my ardent adoration with the cheap coin of a careless glance.

My father urged me to adopt a certain profession. When I fought him out and out, there was but one thought which pained me. With the breach will go all the money I may expect to have and—"I may lose her entirely."

Nevertheless there are very few men as happy as a dreamer; and I, penniless all of a sudden, shivered in a vile bed of a cheap lodging-house and repeated to myself, after Daudet: "I too, will be famous," and so reassuring myself, I caressed my MSS. and forgot everything, save a rosy future of seeing you; of winning the artistic world with my pen; of laying my whole empire at your feet. So had dreamed Hugo: so also, Schiller. And why should not I as well?

On the hill-side where a pepper tree, like a willow was weeping over our heads and afforded us a cool rest from the ever-searching sunshine of Southern California; and there at our feet the city of Los Angeles lay, a pretty carpet of many a graceful design.

You were playing with a butterfly which I had caught for you. I said something to you—something which was to me a matter of life and death, but to you, a stray leaf torn out of a common and ridiculous dime novel. A superb cynic may smile as you smiled then. You did not reply and I prayed you once again.

In a tone as light as that you would use in throwing your "good morning" to a passer-by on the streets, you said something to me—just a word or two.

And as you spoke, you tore to pieces the pretty wings of the butterfly and my heart.

The silhouettes of palm leaves were upon our heads; the roses were breathing sweetly in a dream of twilight all about us, there on the porch, as we waited for you.

"Don't take a little thing like that too much to heart, my boy," said W., with his usual pensive smile in his voice. "It's not good for your looks, and then, it's not good for your art."

I was thinking; I did not answer him.

"Come, you haven't the excuse of a baby to be so foolish about such a thing. O, she will come round by and by. Luck and women always do that, you know."

"I am just thinking," I said.

A pause.

After that I leant forward, elbows on knees, and my chin in my hands. My

eyes drooped and then a tear fell to the sod, which I am sure none did see.

"I'm just thinking—I don't know what to think really. I am madly in love with her. Well, she is right; she shouldn't marry me. I should not have dared to fly so high. It serves me right."

"The idea, old fellow! After all, she is a bit—a—a bit of a flirt, you know."

My hands were over his mouth. The rapidity of my movement surprised him.

"Well, my friend, there is this about it," continued I after a pause, "the kindest thing which heaven has ever granted me was to allow me to meet her; the best thing which I have ever done in all my life was to fall in love with her."

The very next day I met you.

And with a frankness that I had never seen in you before, you held out your hand to me and said:

"I heard you!"

"Heard me what, where?"

You were talking with Mr. W. before I joined you the other night."

"How pale you look, my friend," you said. Short and quickly spoken, like a peal of an alarm; nevertheless, how much heart there was in that little career of a remark."

When at last I found my tongue.

"O, I look rather pale all the time. May be I look death and winter a little too often in the face."

"Too much work, too much writing, dear poet? Am I not right, Mr. W.?"

And so saying you turned upon my friend. But on his lips you surprised a shadow of a smile, and you noticed also his eyes brightened at the tender tone with which you had addressed me. Then suddenly you thought it all too sacred for the ears and eyes of a third, and, repentant and ashamed of the betrayal of that glimpse of the god-like in woman's heart, and wishing to throw a veil over all and especially to punish the cynical smile of satisfaction on W., and forgetting, seemingly, how cruel to me your merry laughter might be, you turned to me, who was blushing under your kind words, and with that light tone of voice all your own, you said:

"I take back what I've said. Oh, no, you don't look pale at all now!"

You made fun of me.

• • •

However, even after that, I could not forget the little remark, "How pale you look, my friend!"

But the height to which it had wafted me was to teach me the depth of the abyss.

You changed.

Poets, from the time man does not remember, have likened women to the flickleness of an autumnal heaven. And you, my deity, were, after all, a woman!

Under the circumstances, how could I, from the rising of the sun to the falling of the dew, day after day, bear such life?

Like a wounded rat, let me hide myself and die! said I to myself. Just then the news of the opening of a savage corner of Formosa came to me. In it I saw my fate.

• • •

"Ah, really, so you are going, are you? Well, good luck to you, my friend!" you said.

My foolish eyes might have been misty; and in my rage and humiliation, I might have cast them to the floor, as if ashamed of myself, but really to hide the sudden weakness which I could not control; I might have laughed an empty laugh to give yours a match. I am not certain now just what I did in my frenzy. There is one thing which is certain: I felt that no heathen blade of a Formosan could wound me so cruelly as that parting blessing from your petal-like lips.

Enough!

Death is not so ugly as the artist paints him; as you see him in your dreams. He has a kindly and tender touch, and is of a soothing and pleasing presence. He will come to me—as my doctor tells me—within a few days.

By mistake—so the savage says—he planted his arrow head in my side instead of in the heart of a board. A very slight mistake that was, indeed—this blunder of the wretch—my savior. I ought have said.

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FORTY AIR MOTORS.

COMPRESSED AIR REPLACING ELECTRICITY IN
STREET-CAR SYSTEMS.

By a Special Contributor.

NEWS YORK, Dec. 19.—Within the next twelve months compressed air will be put to use in operating suburban and street railways in New York and other American and English cities. The question of power for the handling of such traffic has narrowed down to the alternative of compressed air or electricity, and the decision in favor of one or the other of these is likely to be influenced by local conditions.

For some years electricity has held the field without a dangerous rival, but there are abundant indications that from this time on it must share the honors with the new motive power.

The compressed-air plant now being established by the Metropolitan Traction Company in New York is nearly completed, and by the end of February forty air-motor cars will be in operation on the company's Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth-street crosstown line. Following this, a belt line connecting the ferries and railway stations and covering the hotel and shopping districts will be established. If the present plans of the Metropolitan company are carried out, all the crosstown lines in New York City, with one or two exceptions, will be equipped with air motors in the course of the coming year.

CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS ALSO EQUIPPING.

Although the New York line will be the first in this country to be operated entirely by compressed air, it will not long remain the only one. One of the Chicago lines is to be fitted with air power during the coming summer, and negotiations for the equipment of a part of St. Louis's system are nearly completed. The officers of the American Air Power Company, who control the rights of the compressed-air system, have been in consultation recently with street-railway men from a number of western cities, and it is expected that some of them will adopt air power soon on their lines.

Moreover, it is possible that the success of the American system, as demonstrated by its actual operation, may lead to its adoption on the London underground roads. J. Allen Baker, an expert engineer, who was sent over to this country to investigate the subject, recently returned to London and submitted his report. He compares compressed air with the gas power now in use on the Blackpool line in London, and his conclusions are decidedly favorable to the former. Mr. Baker finds that not only is air power cheaper than gas, but it is superior in cleanliness, and is noiseless in operation, two important considerations on an underground line.

ON RAILROAD SUBURBAN LINES.

In addition to these developments, it is said that the New York Central Railroad is preparing to use air-motor engines in its yard operations and in hauling trains through the tunnel at the New York end of the road and on their Putnam division.

A compressed-air engine has been used for some time in the yards of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road at Topeka for switching, and is reported to have worked satisfactorily.

When it is added that a company is being formed in New York to utilize the air motor in running automobile carriages, it will be seen that 1899 promises to be a great year for compressed air in a number of ways.

The American Air Power Company, which controls both the Hardie and the Headley motors, is capitalized at \$7,000,000, and among those said to be chiefly interested in it are P. A. B. Widener, William C. Whitney and the other large stockholders of the Metropolitan Traction Company, Col. A. W. Soper of the Pintsch Light Company, Henry D. Cook, Alexander McLeod, formerly president of the Reading system, and numerous men of importance in the financial world.

WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENT OF THE AIR SYSTEM.

The use of compressed air as a motive power antedates electricity, although it is only within the past few years that the system successfully employed by the American Air Power Company has been developed. As far back as 1879 an air-motor car was run on the streets of New York. In the following year an Englishman named Col. Beaumont operated a compressed-air engine at Woolwich, but it did not meet with favor. In 1889 the city of Berne, Switzerland, adopted air for street traction, using what is known as the Mekarski system, and in the following year a line was installed in France, and another at Chester, England. In 1892, Samuel E. Jarvis built an air-motor car which was run on a specially constructed line in Detroit, and in the same year the Consolidated Company of Toledo made some experiments with

a car equipped with the Mekarski system.

None of these experiments were reported failures, but from none of those tried in this country did any important results follow. One difficulty encountered was in storing enough air to run the cars any considerable distance. The air was stored at low pressure, and consequently the capacity of any ordinary car was sufficient to carry it only about four miles. The compressing apparatus was far from perfect, and the experimenters were troubled by the heating of the air during the compressing process, and by its freezing when expanded.

HARDIE, THE GREATEST EXPERIMENTER.

The development of compressed air traction, as we have it today, is chiefly due to Robert Hardie, a mechanical engineer and inventor, who carried on his experiments in the use of compressed air at high pressure for several years at Rome, N. Y., where the first successful air-motor car constructed from the plans now in use, was put in operation.

The results of Mr. Hardie's experiments were embodied in the Hardie engine, built for experimental use on the Manhattan Elevated Railroad, and in a street car constructed for the American Air Power Company. The latter was put in operation on the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth-street line in New York on August 14, 1896. Two others of the same pattern were added a little later and the three continued to run successfully for nearly a year. It was the practical test to which these cars were subjected by actual service that induced the Metropolitan Traction Company to adopt the air-motor system for some of its lines. It was found that the cars ran smoothly, with less wear and tear to car and road equipment than the cables, that they were not affected by weather conditions, and that they were less dangerous than cable or electric cars, as the entire 2000-pound air pressure could be applied to the brakes or the motor could be reversed if necessary. The cost of operation was a little greater than that of the other cars on the road.

HOW A COMPRESSED-AIR CAR LOOKS.

The Hardie cars employed in this experimental work were like ordinary cable cars in appearance, except that the space beneath the body of the car was protected by aprons extending along the sides. Behind these aprons, mounted on the car trucks, were the storage chambers, connected with the running gear by pistons similar to those employed in steam locomotives. An improvement on this driving apparatus was effected in what is known as the Headley motor described as an "inside gear." This is the one now in use, and in cars of this pattern none of the operating machinery is exposed to view.

BOTTLING THE AIR.

In the air-power plant now building at West Twenty-fourth street and Eleventh avenue, New York, the power is developed by what is described as a three-stage compressor. In the first chamber the air is driven up to a pressure of about 100 pounds to the square inch. It is then cooled by a water jacket, and enters a second cylinder, where the pressure is increased. The cooling process is repeated, and the air passes to the third chamber, where it is driven up to the pressure of 2500 pounds to the square inch, at which it is to be used. For the third time the air is subjected to the cooling and drying process, after which it is conveyed to a series of connected Mannesmann steel flasks, where it is stored awaiting use. The purpose of the water jacket is to do away with the heat, which naturally accompanies the compression.

Each of the air-motor cars is fitted with a Mannesmann steel "bottle" extending lengthwise beneath the floor of the car. This bottle is a long steel tube with a capacity of fifty-one cubic feet. Before being placed in the car it is tested to a resisting strength of 5000 pounds to the square inch. So that there will be no danger of breakage under service conditions.

CHARGING THE CARS WITH AIR.

The empty cars are run up to the charging stand in the power house and connected with the main storage chambers. Air is admitted to the car flask until the desired pressure—2000 pounds—is registered by the storage gauge. Then the connection is broken, the air in the chambers being prevented from escape by a check valve, and the car is ready for a journey of from fifteen to twenty miles. The whole process of charging occupies only two minutes, and in the event of haste can be completed in less than a minute, so that it will not cause delay even with a congested traffic.

While this charging process is going on connection is established with another chamber beneath the car, and

live steam is introduced to this compartment until a temperature of 300 deg. Fahr. is registered. This device is one of the most important improvements in the development of compressed air traction. It makes possible the reheating of the air before it is used, thereby increasing its efficiency 100 per cent., and making it possible for air to compete with electricity in the item of expense.

As the cold air leaves the bottle beneath the car it passes through an automatic valve, which reduces the pressure from 2000 pounds to 150, the latter being the pressure at which it is applied to the motor. The air passes through the reducing valve to the hot-water chamber, the heat thus applied to it causing an expansion, which nearly doubles its working power. That is to say, each cubic foot of air, after being heated, carries the air twice as far as it could if it remained cold.

MACHINERY IS SIMPLE.

The motor mechanism consists of two link-motion, reciprocating engines, having cylinders 7 inches in diameter and a 14-inch stroke. The power is applied by connecting and parallel rods direct to the crank pins of the four driving wheels. The entire weight of car and apparatus is mounted on elliptical springs, which give a smoothness of motion not obtained in the ordinary car. At the point where the air is set free, the pressure is so slight that there is no sound of exhaust. The only way in which the escaping current manifests itself is by a little puff of steam, such as is caused by one's breath on a frosty morning. This, of course, is due to the difference in temperature between the atmosphere and the air operating the motor.

According to its advocates, compressed air possesses many points of superiority for street traction over any other power at present in use. Edward E. Pettee, the consulting engineer of the air-power company, says:

ADVANTAGES OF COMPRESSED AIR.

"Street-railway engineers have long demanded an independent motor—one that should make each car automobile—so that an accident at a central power station might not result in tying up a whole system. This is provided by compressed air, and may be described as one of its chief engineering advantages. Perhaps its greatest recommendation from the point of view of the public is its safety. In case of control, it excels any other system that I know of. The high-pressure air is always at command to set the wheels, and can be applied by a simple wrist movement by the motorman. The entire mechanism is simple and does not require any special skill to operate. There is no noise, smoke nor odor. The installation is much cheaper than that required by electric power, thus effecting a saving in interest charges. It is never necessary to tear up the streets in order to extend the power. The cars can be run wherever there are tracks. In all these particulars I believe compressed air to be the most satisfactory power yet developed."

Whatever advantages compressed air possesses on the score of safety or esthetic qualities, the point which is likely to determine its final acceptance or rejection by railway capitalists is the matter of cost as compared with other forms of power. If it costs the railway company less for each car mile run by compressed air than it does with any power at present employed,

compressed air will be installed sooner or later.

COST OF THE NEW SYSTEM.

On this point it is impossible to make a convincing comparison, for the reason that air has never been employed on a large system, and on such a road the cost of operation for each car mile is likely to be less than on a small line. For electricity, cable, gas and animal power approximately exact figures are to be had. In the following table the comparative cost per car mile is shown from figures compiled in New York and London. The figures given for air-power are computed by a conservative engineer from the showing of the air motor cars in their trial service.

COST OF OPERATION PER CAR MILE WITH VARIOUS POWERS.

Animal	17
Cable	14
Electricity (underground)	12
Electricity (overhead)	10
Gas (London)	11
Compressed air	10 to 12

The cost of operating the three air-power cars run in New York was 20 cents per car mile, as follows:

Coal	\$0.0433
Water	.0103
Oil and waste	.0013
Power plant labor	.0833
Conductor and motorman	.0608
Repairs	.0023

Total \$0.2013.

The item of furnishing power at the station would be reduced from 8 cents to about 3, with a larger plant, and the cost of conductor and motorman would be materially reduced with longer runs. On the saving in these items, and on the improvement in the efficiency of their apparatus, the officers of the Air Power Company base their expectation of rivaling the trolley in cheapness of road operation. Many railroad men believe that they will shortly prove their case by actual demonstration. At any rate, compressed air is likely to take its place as one of the great motive powers.

E. W. MAYO.

Holiday Photographs.

Only a few more days now and the holidays will be over. Come in time, secure a sitting at the celebrated studio of Schumacher, 107 N. Spring St. You will not go amiss, and when you go away with a photograph made by these artists, you will have something made on artistic principles, finished in first-class style and a treasure you will be proud to offer as a likeness.

Without a Rival.

As a preventive of baldness, dandruff, falling hair, etc., Cobb's Celebrated Hair Tonic has no equal. This is purely a vegetable compound, free from all poisonous matter. Use no other. Sold by all druggists. H. Cobb & Co., 111 W. Third St., Gen. Agents.

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For the relief and support of varicose veins, weak, swollen or ulcerated limbs, corpulence, abdominal weakness and tumors.

These goods are of the best possible quality, and being manufactured under our personal supervision for each customer the day the order is received, we can guarantee perfect fits and goods that are actually fresh. Persons who have had trouble in obtaining either serviceable goods or perfect fitting ones are requested to give us a trial.

DIRECTIONS.

Measure accurately the circumference at the points corresponding with the dotted lines in the engraving, and place the number of inches opposite the letters.

In hose to go above the knee, give measurement from the floor to F, and from F to as high as it is wanted to go.

Give actual measurements, we allow for compression. Cut out and save this measurement chart.

A WORD ABOUT PRICES.

By purchasing these goods directly from the maker you save dealers' profits and obtain fresh, accurate, fitting articles that are worth 100 per cent. more in the results obtained. The cost of each piece is according to the amount of material required and the time taken in its manufacture. For an average price we quote elastic stockings from A to E in silk elastic at \$2.50.

ARTHUR S. HILL,

Surgical Instruments, Trusses and Invalid Appliances.

319 SOUTH SPRING ST.

Directly opposite Owl Drug Store.



A GERMAN CHRISTMAS.

HOW THE GREAT SACRED DAY IS KEPT IN THE FATHERLAND.

By a German Contributor.

IN NO other country in the world is Christmas celebrated as it is in Germany. Christmas with us Germans is indeed the greatest day of the year. It seems as if all other days of the year were only created for the sake of Christmas day.

Preparations are made months before Christmas day appears. All streets and walks are blocked up almost to impassability by temporary booths, displaying every imaginable variety of gineracks. The bright illuminated shop windows are filled with all kinds of appropriate Christmas presents. The splendor of flowers is scarcely to be described. The streets are crowded with people, hunting around for the many Christmas presents that their dear ones and friends, and especially servants, expect to receive. Servants in Germany get a good many extra presents, also a Christmas fee in money from 10 to 25 thalers each.

Every little nook and niche is occupied by a litigious shoptender. Here poor little girls and boys offer their wares with low humble voices. They have worked many a night to finish their self-produced ware; knitted stockings, fancy works of crochet embroidery, dressed dolls, picturesque little doll castles, and those for a tin soldier army, mangers and other little works carved in wood, are to be sold. It is touching to be greeted by those little beggar merchants.

In larger towns you will find hundreds of Christmas bazaars, a kind of Crystal Palace, with an universal exhibition of trinkets from all parts of the globe. Other bazaars contain the gifts of good people. Their presents are sold for the purpose of making poor people happy at Christmas with the money earned. In these bazaars the most beautiful women from respected families of the city are the attractive shop girls, dressed in picturesque old fashioned costumes. In such charity shopping change of money is never given back to the buyer. One young woman, in our last bazaar, sold a lock of her hair to one of her admirers for \$25, and another a rose, with which she was adorned, for \$20. The income is used to buy serviceable articles for poor people. On a certain day during the Christmas week a large hall is hired. There a Christmas celebration is established for poor people at which the presents are given under the shimmering Christmas tree. Also Christmas dinner is served for them at a well-spread Christmas table.

Every year our German Empress prepares a celebration like the mentioned one. She is always present among the circle of the poor folks. Also the Princes join in all the games with which the party is entertained. The Empress even is occupied in the kitchen to prepare the dough for the many, many Christmas cakes, which are given to poor families. The preparing of these cakes belongs to the greatest events. In general, every member of a family joins in and helps, cleaning and stoning raisins and cutting almonds, etc. It is quite certain that every one will get a Christmas cake for his own. A good housewife's especial cakes last nearly until Easter time. The contents of the Christmas cake are pretty near the same as the ingredient of an American bride's wedding cake.

The especial delight for old and young people alike is the arrival of Christmas trees. On this day children can scarcely be kept silent in school. The closing of the lesson is greeted with a great "hippy hurrah!" The constant whispering about the beautiful event bursts out in a loud joy and jumping across tables and benches. Indeed, there is nothing more delightful than to loiter through all the streets and squares and market places, walking up and down the steps of all the public buildings, which are covered with little forests of Christmas trees. The remembrance of this poetical time of life, carries one back into a solemn fairyland. For those who are acquainted with Andersen's fairy stories, "The Christmas Tree," is given a chance to imagine the pride of a fir tree in being chosen for a Christmas tree.

On the Christmas tree hangs literally the Christmas joys and toys of German childhood. Flags, legends, songs, carols, comedies, celebrate every year anew the Christmas events in the literary sphere. Advertisements publish hundreds of books, and promise to let you have all kinds of articles, suitable as Christmas presents, for half the usual price. In the bake shops there is scarcely to be had anything else but Christmas cakes. These cakes are called "stollen." The word "stollen" comes from "stolla," which means a little gift. In former times every member of a Catholic congregation had to give some "stolla" to his priest at Christmas time. The cake is represented in form of a baby, wrapped in a so-called German "wichelbett," which is a small feather bed upon which the baby is laid,

wrapped in with many ribbons around it. ("Wicheln" has the meaning of "to be wrapped in.")

In some parts of England and Scotland, they have as a Christmas cake that is called "yule-doo" (doo comes from dough,) which resembles our "stolle" very much. The eyes of the baby are represented with two large raisins, nose and mouth and ears are formed of dough, nothing else peeps out of the bed of dough but baby's head. In reality the "yule-doo" is a reminder of the old Saxon pagan time, in which at the end of December the ancient Anglo-Saxons celebrated their winter solstice, Yule festival. It is the same festival which the Scandinavian people and the old Romans celebrated at the season, when we celebrate Christmas. Amid all Pagan nations of antiquity, there seems to have been an universal tendency to worship the sun as the giver of life and light, and the visible manifestation of deity. At Rome he was Saturn, among the Scandinavians Odin. The ancient Persians adored Mithras as god of light. He is the same as the Irish god "Mithr," and the Phoenician Baal, known from the Bible. All these nations celebrated especial festivals to adore their gods at the winter's solstice.

Our Christmas celebration stands in a certain relation to these pagan festivals. The world's tree, Yggdrasil of the Scandinavians, was an evergreen, stretching its branches to the uttermost parts of the earth, its topmost boughs to heaven, its roots to hell. As a symbol of our Christian world's tree, the Christmas tree is represented. It has the stem of Jesse, as it is written in Isaiah xi. 1, "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse and a branch shall grow out of his roots." The meaning of the evergreen of our Christian world's tree is the everlasting immortal love of God. Out of that stem arose the branch, Christ, our Savior, whose sublime greatness reaches to heaven, whose foot entered the depth of hell. The light of the Christmas tree shall represent the light which was sent into the world at that time, when the star of Bethlehem appeared. In connection with this thought no German would consider it a real Christmas celebration without a Christmas tree. Grown people become children at the sight of the Christmas tree and enjoy it like the little ones.

History tells that the fixing of Christmas night upon the 24th and 25th of December, was accomplished by Telesphorus, Bishop of Rome, about the year 128. A.D. We have to thank Pope Gregory that the old pagan festival in England was changed into a Christmas celebration. In the year 600 A.D., the first Archbishop St. Augustine, was sent by him to England. According to the Pope's suggestion, he had to give to the converted pagans the right to keep as many as possible of their yule customs at the Christmas celebration. So they slaughtered their animals as usual, not for the purpose of sacrificing them, but to prepare them for their Christmas meals. It is interesting and amusing to read how this custom of having big Christmas dinners has kept in England and Scotland, and also in Germany. In "Gervase Markham's" English Housewife" (the writer was born in 1568,) is a bill given of such a dinner, which told that the first course had sixteen full dishes. The favorite Christmas dish in England and Germany was in former times the boar's head. It was served between two lighted yule candles of wax. When brought in the party sung an old carol:

"Caput apri deferis
Reddens laudes domino:
The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary.
Qui est in convivio."

Since the end of the fourth century the 25th of December has been uniformly observed as the anniversary of the nativity by all the natives of Christendom, as at last the church had decided to amalgamate the old and new religion. By and by, of course, the customs which the Romans brought to England, and the Anglo-Saxons to Germany, have changed, but all the modern Christmas customs stand in close relation to the old pagan ones.

Preparations for Christmas in a family circle has its particular charm. Long, long before Christmas eve everybody has started hand-made Christmas presents, as it is the custom. After supper the whole family remains cosily united in the sitting-room until the good-night hour strikes. All the members sit around the large round table in the middle of the room, occupied with their Christmas work. Of course the presents must not be seen, because we all like to be surprised. So all kinds of barricades are built to hide one person from the other. Nobody has a minute to talk, they are all so busy. A mysterious silence reigns. Only ejaculations like these, "O dear, is it that *Siefe!*" are to be heard, when the kuck-kuck in the old-fashioned clock opens its little door, appears in front of it and announces another late hour of the night. The beloved head of the family reads aloud fairy or Christmas stories to weet the time of work. In some cases either and mother will al-

low their children to remain awake even after they have left. Then the careful mother has made some cups of coffee for the busy children and the dear father has brought some gingerbread (in German, pfeffer kuchen) to enjoy them.

An especial pleasure is the writing of "Wunschetzel" (a wunschetzel is a sheet of paper upon which every member of the family write in general ten to fifteen wishes they would like to have fulfilled for Christmas.) This great event takes place the last Sunday evening in November. After they are all written they are put out upon the outside board of the window. Next morning they have disappeared. All the children are sure that the Christ-child took them away during the night. When they are still there, it is no doubt that the children must have been very naughty during the last year, and they have to pray so that they may be taken away next time. An especial room is used for keeping the Christmas presents in every house, and this is locked. Nobody except the mother is allowed to enter it, and she hides the key carefully. Nevertheless, some children cannot help peeping through the keyhole, and you may be sure they tell each other that they saw the Christ-child with the golden wings and the crown.

At last! At last! When the Christ-

mas bells are ringing from all the steeples of the city at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, every member of the family, and also the servants go to church. Long processions are to be seen in the streets. In every Lutheran church are one or two wonderful specimens of Christmas trees. They are placed to the left and right side of the altar, and lighted up with gas flames. Even the largest cathedrals are thoroughly decorated with hundreds of branches of fir trees. The Christmas service called "Weihnachtvesper," includes merely the singing of Christmas hymns, a liturgy partly performed by the congregation and partly by the church choir, which has in general 150 to 200 voices, and the Bible text of the birth of Christ, Luke ii. 1-20, is read aloud by the minister.

After the family's return, the Christmas home celebration begins. The whole family is assembled in the dining-room. Everybody is listening and waiting for the joyful moment when the gong will announce the opening of the adjoining parlor, and with it the beginning of the happiest time in the German home. Suddenly the longed-for sound is heard; the door opens. Here she stands, the dearest of all mothers, who has created for the whole family a Christmas eve never to be forgotten. And what a surprise! The youngest baby, dressed in an airy-looking white gown, and with golden wings, stands under the branches of the Christmas tree, the top of which touches the ceiling. Between the space from one tiny hand to the other a ribbon is spread out, upon which is written: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Above the head of the angel-like little apparition hangs down from the chandelier a transparent picture representing Correggio's beautiful painting "The Holy Night" (The birth of Christ.) Still sunk in deep contemplation everybody is joining in the German Christmas hymn: "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht," and the mother accompanies the old, well-known melody on the piano. When the last verse has been sung, the father reads aloud the Bible's Christmas text, Luke ii. 1-20, and an old Christmas poem, ending with the words: "Now let us go in with the shepherds to the manger and look at those gifts, which God's love has given to us in connection with His beloved Son."

Now the party is allowed to enter the so-called "Bescheerstube," the parlor in which the Christmas tree is. If there exists a grandfather and grandmother, they step in front of the procession, followed by their children and grandchildren, according to their age, and the invited guests and servants of the house.

"Now let us visit the manger first," says the good mother. At the foot in front of the Christmas tree the holy figures, mentioned in the Bible as present at the birth of Christ are all represented. There is to be seen the stable with the bright star of Bethlehem above. In the little wooden manger wrapped in swaddling clothes "the dear, beautiful child," (formed of wax, like the other figures,) Joseph and Mary kneeling at the strange cradle. The barn is surrounded by meadows made of moss and grass. Here are the shepherds, keeping watch over their flocks at night. They look up to the sky, because down from the branches of the Christmas tree are hanging, as though flying, the multitude of angels, holding in their small hands a golden, glittering ribbon with the "Gloria in Excelsis" written upon it.

And now a glance at the Christmas tree. It is trimmed exactly as Dr. Martin Luther has described the heavenly Christmas tree in the tale of which he wrote for his little son, "Hanschen." The lights on the trees are scarcely to be counted. They have changed the darkness of the room into sparkling daylight. The many golden apples and nuts, the sweetmeats of chocolate and marzipan will be the children's delight through all the holidays, and with the cut out silver and gold paper chains they will play a long time. But there is more to be seen. The mother now escorts all her dear ones to their own Christmas tables. Artistically are placed smaller and larger tables around in the parlor, and each of them decorated with evergreen, each of them having its separate Christmas cake, apples

and nuts, beside the many presents tastefully arranged. All the presents have in general, as a companion to the gift, a good wish or little poem. In those families who are not wealthy useful things are generally given to children. Luxurious presents are few. Nobody is thanked for the presents, because they are delivered all by the love of the Christchild, but in silent harmony, all they who are made happy shake hands with each other.

One of the most charming moments is when the mother is asked to leave the room that her Christmas table may be arranged. How all the children fly around to bring their little gifts to the father, who will arrange mother's table! How happily the eyes of these little youngsters beam when the mother utters her great surprise and delight, even about those gifts with which she made acquaintance long ago to help them finish secretly.

"Well, children, we must have supper now." This call is welcome to every one. Supper takes place so much later than usual. Time has passed so quickly in admiring all the beautiful gifts. Even the happy servants seem to have forgotten their business. The sound of the supper bell is heard. What a rushing into the dining-room! Here the silver teakettle hums cosily, and the principal Christmas dish is enthroned in the middle of the table. It is the Christmas salad prepared of potatoes, herring, apples, all kinds of different cooked meats and fish, spices and mixed pickles and sausages. The contents are something like the interior of a mince pie, but without a crust. It is wonderfully ornamented with preserved fruit, lemons, vegetables, fresh flowers and evergreen, and looks something like a blooming green hill. At the top of it is placed a little child's figure made of sugar, holding the globe in one hand and the scepter in the other, and a star is put in front of the golden crown it wears. Beside this dish all kinds of cold meats and tea are served, as it is the custom at every evening meal in Germany.

After supper the family is united until late at night in the "Bescheerstube." Wishing each other a "Merry, merry Christmas," they drink the Christmas bowl, a kind of eggnog. Everybody drinks to the health of the present and absent dear ones and sweethearts. Christmas cake is eaten in an ample sufficiency.

Christmas bowl in Germany, as well as the American eggnog, has an old origin and past, and is the descendant of the old English "Wassail bowl." "Wassail" is an Anglo-Saxon word, meaning, "To your health." An historical story tells that the first Wassail in England was offered at the Yule festival in the year 488, by Rowena, daughter to Hengist, the chief of the Jutes, to the British King Vortigern, with the salute: "Lord King wassail," to which he responded, "Drink hail," and saluted her. The sequel to this story was the marriage of Rowena to the British King. After that time the wassail bowl was used at every festival, and has been introduced also in Germany. Its present representative is the German "Weihnachtspunsch-Bowle," Christmas punch bowl.

It seems to me interesting enough to add here a recipe of the old Scotch "wassail-bowl," taken from an old Scotch cook book: "Simmer a small quantity in a teaspoon of water, cardamums, clover, nutmeg, mace, ginger, cinnamon and coriander. When done, put the spice to two, four or six bottles of port, sherry or Madeira, with one pound and a half of fine loaf sugar (pounded) to four bottles, and set all on the fire, in a clean bright saucepan. Meanwhile have yolks of twelve and the whites of six eggs well mixed up in it. Then, when the spiced and sugared wine is a little warm, take out one teaspoonful or so on for three or four cups, after which, when it boils, add the whole of the remainder, pouring it in gradually and stirring it briskly all the time, so as to froth it. The moment a fine froth is obtained toss in twelve fine roasted apples and send it up hot. (Spices for each bottle of wine, 10 grains of mace, 46 of clover, 37 of cardamums, 28 of cinnamon, 12 of nutmeg, 48 of ginger, 49 of coriander seeds.)"

In Germany we celebrate two holidays beside Christmas eve. On both of them church service takes place three times a day. At the first Feiertag (holiday) the customary meat is roasted goose stuffed with apples, served with a vegetable called green cabbage and roasted Italian chestnuts. The second holiday's favored dish is hare and apple sauce. Every holiday has its particular pudding. Holidays in school last from December 22 until January 6. In every Sunday-school they have an especial Christmas celebration, where they entertain the children for a whole afternoon with games. In many cities of Germany, especially in the old mountain cities of Saxony, Freiberg, Lundberg and Schneeberg, it is still customary, as soon as the steeple clock strikes the midnight hour, to have a band begin to play our Christmas hymn, "Holy Night. Silent Night!" It is blown on trumpets from the outside gallery of the church towers.

One Christmas night I spent in the mining town of Schneeberg, a small place, situated in the midst of the Saxony-Erzgebirge. It was a night never to be forgotten. The mountainous landscape all around was covered with deep snow, glittering in the moonlight. The sublime court state of the moon lighted up the wonderful mountain scenery in its diamond-like sparkling splendor. The miners, fully dressed in their picturesque uniforms, each of them carrying the miner's lan-

tern and a tool, walked slowly uphill on the small path. In the midst of the silence and peace of the night the melody of the holy Christmas-song sounded through the air. Entering the church with the procession, the light of the Christmas-tree tapers greeted us. A choir of excellent voices repeated the promise, once announced by angels: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord!" When I returned from church the streets were lighted up by the shimmer of the many Christmas trees, which we could see through the windows. From the inside of all the houses was to be heard a singing of Christmas hymns. It seemed as if an angel choir was flying anew down from heaven, announcing the birth of the Christ-child. The ringing of the Christmas bells from all the church steeples of the town was the harmonious accompaniment of the Christmas melodies. In remembering that night, still a song sounds in my ears:

"Loudest Christmas bells are ringing,
And the drifting snow
Lies in wreath of pearly whiteness
O'er the world below.
Heard ye not the wondrous story
Told of One on High?
One whose coming, One whose glory
Nevermore shall die!
Ring ye bells from out the steeple,
Sound a glorious lay.
Telling unto all the people
Christ is born today!"

MALVINA LAMPADIUS.

A common pin is not generally regarded as a musical instrument, yet anybody with a bit of common, soft deal board an inch thick, a few score of pins and a fair stock of patience, can get an amount of music out of these

EDISON AND NICODEMUS. AN AMUSING STORY OF THE GREAT INVENTOR'S TRAIN-BOY DAYS.

By a Special Contributor.

ONE day recently, Thomas A. Edison was sitting in his little office on Mount Musconetco, where his iron mine is located. He was talking to several business acquaintances and in the course of the conversation one of the men present stated that he once had been a train boy.

"Were you?" said Mr. Edison, characteristically plunging into this new subject. "I was one, you know. What road did you run on?"

"Grand Trunk, out of Port Huron."

"Did you? Why, so did I. But I was before your time. I say, do you remember the peanut trick?"

"Indeed I do. Wasn't it the very first thing they taught us before they turned us loose? Everybody knew that. Why, it doubled the output. I remember once I didn't jam them tight enough and they fell through just as I was about to turn them into the pocket of a countryman. Oh, wasn't he mad! Wouldn't buy the nuts and cautioned every one on the car against me. Said I was a sharper and roused things generally."

The peanut trick of the old-time train boy was executed as follows: The tin measures which the boys used were long and narrow. They tapered gradually, being slightly smaller at the top

the old three-car trains. In my day you know, they used to run trains made up of three coaches—a baggage car, a smoking car and what we called the ladies' car. The ladies' car was always last in the string. Well, one day I was carrying my basket of nuts and apples through the ladies' car—I hadn't sold a thing, so far—when I noticed two young fellows sitting near the rear end of the car. They were dandies, what might be called dudes now, but we called them 'stiffies' in those days. They were young southerners up north on a lark, as I found out afterwards. Behind them sat a negro valet, who had a large iron-bound box beside him on the seat. Probably he was an old family slave. He was dressed in as many colors as an English flunky.

The young men were complaining of the dullness of things. They stopped when they saw me. I came along wabbling my basket from side to side as I asked each passenger if he wanted to buy anything. When I reached the southerners I asked them if they wanted some. "No!" replied the fellow nearest to me. "We do not, and furthermore we are not going to have any," whereupon he grabbed the basket out of my hands and dumped the nuts and apples out of the window. "Here's your basket," he said, handing it to me. For a moment I was too surprised to speak. Then I yelled at him in a way that made everybody jump around. I did

without a smile, but everybody else laughed again. I did not yell this time. I simply said: "Look here, mister, do you know how much those are worth?"

"No," said he; "how much?"

"Well, there were three dozen and four at 10 cents for each one, not to mention the prizes in some of them."

"Oh," he said; "Nicodemus, count up how much the boy ought to have and give it to him."

The negro opened his box and gave me \$4, and again I went away with the empty basket, while the passengers laughed.

Next I brought in some morning papers and nobody bought these, either. Somehow the passengers had caught the spirit of the thing and as it cost them nothing they apparently did not wish to deprive those southerners of their fun. I was watchful when I came to the young bloods this time and I carried the papers so they could grab them easily. Sure enough, the nearest one threw them out of the window after the other things. I sat on the edge of a seat and laughed myself. "Oh, you settle with Nicodemus," he said, and Nicodemus settled up.

A JOB LOT.

"Then I had an idea. I went into the baggage car and got every paper I could find. I had a lot of that day's stock and over a hundred returns of the day before which I was going to turn in at the end of the run. The whole lot was so heavy that I could just manage to carry it on my shoulder. When I staggered into the ladies' car and called 'Paper!' in the usual drawling way the passengers fairly shrieked with laughter. I thought the southerner would back down, but he never flinched. He just grabbed those papers and hurled them out of the window by the armful. We could see them flying behind the train like great white birds—you know we had blanket sheets then—and they spread themselves out over the landscape in a way that must have startled the rural population of the district. I got over \$10 for all my papers.

"That dandy was game. 'Look here, boy,' he said, when the passengers had seen the last of those papers float around a curve; 'have you anything else on board?'

"Nothing except the basket and my box," I replied.

"Well, bring in those, too."

"You remember the big three by four boxes they used to give us to keep our goods in? Well, I put the basket in the box and turned it over and over down the aisle of the car to where the fellow sat. He threw the basket out of the window, but the box was too big to go that way. So he ordered Nicodemus to throw it off the rear platform. I charged him \$3 for that box. When it had gone he turned to me and said:

"How much money have you made today?"

"I counted up over \$25 Nicodemus had given me."

"Now," he said, "are you sure you have nothing more to sell?"

"I would have brought in the smoking-car stove if it had not been hot. But I was compelled to say there was really nothing more."

"Very well!" and then with a change in his tone he turned to the negro and said: "Nicodemus, throw this boy out of the window!"

The passengers shrieked with laughter, but I got out of that cap pretty quick. I can tell you. That fellow was a thoroughbred, and I believe he would have done it, even if his nigger had refused, which was not likely."

And the face of the inventor wore a half-amused, half-regretful smile at this vision of his train-boy days.

THEODORE WATERS.

"TO YOU THIS DAY A CHRIST IS BORN."

arching skies, starlit and glorified,
What power hath touched you that
brightens so,

Bending above Judea's hills, where low
Genesareth sleeps and Jordan pours its tide?

Lo! the far east expanding far and wide,
As if some mighty comet were unfurled,
Or else some curtain from this lower world
Were lifted and heaven's gates dung open
wide!

And hark! the tremulous trees in mush
break;

The running brooks take an angelic tone,
The flowers breathe in melodious undertone
And grasses to symphonious utterance wake

Judea's hills are touched with glory, too;
They lift their tops in reverent worship all
And birds in praise unto each other call,
And brightens still the wide expanse of blue.

Upon the midnight hills the shepherds kneel,
Their gaze uplifted to the opening skies,
While reverent wonder fills their waiting
eyes,

As the cleft blue the heavenly hosts reveal.

"Glory to God!" O song of songs they sing!

"And peace on earth!" Heaven bends its
merry sweet.

"Good will to men," the angel tongues re-

peat,

While heaven and earth with answering echoes
ring.

Brightened the hills as rang the angels' song

And wide azzander waxed the starry skies,

And sweeter grew th' angelic symphonies,

"For lo! to you this day a Christ is born!"

O tidings glad that through the ages ring!

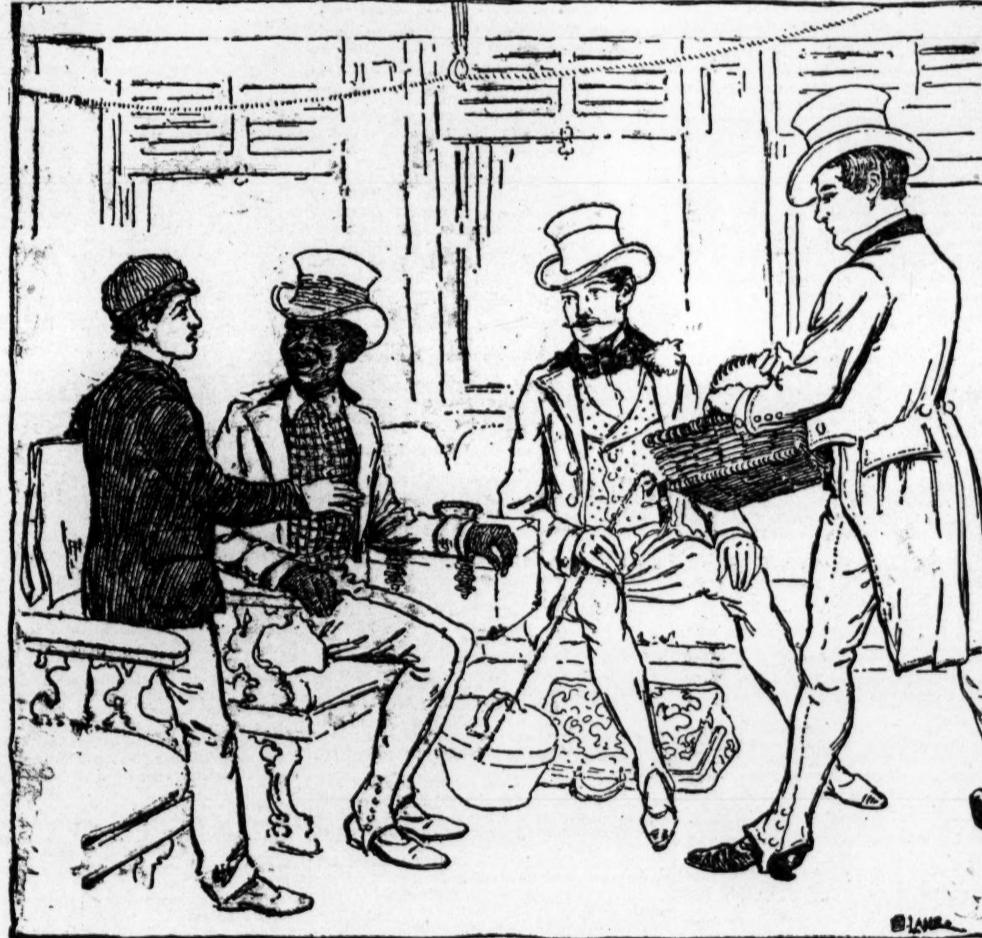
O day of days that to the race belongs!

We kneel as knelt Judea's shepherd throng;

And hail the Christ, Redeemer, Lord, and

King!

ELIZA A. OTIE.



OUT WENT EDISON'S PRIZE PACKAGES.

materials that is simply astonishing.

All that you have to do is to first select the tune that the instrument is to play, and get it thoroughly fixed in your brain. Then drive a pin into the board and keep trying it with the finger nail till it sounds like the first note. Drive another for the next note, and so on. The further the pin is driven in the higher the note it produces, and, of course, for the low notes the pins stand out higher.

To regulate the length of a note, one must regulate the distance of the pins apart; set them closely for quick music and wider apart for slow. The tune should be set up in a straight line, and played by running an ivory toothpick or a long bonnet pin along the line. There is no end of fun getting the thing started, and the music always proves a surprise and delight.

Thomas Tinsley, the New York millionaire, is still in jail in Houston, Tex., and has been for the past two years for contempt of court in refusing to produce certain books. His imprisonment has been confirmed by the Supreme Court, and an effort just made to secure his release on the ground that the books demanded are not in his possession has failed.

than at the bottom. If filling a measure the boy would push it rapidly through the peanuts in the open basket. A few nuts would rattle inside, but almost immediately a dozen or two would jam or wedge in the narrow mouth of the measure. When lifted up, the measure would appear to be full, and as the trick would be performed in full view of the purchaser, the latter would suspect nothing and allow the boy to dump the contents of the half-empty can into his pockets, when of course all trace of the deception would be lost.

Mr. Edison laughed heartily at the remembrance of the trick and with the incentive thus given, stories of train-boy life flew back and forth. The two men, for the time, became train boys again. They forgot the triumphs and cares of their after lives and the rest of the company present listened silently and enjoyment to the reminiscences of the days when the greatest inventor in the world sold newspapers and peanuts. Some of the stories told by Edison have been published, but the following one has never before appeared in print.

THE "STIFFIES."

"Curious how these things come back to you," said Mr. Edison. "I remember a funny thing that occurred on one of

not say anything. I just yelled at him on general principles.

"What's the matter, boy?" he said when I stopped. Some of the passengers laughed; others were indignant, and some who had not seen his action simply looked at me in amazement.

One man turned around and said: "My stars, where have they gone?" I suppose he meant the peanuts. Then I protested.

"Look here, boy," said the young man, "how much were they worth?"

"Oh, about a dollar, I guess," said I.

"He turned to the negro on the next seat. "Nicodemus," he said, "give this boy a dollar."

The negro grinned and, turning to the box beside him, he opened it. It was really full of money and valuables. He took out a dollar and gave it to me. I took it and walked up the car. I was still surprised. At the door I looked back at them, and everybody laughed at me for some reason—all except the young men; that is, they never even smiled during the whole performance.

"Well, I filled up my basket with prize packages and came back through the train. Nobody bought any of them.

When I reached the southerner, however, he said: "Excuse me, sir," and grabbing the basket again he sent the prize packages after the peanuts. He handed me my basket and sat back

DECEMBER 25, 1898.

PRIVATE AGGIE.

HOW HE ENLIVENED THE REGIMENT ON THE WAY TO SANTIAGO.

From the New York Sun.

AGGIE was the moving spirit among the enlisted men of the regiment. He was a Philadelphia boy, and his right name was something else. While the regiment was at Tampa he insinuated himself into the good graces of one of the village belles. After a couple of clandestine meetings on the streets he received an invitation to visit the young woman at her home. He went, accompanied by a non-commissioned officer as a sort of chaperon and guarantee of good faith. His summons at the doorbell was answered by the young woman's mother in person. She invited the callers to take seats in the parlor and shrieked shrilly up the hall stairway.

"A-g-g-gie! Two soldiers!"

The noncom used to imitate this shrill summons capitally; and ever after the private was known throughout the regiment as Aggie.

From the day that the regiment left its armor to the afternoon of July 1, when he limped off San Juan hill with half a dozen bullet wounds in his body, Aggie was the life of his company. His first exploit was at Lakeland, Fla. Strict orders had been issued that no enlisted man should visit the village without a pass, and passes were not easy to get. There were reasons, the principal of which was a pretty blonde, why Aggie particularly desired to pass an evening in Lakeland. After all the excuses he could invent had failed, he decided to resort to stratagem to get through the guard lines. The army teamsters, either in wagons or on mule back, were an exception to the otherwise rigid rule, and were permitted free exit and entrance. So at dusk one evening Aggie stole a mule from the corral and rode boldly up to the guard line. Unfortunately the officer or the guard was on the spot and recognized the pseudo teamster.

"Halt that man!" he called to the sentry, as Aggie tried to ride boldly by. Then hurrying up, he shouted:

"Dismount from that horse, sir!"

Aggie sat silent and motionless.

"Dismount from that horse!" repeated the officer.

Not a word or motion came from the impulsive Aggie.

"Do you mean to disobey me, sir?" shouted the now indignant officer.

Aggie gazed down at him and meekly replied: "No, sir!"

"Then, sir," roared the officer, "why don't you dismount from that horse?"

"Because, sir," responded Aggie, with impulsive deliberation, "it isn't a boss, but a mule, sir!"

It was too much for the officer's funny bone. From a fit of screaming anger he went into a paroxysm of laughter. And through his intercession on the following evening, Aggie secured the coveted pass.

Aggie's first trick at guard duty was on board the transport *Vigilance* on the voyage to Santiago. He was on the second relief and on duty from 8 to 10 in the evening. His post was in a narrow gangway on the second cabin deck. There was nothing there to guard—not a thing to do for two long hours but "stand like a fool and fiddle with a musket." Right beside Aggie's post there was a stateroom and in that stateroom a game of penny ante was in progress. Now, if there was anything in the wide, wide world more than another whose blandishments Aggie could not resist it was the seductive game of draw. The stateroom door stood open and the chink of the pennies and nickels and other echoes of the game titillated Aggie's ears. Finally, one of the players spied him and invited him to sit in. The temptation was too great. Aggie put his gun down just outside of the door, stepped into the stateroom and set in for just one hand. Then he stayed for another and another.

A dark figure stole noiselessly up the dimly lighted gangway. It was the officer of the guard for that day, the worst martinet in the regiment. He took in the situation at a glance, and without betraying his presence grabbed Aggie's gun and slipped down the gangway. He might have arrested his man on the spot. But he had him dead to rights, and there was something of the feline nature in him. He wanted to play his victim as a cat does with a rat.

He would give his man full play and gloat over him while he told futile lies and then confront him with the gun and the facts. For, as it is known, that the number of each soldier's gun is registered in the first sergeant's books. Moreover, this was no laughing matter. In the regular army men are sent to prison for the term of their enlistment for exactly this offense. For a moment the favorite of the regiment was unconsciously in a very tight hole. Then some presentiment warned him. He jumped up from the game and dashed out of the stateroom door just in time to see officer and gun disappearing up the stairway to the first cabin deck. There was no time for plans. It was a moment for action. Kicking off his shoes, Aggie followed

his enemy. Fortune favored him, for it was a dark, rainy night. Arrived on the upper deck, the officer did not go to the guardhouse, but to his own stateroom. And before entering it he made a fatal mistake. He put Aggie's gun down outside the door. Two minutes later Aggie was patrolling his post, gun on shoulder, the picture of an alert and faithful sentry. At the same moment the officer of the guard was instructing the corporal of the guard to arrest him. Duly arrested, Aggie was escorted to the officer's stateroom.

"Corporal," said the officer, sternly, when Aggie confronted him, "put this man in the guardhouse to await trial for neglect of duty and losing his gun."

"But he had his gun," ventured the corporal.

For a moment the officer looked staggered and then said contemptuously:

"It is some other man's gun."

"It is my own," said Aggie firmly. "Do not add lies to your other cranes," exclaimed the officer sternly. "Corporal, bring the first sergeant of this man's company and his gun record."

The first sergeant came.

"Sergeant," said the officer, "what is the number of this man's gun?"

"Steen hundred and 'steen, sir."

The officer gasped. He compared the numbers himself. Then he glanced outside the stateroom door. Then he sat in a chair for a while and fiddled with his fingers. Finally he said:

"My man, you may go back to your post. But beware, sir, beware!"

"You see," said Aggie, later, "he couldn't afford to admit that he had been as big a chump about the gun as I had. Whenever he meets me now he looks at me with a red-like and inquisitive eye."

The only iced water on the *Vigilance* was in a tank in the officers' cabin. Strict orders had been issued that no enlisted men should drink thereof, under penalties most severe. The order was a formal one, and had been typewritten and pasted up right beside the tank. Aggie's dry throat thirsted for a drink of the forbidden fluid. One warm day when he thought coast clear he dodged into the cabin door, grabbed the glass and turned the spigot. Just as the glass was brimful the ponderous figure of a certain staff officer loomed up beside him. Aggie took in the situation in a flash. He made no move to drink the water, but reached for the toothbrush in his hatband.

"How dare you drink that water, sir?" demanded the irate staff officer. "I'm not drinking it, sir," responded Aggie, waving the toothbrush in salute.

"You were going to drink it, sir."

"I beg your pardon," responded the impulsive Aggie, politely, but firmly, "I was not going to drink it."

"Then, sir, what were you doing with it?"

"I was going," said Aggie, holding the drinking glass out in one hand and the toothbrush in the other, "to brush my teeth in it."

"Good heavens, sir!" gasped the staff officer, his features a picture of horror, "that is worse than drinking it!"

"I know it is," said Aggie, "but" and he pointed with his toothbrush to the typewritten order, "it isn't against orders!"

Then he stepped out on the guard, and before the stunned staff officer could recover his wits to protest, had calmly brushed his teeth, replaced the glass and disappeared.

This was by no means Aggie's last encounter with the same staff officer. Aggie was a born speculator. He was a high-roller, and would bet the boots off his feet on a botball flush without the quiver of an eyelid. The ship was fourteen days on the trip from Tampa to Siboney, and during the voyage Aggie fluctuated between affluence and abject poverty. There were days when he possessed practically the entire available cash assets of the regiment. There were other days when he put up his jackknife as security for a quarter to get in a game. Now, the staff officer referred to was a persistent enemy and persecutor of every man who aspired to accumulate wealth through the agency of cards and dice. He instituted raid after raid on the games, and one by one the gamblers were thrust into the guardhouse, there to meditate on their slings. But Aggie was, as he put it, "cagey," and it was not until the seventh day out that his capture and imprisonment were achieved.

Then the staff officer folded his hands over his plump corporation, heaved a sigh of relief and said:

"Now I've got him. That ends the gaming on this boat."

Alas for human hopes. On the following day he visited the guardhouse to see if his victims were properly contrite. Sad to relate, the first thing that greeted the parson's eye in the guardhouse was a flourishing game of stud poker, with Aggie acting as banker and dealer. Then he gave it up.

When the Seventy-first dashed up San Juan Hill, raggedly but bravely—

a company here and a fragment of a battalion there—the foremost man in his company was Aggie. Up the hill swept his company, over its crest and 150 yards down the opposite incline in support of Grimes's battery. Just at a barbed wire fence, a hundred yards in advance of the line where the American entrenchments were located that night, Aggie got in line with one of the enemy's rapid-fire guns. Five minutes later, limping painfully over the crest of the hill, the blood streaming from a dozen wounds, Aggie passed his captain.

"Hit?" asked the captain. "They've p-p-peppered me, captain!" he stuttered with his never-failing smile, "into a regular p-p-pepper-box!"

That evening at the division hospital they patched Aggie up the best they could, rolled him in a blanket and left him to lie there and gaze up at the stars. He had limped and crawled five miles with the blood streaming from his wounds, and he must have been as weak as a sick kitten. But as the evening wore on a tremulous tenor voice lifted itself in that place of pain and death and began to sing familiar songs. The voice was weak, but sweet, and it sang on and on. And many a poor shattered human being whose light went out in that Cuban clearing that night, imagined as he listened in his delirium to the strains of "The Old Folks at Home," that he was with his mother and sisters; and thus believing, died.

As the night wore on an Irishman of the regulars, who had suffered an amputation, lifted himself on his elbow and, peering through the moonlight and shadows toward where Aggie sang, said aloud:

"God bless that plucky little devil, whoever he be. He has made me palm alsy to me, this night."

JOSEPH'S HORSE.

Slight Mistake on a Track That Prevented the Carrying Out of a Deal.

[New York Sun:] "I never could miss a horse deal," said one of the former proprietors of the Guttenburg race track with a chuckle of satisfaction, "but my last venture was a Jim Dandy. Over in Jersey a few weeks ago I was driving along the pike about five miles from my country home, when an old farmer I know poked his whiskers over his fence and asked if I didn't want to buy an ancient plug which he held by a halter to keep from falling down. I stopped, of course, and examined the steed. There was about \$3 worth of meat on him, \$5 worth of vitality and 2 cents worth of speed. I didn't exactly see what I could do with such a monstrosity, but the horse-trading passion grew strong within me, and I said:

"How much for the equine gold brick?"

"Thirty dollars," returned the farmer.

"For how many?" I asked, politely.

"This is selected stock. Comes one in a box," was his retort.

"I'll give you ten," said I, "and no questions asked."

"Let's divide the pot," he said. "Call it twenty, and this beautiful Hambletonian is yours."

"Well, I liked the farmer and I liked his sporty talk, and as I had spent some previous time in dalliance at the roadhouse, money had ceased to look as lovely as usual. So I gave him the twenty and led the four-legged graveyard home. I kept him on grass for a week or two, and noticed that he began to pick up a little form. This also attracted the attention of a coal black gentleman whom I employ on my place as valet to the cows and lesser stock. One bright, dewy morning he shuffed up and said:

"Boss, what yo' taak fo' de new hoss?"

"Does some benevolent association want to buy him?" I asked. The black gentleman grinned till his teeth looked like a monument builder's exhibit at a world's fair."

"No, sah," said he. "Ah's lookin' fo' hoss flesh fo' m'self."

"But this is a very valuable animal, Joseph," said I reflectively, "and his possibilities in speed are unlimited. The only thing that worries me is his impossibilities. I should think \$100."

"Ah'll give yo' fifty, boss," broke in Joseph. "Cawn't spare no more'n dat."

"A kind heart and a generous, noble nature have always been against me in matters of commerce, so I sold the nag to the black gentleman for his half century and dismissed the transaction from my mind as unworthy of regret. But a few days after he came around to discuss his purchase.

"Boss," said he, "Ise pow'ful sorry fo' yo'."

"What's the matter with me?" I asked. "Am I sick again?"

"Yo' done will be w'en yo' heahs de news," he answered. "Boss, dat fifty-dollar hoss yo' done sole me goes in two-thutty-seven!"

"Don't, Joseph," said I, pained beyond expression at this evidence of decadence. "Remember Ananias and what one puny little effort did him."

"Fact, boss; 'deed hit is," he insisted.

Then he called a runt of an African who had recently appeared in the neighborhood to come and back up his assertion.

"Two-thutty-seven's his time, sah," said the runt, pulling out a handsome stop watch, which he explained in some confusion had been presented to him by a lady friend for being good. "Me'n Joe done had him down to the track 'n' trotted him 'round in yo' ole sulky in dat time, suh, 'cordin' to de watch."

"If that is the case, Joseph," said I, "I am willing to buy the animal back at a comfortable advance. Looking at

the horse now in a charitable light, I perceive that his days are numbered and will soon be tabulated on a cold, cold stone. You may touch me for \$60 and I'll take the animal off your hands."

"But the low-down African grinned. "Bid him up, boss," said he. "Ah's used to auctions."

"Joseph," said I, "you grieve me deeply. Would you for the mere greed of filthy gold restrain the hand of benevolence? I'll give you \$65."

"Money'll have t' talk louder'n dat, boss," said the perverse one. "Once mo', ef yo' please."

"Seventy dollars, then, if you're good."

"Dat's A, B, C, boss. Sling some good ole diction'ry langwidge wid free figigs in hit."

"Well, before I got through with Joseph he ran me up to \$125. Then I started over to the track with him, his runt friend with the stop watch, and the bony old glue-pot filer of a horse to witness a performance before paying my cash. The track in question is an abandoned bicycle course which I overhauled last spring as a sprinting place for my own horses and the horses of my friends. When we arrived the two black gentlemen hustled the nag into an old sulky, Joseph mounted, and the funeral procession moved up the course. The runt pulled his stop watch and I consulted mine. Joseph biled the whip and let his record-breaker out for all he was worth, which appeared to be about as much as a goat hitched to a canal boat.

"By and by, as the sun went down and the moon came up, Joseph and his horse came under the wire.

"What's de time?" he asked his sable friend, expectantly. A smile of triumph split the runt's face in half.

"He done hit in two-thutty-six an' er half," he answered, and I laid my weary head between my hands and laughed till it hurt me.

"Wha' fo' you laugh, boss?" asked Joseph, coming up to receive the expected \$125. "Am yo' glad t' git him so cheap?"

"Joseph," I said, when I caught my breath, "I'll not deprive you of your thoroughbred unless you insist, and in that event I must alter my figures. Instead of \$125, I have not the heart to offer you more than \$1.25."

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, boss. What's de mattah wid yo'?" gasped Joseph, popping-eyed with astonishment. "Didn't he go 'round de track in two-thutty-six an' er half?"

"He did for a fact, Joseph; he did," said I.

"Den what's wrong?" he demanded.

"Nothing, Joseph; absolutely nothing," I answered. "Only this happens to be a half-mile track."

"And both black gentlemen fe'l down in the dust."

A LOCK OF HAIR.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat:] An enthusiastic musician tells an amusing and hitherto unprinted anecdote of Faderewski's last Southern tour. "I encountered the pianist and his party when they were passing through Georgia," he says, "and had the pleasure of riding some distance with them in their private car. At one of the stops Paderewski was handed a letter from a certain grande dame and noted society leader of a large western city. It was the most gushing epistle I ever listened to, and after several pages of what was evidently intended as a tribute to his art, the writer wound up by requesting 'a lock of hair,' and inclosing a stamp for return postage. When the laughter had subsided Paderewski's secretary proceeded to indite a reply, which, as nearly as I remember, ran almost as follows: 'Dear madame: M. Paderewski directs me to say that it affords him much pleasure to comply with your request. You fail to specify whose hair you desire, and to avoid error he has secured a sample of each of the staff en voyage, to wit: His manager, his secretary, his valet, his two cooks and his waiter, together with a small portion from a cat and a matress belonging to M. Pullman, proprietaire of the coach de luxe which we occupy. I have the honor to be your obedient servant.' There was some uproarious sport in collecting the souvenirs, especially that contributed by the cat belonging to M., the proprietaire of Pullman, but they were finally secured and the package mailed at the next station. I have often wondered what the emotions of Paderewski's admirer must have been when she gazed on that collection of hirsute freaks."

An Oriental Pomelo.

THE Oroville Mercury recently printed a letter which was written by a young man now doing service for Uncle Sam in Manila Bay, of which the following is an extract: "Bananas, pineapples and mangoes are the only fruit which are very plentiful, and I live on them from Sunday to Sunday.

I will send you the seeds of a Chinese grape fruit (pomelo); it is of a superior quality to that raised in California. It was about eight inches in diameter,

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

THE Imperialists have started on the rounds again that excerpt from one of Historian John Fiske's essays that records some Fourth of July exuberance a quarter century ago. Its wit is not dimmed by the purpose of its citation, for even imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay, Shakespeare reflected, might stop a hole to turn the winter's wind away. Nor is its piquancy dulled by the too close analysis, which finds one expansive boundary line to be "the day of judgment."

But, among the legends of our late civil war there is a story of a dinner party given by the Americans residing in Paris, at which were propounded sundry toasts, concerning not so much the past and present as the expected glories of the great American nation. In the general character of these toasts geographical considerations were very prominent, and the principal fact which seemed to occupy the minds of the speakers was the unprecedented largeness of our country.

"Here's to the United States," said the first speaker, "bounded on the north by British America, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Atlantic and on the west by the Pacific Ocean."

"But," said the second speaker, "this is far too limited a view of the subject, and in assigning our boundaries we must look to the great and glorious future which is prescribed for us by the manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race. Here's to the United States, bounded on the north by the North Pole, on the south by the South Pole, on the east by the rising and on the west by the setting sun."

Emphatic applause greeted the aspiring prophecy. But here arose the third speaker, a very serious gentleman from the Far West. "If we are going," said this truly patriotic American, "to lessen the historic past and present, and take our manifest destiny into account, why restrict ourselves within the narrow limits assigned by our fellow-countryman, who has just sat down. I give you the United States, bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the precession of the equinoxes, on the east by the primeval chaos and on the west by the day of judgment."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

How Moran Was Identified.

FRANK MORAN, the veteran exponent of negro minstrelsy, whose death in Philadelphia has just been recorded, was an inimitable wit, even when not in cork. He had won really a cosmopolitan fame. As one of the founders of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks he will be held in affectionate memory. Besides being a minstrel, Moran was in former days an enthusiastic volunteer fireman, first with the Franklin and later with the Moyamensing Hose Companies, in Philadelphia. If he was late at the theater it was a pretty sure sign that there was a fire in progress somewhere. It is said that the old "Moya" engine had a famous bell, famous principally because of its peculiar tones. Once Moran was on the stage when he heard the clang of the bell, and before any one could reason with him he was off after his engine. He was attired that night in his "first part" clothes, and with black face and hands presented quite a curious sight to the citizens at the time.

Catching his company just as they were about getting a stream on the fire, he tried to lend a hand, but was promptly sent spinning by a giant Irishman, the blow being followed by an uncomplimentary allusion to the black race generally.

"But I am a member of the company, I am Moran," protested Frank.

Just as he was in danger of being made a football of, someone suggested washing him, and the minstrel gladly stood while the stream spoiled his burnt cork and clothes together. Then he took his place at the pump.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Biggest Thing on Earth.

AFEW days after the first big snow-storm three women arrived in the city from an inland town beyond the Mississippi River. It was their first trip East. After they had taken quarters in a hotel they sent for the manager, and the speaker of the party said to him:

"We are three greenhorns from the West. We came here to see New York. We came at this season so as to avoid the crush of what you call the regular season. We are going to be here three weeks. We have sent for you to ask you to suggest the interesting sights. We want no guide. We will select our own places of amusement, and you may trust us to do the shopping districts without any assistance."

At the end of two weeks the women sent for the manager again and told him that they done his list of attractions, and that they had been interested in all he had suggested. The speaker of the trio then said:

"But there is one sight we have not seen, and it is the one of which we have talked of most. You people who live in the East have little conception of what it is that we who live in the interior actually pine for, dream of, and hunger for. It is the ocean. Have you any idea how many thousands there are in the West who have never seen a great body of water? Our idea of immensity is the desert or the mountain. But when we have looked upon these we return to our longing for the unseen ocean. Now, tell us, where is the ocean? This journey will be incomplete without a sight of it."

The manager assured his western guests that they should see it, but he regretted that it was hardly the season. He was afraid they would think it rather a bleak sight.

"We cannot think of the ocean as a bleak sight at any season," said the talking woman. "Only tell us where we can see it."

In the afternoon of that same day three women stood in the snow on the beach of Rockaway. They stood there while their noses turned blue, while their teeth chattered, while their cheeks ached.

"What was it?" asked one of the women.

"What could he say?" asked the second woman.

"He must have said it before he saw it," said the third woman, "because it is so overwhelming in its immensity."

As they were leaving the hotel to take the train for the West, the talking woman said to the manager, in thanking him:

"We are going home satisfied. We have seen the only sight in the world that is bigger than the West."—[New York Sun.]

A Peculiar Charge.

ACERTAIN policeman who patrols a beat near Calumet avenue and Twenty-third street had not made an arrest in three years. It is a quiet neighborhood and really nothing of a riotous nature happens there.

"Mike," said the captain one morning last week, "you've got to get to work. If you don't make some arrests pretty soon I'll turn you off the force."

Mike left the station desperate and fully determined on arresting the first man he met. He overtook a very mild and unassuming gentleman, who was walking from the Illinois Central train. Mike placed him under arrest. The man, it turned out, stuttered dreadfully, and was not able to make much protest. Mike really knows so little about the law that he imagined he was within his rights in running anybody in. The next morning the pedestrian was brought up at the station.

"What's your name?" roared Justice White, who had an attack of dyspepsia that morning.

"St-s-s-t," sputtered the frightened little defendant.

"What's your name?" demanded the justice, still more severely; "don't you trifile with this court, sir."

"St-s-s-t-t-t," stuttered the helpless man again.

"Officer, what's this man charged with?" said the judge in disgust, turning to Mike.

"I don't know, Your Honor," stammered Mike. "Soda water, I guess."—[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

Lodging in Kansas,

THE announcement that ex-Judge Steve Osborn of Salina will become a candidate for Speaker of the Kansas House is reminiscent of a story Steve used to tell on himself. In the early days of western Kansas he was a poor, but industrious young man, striving to practice law at the little town of Ness City. About all the practice there was to do was before the United States law office at Wakeeney, and whenever Steve had a case in that tribunal his poverty compelled him to cross the forty miles intervening between the towns on foot. One snowy night in late November he found himself lost from the road, but before darkness came entirely he found his way to a ranchman's house, where he was cordially welcomed for the night. The remainder of the story, in Judge Osborn's words, goes as follows:

"The house was one of a familiar plains type, being a big, one-room affair, built out of sod. At one end was a fireplace, which served alike for giving warmth and cooking, and included in the rest of the furniture was one solitary bedstead. Inasmuch as the family consisted of the man and wife and six small children, I soon commenced to wonder where they all slept and what manner of provision could be made for myself, the guest.

"After the chores had been done and the ranchman had made his stock safe for the night, we all sat down to a good ranch supper; or, rather, the ranchman and I did, for there were but two chairs in the house, and the wife and children stood up to take their food. After supper we men drew up to the fireplace and smoked our pipes, while the woman cleared up the supper

dishes. The evening passed pleasantly, and about 9 o'clock I observed the woman prepare three of the children for bed, after which she tucked them into the only bedstead in the house. They went off to sleep presently, and then the woman gently removed them from the bed and sat them up against the wall close to the fireplace, after which she put the three remaining children to bed in the same manner. I began to catch onto the game by this time, and it tickled me half to death. By and by the last three children went off to the land of nod, and they, too, were carefully removed to a place along the wall. Then turning to me, the good people told me that I was to occupy the bed for the night, and that it was ready for me whenever I saw fit to turn in. "Naturally, I protested against taking the only bed in the house, and declared that I could sit in a chair and sleep as well as not, but no amount of protest could move those hospitable people, and at last I reluctantly turned in, leaving my host and hostess nodding by the open fire. I never slept sounder in my life. I had been made dead tired by the long walk of the day before, and the soft bed was very seductive. I did not wake until day was breaking, and then I encountered the most astonishing thing I ever met with in my life."

"What was it?" chorused the boys who had been listening to Steve's entrancing story.

"I found the man and woman in bed and I was sitting with the kids along the wall."—[Kansas City Journal.]

Complied With Her Request.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC musician of this city tells an amusing and hitherto unprinted anecdote of Paderewski's last Southern tour. "I encountered the pianist and his party when they were passing through Georgia," he says, "and had the pleasure of riding for some distance with them in their private car. At one of the stops Paderewski was handed a letter from a certain grande dame and noted society leader of a large western city. It was the most gushing epistle I ever listened to, and after several pages of what was evidently intended as a tribute to his art, the writer wound up by requesting 'a lock of hair' and inclosed a stamp for return postage. When the lauffer had subsided Paderewski's secretary proceeded to indite a reply, which, as nearly as I remember, ran almost as follows: 'Dear Madam: M. Paderewski directs me to say that it affords him much pleasure to comply with your request.'

"You fail to specify whose hair you desire, and to avoid error he has secured a sample from each of the staff en voyage—to wit, his manager, his secretary, his valet, his two cooks and his waiter, together with a small portion from cat and a mattress belonging to M. Pullman, proprietaire of the coach de luxe which we occupy. I have the honor to be your obedient servant." There was some uproarious sport in collecting the souvenirs, especially that contributed by the cat belonging to M. the proprietaire Pullman, but they were finally secured and the package mailed at the next station. I have often wondered what the emotions of Paderewski's admirer must have been when she gazed on that collection of hirsute freaks."—[New Orleans Times Democrat.]

Knew How to Manage Her.

IT IS strange that I can't get my wife to mend my clothes," remarked Mr. Bridle in a tone of disgust. "I asked her to sew a button on this vest this morning, and she hasn't touched it."

"You asked her?" said Mr. Norris, with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"Yes. What else should I do?"

"You haven't been married very long, so perhaps you'll take a tip from me," answered Mr. Norris, with a fatherly air. "Never ask a woman to mend anything. That's fatal."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Do as I do. When I want a shirt mended, for instance, I take it in my hand and hunt up my wife. 'Where's the rag bag, Mrs. Norris?' I demand in a stern voice.

"What do you want a rag bag for?" she says suspiciously.

"I want to throw this shirt away; it's all worn out," I reply.

"Let me see it," she demands.

"But I put the garment behind my back. 'No, my dear,' I answer. 'There is no use in your attempting to do anything with it.'

"Let me see it," she reiterates.

"But it's all worn out, I tell you."

"Now, John, give me that shirt!" she says in her most peremptory tone.

"I hand over the garment.

"Why, John Norris," she cries with womanly triumph, "this is a perfectly good shirt. All it needs is—"

"And then she mends it."—[Dallas News.]

The Lady Was Admitted.

WE ALL know the Archbishop of Canterbury as the strong man whose will is like iron, and M. A. P. tells a capital story concerning this aspect of Dr. Temple's character. Some years ago he was due to preach at a fashionable church in Regent street, when, on arriving at the door of the building, he was astonished to find Mrs. A., an intimate friend of his, in the act of returning to her carriage.

"What," asked Dr. Temple, "going

away?" "Only because I cannot obtain admittance; the place is full." "Do you really wish to stay?" "I came on purpose." "Then take my arm." Dr. Temple said, and, pressing through the crowd, the strong figure of the future archbishop was soon before the beadle at the door. In the blandest manner Dr. Temple said to that functionary, who evidently did not know him. "You will be so good as to give this lady the best seat in the church." "Impossible, sir," said the surprised beadle, "the church is quite full." "Dr. Temple merely repeated his request, only more emphatically. "Utterly impossible, sir," replied the guardian of the door. "I tell you the church is quite full." "Oh, but," was the crushing rejoinder, "I won't preach if you don't!" This threat at once showed the beadle how the land lay and his manner at once changed. "Oh, I beg your pardon, my lord," he said. "This way, ma'am." And Mrs. A. secured a seat in the church warden's luxurious empty pew, while Dr. Temple preached one of the best sermons of his life.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

One Qualification Missing.

YOU know nothing about the trials and tribulations of a government," declared a charming woman of Detroit who is in the business. "I was summarily dismissed from one place because I told a mother that her little daughter had no taste for music. The woman informed me curtly that if I didn't know enough to remedy the defect she could afford to hire someone who did.

"A wealthy lady with three delightful little children dispensed with my services because in playing for company I received more applause than she did. Another rejected my application because I could not understand her German. No one could."

"But an experience last week capped the climax. A gentleman called in answer to my advertisement and asked me to see his wife. He seemed very favorably impressed, and I imagine he must have been indiscreet enough to praise me on reaching home, for she—that is to say—well, nobody would ever call her attractive. When I applied, she catechised me closely as to my accomplishments. After learning with evident regret that I could play, sing, dance, and had the conventional manners of the day, she started in to disqualify me in the matter of languages. But, in addition to German, French and Italian, I knew enough of the classics to give her children a preparatory course. This worried her, and after a silence she began again:

"Do you teach Scotch?"

"I do not, madam."

"In that case it is useless to talk further. Scotch novelists are writing such beautiful things now that I insist on having my children taught the language."—[Detroit Free Press.]

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ROBSON ON STAGECRAFT.

AN INSPIRATION AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT THAT
SAVED HIS OWN CAREER.

By a Special Contributor.

STUART ROBSON, whose long experience on the American stage has made him a familiar figure to theater-goers, does not believe in the so-called schools of dramatic art. Robson was trained on the stage in the days of Forrest and the elder Booth, and he is still of the opinion that the theater is the most efficient school of acting.

"There is only one way to learn how to act," he said, "and that is to go on the stage and act. In all the history of the English-speaking stage there have been only two great exponents of the dramatic art whose success has been won in any other way. They were David Garrick and Mary Anderson, two commanding geniuses whose powers were so great that they were not obliged to walk the path of ordinary mortals."

"Do not misunderstand this. I have known many talented persons who have been able to act acceptably after being taught in the schools, but whatever they have attained of true success has been in spite of their teaching in the schools and not because of it. Acting is different from most other professions. The principles of law, theology and the sciences may be learned in school and knowledge of these principles is the main thing with those who become lawyers, divines, teachers, chemists and the like. You may, after a fashion, learn what are termed the principles of dramatic art, but their application can be learned before the footlights only."

"I was led to comprehend this truth years ago, when only a young man. I was playing with Ben de Bar, after Mr. Burton, one of the most capable comedians of modern times. I had reason to hope that I was getting on, yet I was far from satisfied with myself. So, one night, after a scene in which I had been on the stage for some minutes with De Bar, I thought I would get some instruction. I told him I was not pleased with my bearing in that scene; that I was especially disturbed about the way I managed my hands.

"Don't worry over your hands, Mr. Robson," he said. "Forget them."

"You see, I had been thinking of my hands all through the scene. And, of course, I had been doing something with them. Now, it is not so easy as one might think to do nothing with your hands, and it was some time after that before I could compass it. One night I realized that I had not thought of them from the time the curtain first went up to its final fall. I hoped I was

getting on before that night. Then I knew it."

LEARN TO ACT BY ACTING.

"If you were a young man, determined to go on the stage and anxious to get advice from me as to your best course, I should say get a place in a company and begin. It would not matter how insignificant the role, so long as you secured a chance to 'go on.' If you had it in you to act it would come out. No, I wouldn't advise a preliminary course in any of the dramatic schools, so-called, for on the stage you would have to unlearn most of what you had been taught. We are constantly showing young actors and actresses how to forget what they have been taught in the schools."

"After you had got your chance to tread the boards, I should say pay close attention to the instructions of the stage manager. The success of each production depends on the conduct of each and all the actors, and it is the stage manager's business to see that all appear to the best advantage possible, both individually and as a company."

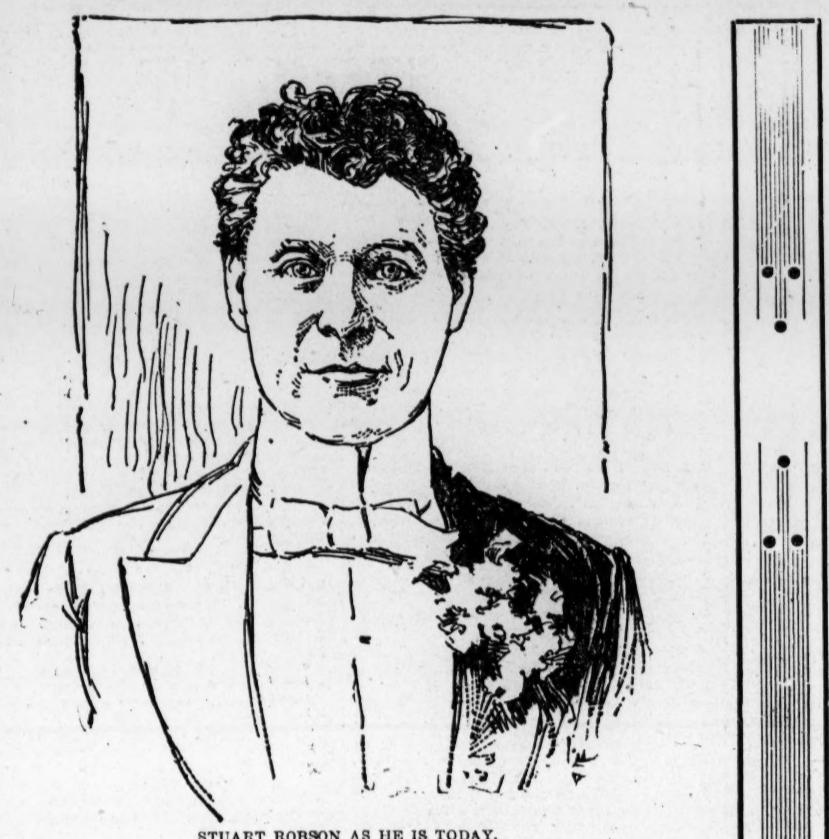
"Next to the stage manager, the young actor will find older members of the profession the best sources of instruction. Actors generally delight to help each other, and I have yet to learn of a player of experience and ability who would not go out of his way to give points to an inexperienced actor of intelligence and ambition."

ROBSON AND EDWIN BOOTH.

"In a way I may say that my earliest instructions were received from Edwin Booth," continued Mr. Robson, "but they were not very elaborate, since we were both youngsters when they were given."

"Most of my boyhood days were spent in Baltimore, though I was born in Annapolis. Our family was not very prosperous when we removed to Baltimore, and my mother opened a general boarding house, which in time came to be a theatrical boarding house. All boys, as you know, are fond of the theater, and the fact that actors ate at my mother's table, where they were constantly talking shop, added to my natural infatuation for the stage. By the time I was 12 I was fully determined to be an actor, and nothing could change my mind. One of my closest companions was a boy named Theodore Hamilton, a member of my company this season, by the way, and one day, as we were talking in the street together he pointed out a tall, awkward boy on the opposite side of the way.

"That boy's father," said Theodore, "is a very big actor. His name is Junius



STUART ROBSON AS HE IS TODAY.

Brutus Booth, and the boy's name is Edwin."

"I remember that I looked at that boy with awe and wished he were a friend of mine, but you know how it is with boys of 15 and boys of 12. He was a big boy, and we were little boys. There was a great gulf between us. Later we heard that Edwin Booth, my older brother, and a few other big boys were getting up a little dramatic company. Still later they said we small boys—Edwin's brother, John Wilkes Booth, being among the number—might sometimes take part, and we actually did so a few times, the performances being of pieces manufactured expressly for our own company by its older members. Our admission prices ranged from 1 cent for a boy to 3 cents for an Irish washerwoman, and we used to take in enough money to buy candles for the footlights. My own appearances, however, were few, since my mother objected to so small a boy as I appearing on a stage, even in play, and one night she climbed to the loft where our show was going on and took me away by force."

JUNIUS BOOTH AND THE BOYS' THEATER.

"That almost broke my heart, and

the older boys jeered me unmercifully about it. Worse yet, they said I couldn't play in their company any more, for they weren't going to be bothered with boys not old enough to be untied from their mother's apron strings. But they did consent to let me sit in the audience, deadhead, and I was a regular attendant. One night they had a big house. There were several pay boys, another deadhead besides myself, and at least four washerwomen present. Just as the curtain went up an unusual thing occurred. A man paid his way in and came climbing up the ladder. He was all muffled up in an attempt to hide his face, but I noticed that his eyes were piercing and that he had a broken nose. The boys before the footlights paid little or no attention to him at first, but the time came when he held the center of the stage. Edwin had just come on and was rolling off his lines at a great rate, when the muffled-up man suddenly exposed his face, with the piercing eyes and the broken nose, and striding from auditorium to stage—both being on the same level—seized the boy by the ear, cuffed him soundly and hauled him struggling down the ladder. It was the elder Booth who had broken up the performance. He was of one mind with my mother as to the propriety of boys playing at theatricals. Edwin was then sent peremptorily to the family farm at Bel Air, Md., and I never saw him again till after he had become famous, and I had myself been a professional actor for years. When I met him I asked him if he remembered how his father had yanked him out of that loft. He did perfectly, and we had a good, hearty laugh over the remembrance."

ROBSON'S LUCKY THOUGHT.

"I cannot help thinking that stage successes are sometimes the result of lucky accidents. I will instance an example:

"My first professional engagement was as a member of the old Baltimore Museum Company, when John Owens was manager of that theater. The piece was the Uncle Tom's Cabin as It Is, written and performed to counteract Mrs. Stowe's work, which was then meeting with tremendous success both between covers and on the stage. I had only one line, and it was pure tragedy, the words being: 'Farewell, my mother—farewell, perhaps forever!'

"I had studied that line long and earnestly and fancied I could throw a heap of pathos into it, but my delivery brought out a boisterous roar from every part of the house. That ended my engagement."

"In 1861 I was a member of a vagabond road company, playing all sorts of roles in all sorts of places. One night Joseph Murphy, the manager of the Philadelphia Arch Street Theater, was in the audience. After the performance he sought me out and asked me to take supper with him. At supper he inquired if I would like to join the Arch Street Stock Company. It was like asking me if I would like to leave purgatory for heaven. Would \$30 a week and two benefits do? It would."

"So I joined the Arch Street Stock Company. J. S. Clarke, now a famous actor in England, had preceded me, and so had the elder John Drew. It was up-hill work for me a long time. I played Bob Acres the first night. I was as anxious to make the people laugh that night as I had been to impress



THE ACTOR IN ONE OF HIS MOST CHARACTERISTIC ROLES.

them seriously when on the stage of the Baltimore Museum, but the house was as silent as the grave over my work. I couldn't raise the ghost of a laugh. After the curtain went down it was decided to drop me as soon as it could be done decently. In the meantime I was cast to play the leading part in John Wopps, Policeman. Now, it chanced at that time that Philadelphia was all stirred up over a real policeman who was in love with a widow and had left his post to court her. He declared that he had been absent in the pursuit of duty. In the play I made love to a butcher's wife—played by Cornelia Jefferson, Joseph Jefferson's sister—and the butcher discovered me embracing her, whereat he cried out:

"Knuckles o' beef and ribs o' veal; here's a go. What's this I see?"

"I don't recall the written answer to this, but I do remember the one I improvised. It came to me like a flash. It was the luckiest accident of my life. Without removing my arm from about the woman's slender form, I said:

"How dare you interrupt a policeman in the pursuit of his official duties, sir?"

"That brought down the house and there was no more talk about getting rid of me as soon as possible. In fact, from that time I was a great favorite in Philadelphia."

ROBSON AND FORREST.

"I met with an accident when playing with Forrest once that was not so lucky, though no very serious results followed. The piece was Richelleu. I was De Beringen, the top of the play."



STUART ROBSON AT 8 YEARS OF AGE, WHEN HE BEGAN TO "PLAY THEATRICALS."

When Richelleu, sick almost unto death, came on, leaning on Joseph's arm, De Beringen says, among other things:

"Fact in philosophy! Foxes have nine lives as well as cats."

"Some time during the day an actor told me of an absurd misreading of this line, and I was so tickled with the story that I laughed about it at intervals every half hour all day long. It was running through my head when I went on the stage. I couldn't banish it, and it remained with me when Forrest began his speech. However, I went ahead, full of confidence."

"Fact in philosophy," rolled glibly from my tongue, "foxes have nine tails, as well as cats!"

"I saw something was wrong from Forrest's face before I knew what that something was. Then I heard the audience screech with hysterical laughter."

"Huh," grunted Forrest, so loud that he could be heard all over the theater, "well, by all that's infernal, hear that!"

"By that time the curtain was coming down in response to a-hurry call from the prompter's bell."

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The integral representation of the work of Wagner's youth, "Rienzi," requires about six hours, which has greatly spoiled its popularity. Wagner himself recognized this fault, and at several rehearsals proposed some cuts. Mme. Wagner, regretting that the German theaters neglect "Rienzi," has determined to publish a new score of this work according to the notes of the master. The Vienna opera will put this new "Rienzi" in its repertory as soon as the score shall appear, and the mounting will be most sumptuous. It contains an important ballet. "Rienzi" is less interesting than the "Faries," which preceded it, but one must know "Rienzi" in order to understand the development of Richard Wagner's genius.

Prof. C. E. Lindeman, after whom the great Alaskan lake was named, says that while in that region he wore silk underwear or red flannels steeped in lard oil, and outside of his woolen clothing overshoes of corduroy. "In that dress," he adds, "I never suffered from the cold."

Senator Hanna is the owner of the manuscript from which Gen. Grant made his memorable speech at Warren in the Garfield campaign. It was a gift from Grant to the Senator.

A GREAT GREEN PEARL. FAMOUS JEWEL THEFTS IN THE RECORDS OF THE NEW YORK OPERAHOUSE.

By a Special Contributor.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The jewels this winter at the Metropolitan Operahouse in New York easily outnumber and outglitter any collection ever seen at one time or place. On those nights when a particularly popular cast is singing there is not a single box in either tier that does not boast one, two, and in some instances three jeweled crowns apiece. In other days Mrs. William Astor and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt at different points in the partie circle used easily, by their diamonds, to dominate the situation, and the first woman who wore a complete crown of white stones and outdid them all was Mrs. George Gould. Her crown was variously estimated at \$50,000 and \$60,000, and gave the country cousin in the orchestra something to wonder over between the acts, until Mrs. Oliver Belmont, with her pearl headpiece crested with rubies, and Mrs. Yerkes with a single hair ornament of turquoise and diamonds, made anything like comparisons quite odious.

It is the women who subscribe to the orchestra chairs who know who makes the finest jewel display every season, and from this point of vantage they sweep the boxes with powerful glasses and point out the finest constellations in the horseshoe. One tried and true opera-goer the other night fell to talking of the fine gems that are conspicuous this season.

WHO OWNS THE GREAT JEWELS.

"There isn't a coronet here yet that for splendor can touch Mrs. George Vanderbilt's. Hers is a regular picket fence of picked white stones with a big blue diamond in front; and next after hers for exquisite beauty, I would class the imitation of an empress' coronet that Mrs. D. O. Mills owns. Mrs. Seward Webb makes far and away the best display of opals the opera house has ever seen, and Mrs. Levi P. Morton over there can always be counted on for truly regal emeralds. She is fond of wearing beautiful dark velvet gowns with just a touch or two of priceless old point, and against the yellow lace the green stones find a happy background. Mrs. Clarence Mackay and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney are the two young matrons who wear the most conspicuously lovely gems. The one has been given some startling diamonds by her mother-in-law and the other inherits her mother's love of pearls. It was one of these ladies who came the opening night with a rope of diamonds about her neck, to which was hung a little muff of white tulle and violets, the center of which was a solid band of diamonds.

"However, the most splendid gems one sees nowadays are often worn by handsome women from the West than by our eastern beauties. Mrs. Gen. Winston of Chicago, for example, will catch the lace of her bodice with one or two pins of exceeding perfect water set solitaire, and then, by a gold chain as fine as a hair, she will sling about her neck one pear-shaped pearl worth all the other collars and tiaras in the box next her."

"She and Mrs. Chatfield Taylor and other western belles have grasped the most aesthetic argument as to the use of these ornaments. Here in New York we have fallen into the English idea of using jewels by the shovelful, and if I know anything about the value of such things I should estimate the aggregate of gems in the boxes alone on some nights at the Metropolitan as worth well over \$6,000,000.

THE FEAR OF ROBBERY.

"Magnificent as it all seems, I can assure you that uneasy lies the head that wears a tiara. The New York policeman and the opera house management do all their protective duty by the women, but there is ever an element of danger in carrying a compact fortune about your head and shoulders, and the owners of those bright treasures know it.

"If two or three small jewel thefts were to occur now you would see that galaxy of stones melt out of sight like raindrops in the sunlight, and since the great Burden robbery there are few enough women who think of keeping any but a few rings and pins in their houses with them. After the Duchesse de Lorge in Paris last winter was relieved courteously of her ornaments by her coachman while driving home along through a deserted street at midnight, not only do many discreet New Yorkers hire none save those coachmen, footmen and butlers who will give bonds as to their honesty, but on leaving the opera house they render up their sunbursts and necklaces to a discreet-looking person in a high hat and smart evening coat, who carries a small black case. He is not a detective, as you may think, but a tried and true safe-deposit man. The black case is chained to his wrist, and he collects jewels at the back doors of boxes, and hurries

them off to the security of underground steel-defended vaults.

"Last spring there was a great titter of excitement in New York society because of a gruesome adventure that befell the lovely Countess of Mar and Kellie in London. She was attending a reception given the Prince and Princess of Wales and wore her six strings of family pearls with six diamond pendants. In the crush around the door of the ducal town house, while she tried to press through from her carriage, the pendants were coolly wrenched from her neck. That London episode seemed to settle it for our great ladies; they come to and from the opera house as bare of jewels as an orchestra performer. The ornaments they are going to wear are packed into stout leather cases upholstered in velvet-lined trays within and fastened by two very business-like locks.

"In the cloak closet behind her box, the owner of the jewels first puts her on, and there she takes them off and packs them away before she puts her nose out into the public corridors. With bonded coachmen and the benevolent care of opera house and safe-deposit vault officials, you would think, there was next to no danger, but jewels are slippery things, and in this opera house some notable gems have been lost in the most mysterious manner."

DISAPPEARANCE OF A BIG PEARL

A curiously unhappy instance is remembered in society history concerning Mrs. Willard Ward, whose rings are quite as splendid as rings can be. She treasured, however, above all her other gems, a solitaire green pearl, the only perfect pearl of its tint that ever came to New York, and taking off her gloves one evening to applaud with greater comfort, she at once saw its setting was empty. Down on the floor went the gentlemen with her and her husband, the box opener came in and took even the carpet up. Folding the skirts of her dress close about her, Mrs. Ward went home and had the entire costume ripped to pieces over a sheet that night, but the great green pearl was lost forever.

That was not, however, half as uncanny an accident as befell Mrs. Whitney, to whose box one night a friend brought in and introduced a handsome young Englishman. The good-looking foreigner had a seat behind his hostess and between one act he dwelt admiringly on the beauty of the single string of big pearls about her neck. He told fascinating stories about going down with a diver for pearls off Ceylon, and eventually she unclasped her string and gave it to him to examine. He raved over its perfection, and as the curtain went up handed the gems back with profuse thanks, at once gracefully taking his leave.

During the act Mrs. Whitney held the pearls in her hand, so absorbed was she in the scene and singers, but as the curtain dropped again she found to her horror that the slight moisture of her palm had so dulled the surface of the gems that they were quite unrecognizable. It did not take her very long to realize that the affable stranger had eloped with her treasures, having left behind a clumsy duplicate in the poorest wax imitation. The friend's hair grew almost white when he found his stalwart Englishman had with all celerity quitted the opera house and that he had been the innocent instrument of helping to rob Mrs. Whitney of her most valued jewels.

This experience has not apparently cured the women yet of obliging admiring friends by taking off and handing around especially fine ornaments for closer inspection. The first night this season in a partie box, where a famously handsome and wealthy bride of the month sits, a tragic disturbance arose in the middle of the second act. The bride had been induced to hand one of her wedding presents, a perfect star sapphire, circled with diamonds, to her sister-in-law, sitting in the box with her. The sister-in-law was about to return the brooch when some one of the many guests who between the acts always fill this box asked to see the pin, and so it passed from hand to hand. After ten minutes, perhaps, the bride asked for the pin. Nobody seemed to know who had it last; a great flutter ensued, women shook their skirts, men ran their hands over the floor in search, the box opener was called in, and, though the bride stood by with her eyes full of tears, the pin did not turn up, and probably it never will. There are some instances of theft, you know, that are too delicate for public complaint and for police interference.

EMILY HOLT.

Mme. Scalchi emphatically denies the recent rumor regarding a divorce from her husband, Count Lilli, in Italy. She says not even a separation was thought of, which is all the Italian law permits. The count would have come here with his wife, had not illness detained him abroad.

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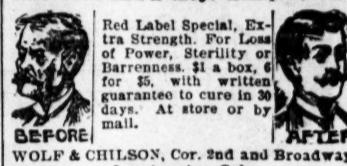
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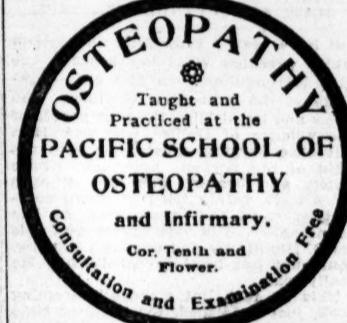
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PORTRAITS OF CHRIST.

HOW THE SAVIOR'S LIKENESS HAS COME DOWN
THROUGH THE CENTURIES.

By a Special Contributor.

THE Christian world has for centuries recognized a likeness of Christ which has become as clear and definite as a true portrait could be. Yet, no doubt because Christ's humanity, in our minds, disappears before His divinity, few among us have ever thought of the possibility of that traditional figure being a true portrait. Christ's mission, His teaching, the whole spiritual side of His life, have so absolutely overshadowed the purely human side of His life, so that we have not tried to imagine how Christ really looked. When we stop to consider this subject we realize that there is no possibility of His having been different in His appearance from ordinary men, although we know that there could not



PORTRAIT OF ST. PAUL ENGRAVED ON GLASS, FOUND IN THE CATACOMBS.

but have been a something about Him which revealed what lay beneath the external envelope. In His eyes—windows of the soul—His disciples who knew and loved Him, the poor people of the villages of Galilee who saw Him but once passing, must have seen the light of the perfect inner life, whose purity and beauty men of all ages since have vainly tried to grasp completely. And the expression of His countenance, His sternness and His smile, His kindly and unselfish bearing, could not but have revealed what He really was.

This we feel, but a most interesting book, just published, for the first time takes up in a modern, scientific way this subject of the probable likeness of Christ. Its author, Sir Wyke Bayliss, presents the facts with remarkable clearness and force.

OLDEST RECORDS ARE THOSE OF ART.

The first point to be considered is that the direct teaching of the story of the Christ was, at least for the first 1000 years of the church history, committed to art rather than to letters. Since the invention of printing the written word has taken the place of pictorial representation, but forty generations had lived and died and the world had become Christian before the sacred text was in the hands of the people and the people educated to read it for themselves. In the preface to the revised version it is stated that the earliest manuscript of the Old Testament of which the age is certainly known, bears date A D 916, and that, in the case of the New Testament, nearly all the more ancient of the documentary authorities have become known only within the last two centuries, some of the most important of them within the last few years. This establishes the

Irenaeus to the present very reverent dean of Canterbury have generally held the opinion that the world and the church have lost forever all vestige of trustworthy tradition concerning the aspect of Jesus on earth, mainly because the authorities upon which they have drawn are not historical, archaeological or artistic, but always solely theological, and also because the church has never really touched the possible verisimilitude of the likeness of Christ, but has dealt only with the question whether any representation, true or false, should be endorsed or permitted by the church. Certain of the theologians of the second, third and fourth centuries of the Christian era objected to the attempts of artists to portray the likeness of Christ.

EARLY UGLY PORTRAITS ARGUE REALITY.

These first pictures of Christ in the catacombs were indeed ugly, which is in itself strong evidence that they were honest attempts by inefficient artists to represent one whom they had seen or whose portrait they had seen, and whose type they knew well, and not ideal creations of their own imaginations. But while these early fathers objected because the ugliness of the outward form seemed to them a slur upon the divinity of Christ, to us who see in that fresco of the catacomb of San Calisto, (here represented only a trifle larger than the original,) there is no ugliness of the outward form, but, in spite of the weather-beaten, spotted and half-effaced image, we cannot but discern the spiritual beauty.

SAVING A NOTABLE PORTRAIT OF CHRIST.

This Calistian portrait, the most pre-

once that typical face of Christ. It was then, and is now, the only likeness which we recognize at once, which is common to every form of art, to the mosaic, to the glass, to the enamel and to the fresco. It is a fixed type, which no clumsy hand has been able to alter beyond recognition. This shows conclusively that the likeness of Christ which we find in the paintings of the Renaissance, that marvelous drawing of Leonardo da Vinci, here reproduced, and which is a study for the head of Christ in the "Last Supper," although without the traditional beard, was not invented at the period of the Renaissance, but that it already existed. It was not simply a matter of tradition, either. The great masters, Raphael, Michael Angelo and Titian, could not but recognize that in it was something greater, something truer and more definite than they could themselves create, and in spite of the fact that they were content in this, the most important function of their art, to lay aside their invention, their independence and their nationality, and to be at one in accepting humbly from other hands the likeness of Christ.

HOW THE LIKENESS OF CHRIST PASSED DOWNWARD.

From the 4th to the 7th century the artists who wrought in mosaics in the basilicas inherited that likeness from the catacombs. They were Byzantine artists, who reproduced with slight differences of style a plainly-marked and characteristic likeness, transmitted, as all tradition, from generation to generation. It was fortunate that the chief characteristic of that Byzantine art should have been the perpetuation of a certain model carried out in every detail in a perfectly formal and hieratic way. It is to the limitation of the materials out of which the beautiful mosaics of the basilicas were designed and to the artist who made them, that we are indebted for the preservation of the likeness during the dark centuries of the middle ages. Serene, solemn, dignified, they are a priceless inheritance to the Christian and to the artist.

PROOF IN A SLENDER LOCK OF HAIR.

When there became two centers of

Christ than their forefathers would have been content to receive ideal heads from the Greek sculptors they employed when they asked for portraits of their Caesars. Clearly the traditional likeness was derived from the catacombs. The dark corridors of those underground sanctuaries were the records of the life of generations of the early and persecuted Christians. The pictures that covered the walls of these chapels and graves, made for the eyes of those Christians, are of one doing the acts that Christ alone did and bearing the attributes that Christ alone bore, pictures that to them at least represented their Lord.

THE MOST WONDERFUL OF ALL CHRIST'S PORTRAITS.

The most beautiful, and, at the same time, the most divine and most human of them all is the Calistian portrait. This loveliest and most precious of the remembrance of our blessed Lord, is, according to most competent authorities, the work of a Roman artist, a portrait painter, who must have himself seen Christ. But the authenticity of the commonly-received likeness depends upon no one particular example. There are frescoes in the Vatican and in the



FROM A MOSAIC OF THE CATACOMBS.

Lateran Museum in the catacombs, of SS Achilli, a Nero of about the same period, which exhibit exactly the same striking type. It is touching to think that these likenesses were painted over the graves of the martyrs so that the face of their Redeemer might overshadow the place where they lay until once more they should see Him as they had seen Him before they fell asleep.

STRANGE STORIES OF DIFFERENT PORTRAITS.

Beside frescoes and mural engravings, the catacombs are rich in anagrams, chalices, paterae of glass, in bas reliefs, in mosaics, enamels and cloth pictures, these last most fragile shadows upon linen. I give here examples of each one of these. The cloth picture, which is now one of the most precious relics of the church of San Bartolomeo, Genoa, is said to have been drawn by St. Luke, who was an artist, and sent by the Lord Himself to Agbarus, the King of Edessa, to recover him of his sickness. The history of this picture goes back at least to the middle of the second century, and we have records to show that it was believed then to be authentic. Another and more probable story in connection with this likeness is that when St. Peter was a visitor at the house of Pudens, a Senator of Rome, the daughters of Pudens, Prassida and Pudenziana, asked him what the Lord was like, and that the apostle with his stylus drew on the handkerchief of one of the sisters the simple outline which we see in this picture. That story is not only possible, but probably true. There is a third story to follow, which is the well-known legend of St. Veronica. It is said that, when on the way to Calvary our Lord fell beneath the weight of the cross, the woman, St. Veronica, moved with pity, gave Him her handkerchief or herself wiped the sweat from His



DRAWING FOR THE HEAD OF CHRIST IN "THE LAST SUPPER," BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, ONE OF THE TREASURES OF THE ACCADEMIA-MILAN.



ENAMEL FROM THE CATACOMBS, NOW IN THE VATICAN MUSEUM.

important fact that, if the nearness of the record to the event counts for anything, the famous frescoes in the Catacombs have an advantage over the Bible in that respect of nearly 1000 years. THEOLOGIANS DENY REALITY OF CHRIST'S LIKENESS.

Against this fact, theologians from

cious of the old images of Christ, has been snatched from "the cruel tooth of Time" by a most careful and beautiful drawing by Mr. Heaphy which is preserved in the British Museum. When that was made, fifty years ago, the original was a faint shadow on the wall. It is all gone now. What a pity that! No photograph was taken of it, as would undoubtedly be the case at the present time, but in the explorations which are constantly going on in that extraordinary city of the dead, these catacombs that extend under the whole Roman city and a part of the Campania, with their galleries above galleries, where part by part are opened up and closed again and their sacred relics taken away to the Vatican, we may confidently hope for new examples of early portraiture of Christ.

MARVELOUS PORTRAITS OF THE CATACOMBS.

All of these ancient portraits in the catacombs, on glass, in mosaics or frescoes, which are to be found in the churches of Rome, are the earliest records we have of the first Christians, and the fact strikes one at once that there is an extraordinary similarity in all these representations of our Lord. Full faces, full-length figures, or heads alone, all have that same type. In any group of figures we can recognize at

authority, at Rome and at Constantinople, the Greek church prohibited the making of images of Christ and sanctioned the likeness only in the form of paintings. These old, smoky, black icons that we see yet in the monasteries of Russia and European and Asiatic Turkey, have all come down to us from this period. In the Roman world the images of Christ in all forms were always allowed, and the curious and significant fact is that both Greek and Roman churches retained the same likeness. Both show at once the derivation of their likeness of our Lord from some common type. The fact that in the Greek pictures there is invariably a slender lock of hair detached from the rest and falling in the center of the forehead, shows conclusively that there was a traditional likeness from which no artist dared to depart even in detail.

GREEK AND ROMAN FOLLOWED SAME MODEL.

Now it is obvious that this traditional likeness must, of necessity, have been based upon something tangible. When the Greek and Latin artists made their pictures of Christ they had to satisfy a people who believed devoutly in some older likeness they possessed and with which they were familiar. The people would have been no more content with a new invention to represent their



"CHRIST BRINGING AGAIN THE FRUIT OF THE TREE OF LIFE" GLASS RELIC FROM THE CATACOMBS.

face and that thus the imprint of His features was left miraculously and vividly on the piece of linen.

LIKENESS ON A FACE CLOTH.

The Veronica likeness, of which there are many, was simply a face cloth which had been laid upon the dead.



FACE CLOTH OR "VERONICA," PRESERVED AS A RELIC IN THE CHURCH OF S. BARTOLOMEO, GENOA.

These face cloths were sometimes marked with a sacred anagram or with some emblem of the resurrection, but there can be no doubt that, in many instances, the same desire to identify this with Christ and to express their hope and expectation of His second coming led men to paint His face upon their graves and led them also to cover with it the faces of their beloved. This likeness attributed to St. Peter or said to have been sent to Agbarus may have been drawings made on linen for this purpose, but never actually used, for they show no stains of the grave. But there are many, among them the ones in the church of San Silvestro and in St. Peter, which have undoubtedly been darkened in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The darkness of the Veronicas, as these face cloths are called, is really the imprint of a face, the dead face on which it was laid.

OLD ROMANS WERE ADEPT PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

In looking over the treasures brought from the necropolis of Antinoe to Paris last year one could feel oneself transported into the society of those Romans in old Egypt. Indeed the Roman world was devoted to the art of portraiture, and even in the lowest pictures of the decadence, even when there is no art, there is always a graphic likeness. That the early Christians could not be any different from the rest of the Romans of that period is shown by some of the precious relics of the catacombs bearing very individual portraits of the apostles. We publish here one of the apostle St. Paul engraved on a glass paten. There are many such examples of direct portraiture of men whose names were familiar to the Romans of the first century and who are mentioned

and attributes of their hero. It is too much to ask us to believe that the likeness they painted on their walls, engraved upon their chalices and buried with their dead was a sham.

REASONS WHY REALITY HAS BEEN QUESTIONED.

As to the singular objection that has been raised regarding the authenticity of the likeness that in the early days of Christianity the belief in the divine nature of Christ was so universal, so absolute and so overwhelming that men did not dare to represent him in his human form, but through emblems and symbols, it seems an absurd theory when one confronts it with the facts which Sir Wyke Bayliss enumerates. No doubt at times the portrait of Christ as a man has been regarded with suspicion by the theologians, who were afraid that the full recognition of the divinity of Christ might be impaired by dwelling upon the human side of him and lead to idolatrous practices. But, all the same, the likeness which never had been lost, but only obscured by symbolism, was brought forth from the catacombs and stamped on the arches of the basilicas as a triumphant declaration in the sight of all men that it was to be cherished forever as one of the essential elements in the evidences of the Christian religion.

AUGUST F. JACCACI.

LAY SERMONS.

HOW apt the world is to look with cold and unsympathetic eyes upon all those who do evil, and in a self-righteous manner draw aside its skirts as it passes as if it would say "come not near me for I am holier than thou."

Human nature is not charitable, and it prone to forget its utter ignorance of the environments of others, of the temptations which may have beset them, and which, in their own strength they were unable to resist.

We may look with complacency upon ourselves and be strong in our self-righteousness, yet we may be really no better in the sight of God, who readeth the heart, than others who seem to have sinned more deeply. Many of those whom we condemn may have lacked the restraining influences that have moulded our lives and kept us from open sin. Their childhood may have been passed in the midst of evil, with no tender mother to guide them, no father to direct their steps toward the right. We should feel a world of sympathy and pity for the children who grow up upon our streets, worse than homeless, and untaught, familiar with wrong and daily tempted to do evil. The moral nature lies dormant in them, they know nothing of life upon higher levels, and of the aspirations and hopes that move those there, and which inspire them in their upward struggle. It is only the darkness of wrong which environs them. They hear only the voice of temptation, which is calling to them on every side, and their sad, blighted lives are dwarfed and twisted, till there seems no room for the blossoming of good and no strength in them to struggle upward.

But we may be thankful that Our Father is not regardless of all this, and that He looks with pitying eye upon the tempted and tried. He is not harsh in His judgments, for He knoweth the heart and all the temptations that lead to sin and wrong. How great is our cause for gratitude that God knows. With what confidence the lowest of His children may go to Him and tell Him their needs. What charm, what encouragement in the assurance that He came to save the chief, as well as the least of sinners. He is the world's Savior, not the Savior alone of those who do not yield to the power of temptation and who have been carefully kept from the knowledge of the worst temptations that beset men. The world may judge us as being far better than many others, but perhaps God does not. He may see that had we been exposed to like temptations we should have sinned far more deeply than they have done, and been less worthy of forgiveness. It is the blood of Christ alone that can cleanse us from sin and His hand alone that can guide our feet into the paths of righteousness.

Then let us be charitable toward others and seek to aid them as we have opportunity. Let us stand ever as Christ stands, with an outstretched hand ready to help those who have sinned and violated law, and who are suffering the penalty. Above all, let us always be charitable toward others, and on this blessed Christmas day let there be enkindled anew within our hearts the feeling of "Good will to man." Then how will the earth brighten, and with this expression of good will the tired and tempted ones in our midst would take courage, and many of them would gain power to resist temptation and struggle upward to a higher life.

The Christ who came into the world nineteen hundred years ago was known as the "friend of publicans and sinners." He stood aloof from none. The greater the human need the more ready was He to help, and with a voice of infinite pity and tenderness He spoke these blessed words: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden,

and I will give you rest." His invitation is the same today, and however great is human need, however encompassed by temptation, however fallen we are, if we will but heed His voice and "come unto Him," we may obtain the rest which He has promised unto the weary.

A JAPANESE SANTA CLAUS.

The Japanese little folks know nothing of the mysterious joys of Christ-mastide, but the name of Hotel, a celebrated Chinese priest, who was kind to children, signifies to the Japanese boys and girls, in a measure, what Santa Claus does to Young America. Hotel is represented with an immense sack gathering good things for his young friends. He is said to have eyes in the back of his head, and to be able to see around corners, thus finding out whether the little ones are good or naughty.

The Japanese New Year was formerly a movable festival, like that of the Chinese, but it is now celebrated on a date corresponding to our 1st of January. This is a day of universal rejoicing with both old and young. The ceremony of mame-maki, a bean-throwing, is a leading feature in the preparation for this holiday. There is a superstition prevalent among the Japanese that there may be evil spirits in the house, which must be driven out before the dawn of the New Year. Accordingly, on the last night of the old year, the house is swept and cleaned, and the windows and doors hung with ferns. Then the house-father, arrayed in his very best clothes, goes through all the rooms; the little ones of the family, undismayed at the thought of possible hobgoblins, skipping gaily after him. He has provided himself with a quantity of dried beans, and these he throws into the corners and recesses, crying aloud: "Oni wa soto, fuku wa uchi." (Demons depart, good luck enter.) The young folks join joyfully in the cry, frolicking and laughing till the tour of the house is completed, and the horned demons and other evil spirits—who are supposed to have a great aversion to beans—have made their escape through the open door.

WHAT MA DOES EVERY DAY.

My ma says it ain't no fun
Gittin' up afore the sun;
Says the weather is too cold,
An' that she is gittin' old.
T'other day I heard ma say:
"Jes' the same ole thing each day;
Git up, cook, an' then begin,
Dig an' scrub, an' clean ag'in."

Tho' I'm jes' a little boy,
I'm my mother's pride an' joy.
Ev'ry day I help ma do
Up the dishes. They's a slew
Ev'ry day to wash an' dry;
An' my ma, she'll alius sigh
After breakfus'; "Le's begin,
Dig an' scrub, an' clean ag'in!"

But we've got the bestest ma
Any you folks ever saw.
Knows jes' how to make these ~~one~~
Twisted doughnuts, an' if we're
Goin' cleanin' house, then she
Gits up early as kin be,
So 'at we kin then begin,
Dig an' scrub, an' clean ag'in!

In our back yard we have got
Jes' the nicest posie spot.
Lots o' roses, red an' white,
An' sweet peas—an' oh, the sight
I like best is when they comes
White an' gold chrysanthemums;
Tend 'em all? You bet I kin!
While ma cooks an' scrubs ag'in.

Wonder why ma gives a sigh
When she washes, and I dry
Up the dishes? An' she'll say:
"Jes' the same ole thing each day."
Got some wrinkles, jes' a few,
Fer the tears to trickle through;
Sometimes come when she'll begin
Dig, an' scrub, an' clean ag'in!

Don't see how my ma finds time
Sew my clothes up when I climb
Up in our ole apple tree—
Wear a hole right in my knee;
Makes me think I'd orter care
When she'll say with tired air:
"S'pose I'll have to now begin,
Patch an' darn, an' mend ag'in!"

When I'm lyin' in my bed,
Covered warm clean to my head,
On a mornin', long fore light,
Don't seem hardly 'at it's right
For my ma to have to go
An' git up, when I jes' know
She's a-sayin': "Must begin
Gittin' up to dig ag'in!"

Thinkin' out the nices' plan,
When I get to be a man;
Goin' to have the bestest place
At there is on all the face
Of this earth; where ma kin stay
Right with me, jes' ev'ry day.
Bet I'll see she don't begin
Dig an' scrub an' mend ag'in!

E. A. BRININSTOOL.

Commodore Philip has been elected a member of the Young Men's Christian Association's International Committee and chairman of the sub-committee in charge of the association's work in the navy.

Herbert Maxwell, who acted as war-correspondent for the London Standard during the campaign in the Soudan, which resulted in the smashing of the khilifa, has just received a check for \$10,000 from his employers in recognition of his excellent service.



THE EARLIEST LIKENESS OF CHRIST—A FRESCO OF THE CATACOMB OF S. CALISTO, ROME, NOW OBLITERATED. (ONLY A LITTLE LARGER THAN ORIGINAL)

The likeness discerned through the imprint is a drawing made originally on the cloth, and it is the likeness of Christ.

These are a few of the many witnesses which tell the same story. There are many more of them, all showing that the likeness which the Christians of the fourth century delighted to embazon on the walls of their basilicas was not a new invention, but it had been the consolation of their forefathers during the dark period of their persecution. The pale, beautiful face that had overshadowed the graves of the martyrs, which had looked down upon multitudes of worshippers in the stately basilicas, was the same face that Christ had borne into the grave three days before His resurrection. So this verisimilitude of Him had been in the catacombs for three centuries before it arose to live forever.

in the epistles, which show that portraiture, as distinct from symbolic or imaginative art, was not only lawful, but was practiced by the immediate followers of the apostles. Thus we find the people accustomed to commemorate by portraiture not only their heroes, but their friends and members of their family. When banded together in the worship of a new hero, one greater than any they had known before and endeared to them by a stronger tie—that of love—one known personally to many of them and of whose likeness they could have obtained authentic information, how could they have helped find solace and comfort in preserving his cherished likeness! And, indeed, we see these people, driven to the catacombs, proceed at once to cover the walls and engrave upon their sacerdotal vessels, to bury with their martyrs, pictures representing the life, actions



AT THE THEATERS.

IN VIEW of the fact that her actual stage experience extend over no more than three years, and that the class of work she attempts is most ambitious, Janet Waldorf gives rich promise of a brilliant future. Her faults appear to be mere surface mannerisms that will vanish with time and experience; her charm is fundamental. Possessed of a most attractive personality, Miss Waldorf by no means depends upon it to make her reputation as an actress. She gives earnest, conscientious work to the development of all that lies in each character she assumes, and the result is a thoroughly intelligent and sympathetic interpretation that has in it the essence of life.

Miss Waldorf is a Pennsylvania girl, but she has chosen the West as the best field for the opening of her career. Starting from New York last year, she came straight across the continent. Her success in California was so marked that the eastern papers now allude to her as a California girl, and refuse to believe that she is not a product of the great West.

California is but the first step in Miss Waldorf's western journey, for the present arrangement is to take the company to Honolulu, thence to Japan, China, Australia and so around to England before returning to America. Under the care of her clever preceptor, Mrs. Ada-Dow Currier, and with the experience gained by constant study and by playing in many lands, Miss Waldorf ought to have climbed considerably nearer the stars by the time she again sets foot in New York.

Howling hurricanes, distressed battleships and churning ferryboats are imposing when seen from the front, but they are not a circumstance to the ingenious machinery which makes them a stage possibility, and which does its work in that prosaic and unostentatious region that lies behind the scenes.

If the people who marveled last week at the "ferryboat illusion" in "Under the Dome" had possessed clairvoyant ability to see through the solid prosenium, it would have been richly worth their while. The idea evolved itself in the fertile brain of Mr. Carter as he stood on the deck of a real Hoboken ferryboat and watched the lights of New York grow bigger, and brighter as the boat neared the shore. With a man who gains his bread and butter by scenic productions, an idea as brilliant as this simply has to be put into effect. The practicable means occurred to Mr. Carter some weeks later, and from that moment the ferryboat was a stage reality.

Everybody knows how startling the illusion is from the front. In the wings it is positively awe-inspiring. Busy stage hands go methodically about their work, each with a tin trumpet glued firmly to his lips, and so the hoarse shrieks of passing steamers sound over the waves. Then somebody rattles a chain; another briskly grinds a wind-machine with scrubbing-brush attachment, and so the steam is exhausted. Next the pier-lights are hauled back and the paddle-wheels begin to churn, the motive power being a large tin box half filled with

is again used to lash the waves into deadly fury; the wind machine howls to the full power of its wood-and-canvas lungs; a bass drum and a sheet of tin make appalling crashes of thunder, and the blinding lightning is supplied by a human arc light with a file in one hand and a heavily-charged carbon in the other. The Trenton dances wildly about on the shoulders of another hard-working citizen, and two more throw handfuls of salt at her from the wings.

Great is the power of illusion!

Paul Batty's bears, five brutes from Russia, trained after ten years of hard work on Batty's part to do the tricks that make up their repertoire, will be the Orpheum's leading attraction among the new features of the bill during the coming week.

Paul Batty, the genius who trained the bears, arrived in town yesterday with his charges. They are now quartered in the rear of the Orpheum stage, which is to be their headquarters during the two weeks of their stay.

Batty is a big handsome fellow, and tells in an interesting fashion of how he trained the animals.

"It's a hazardous sort of life," said he to a knot of curious folk on the Orpheum stage last night. "There isn't a minute of the time when I am handling the beasts that I am not in some danger. These wild bears are the hardest and most ferocious animals to train of all, and I have han-

augurated tomorrow afternoon at the Christmas matinée, and continued thereafter at every performance. This is nothing less than raising the curtain at 2:15 and 8:15 o'clock for matinée and evening performances, respectively. For many moons the custom of holding back the initial act of the bill until the audience was seated has prevailed, until the close of the bill found the hour hand of a man's watch hovering around—say—11 p.m., or thereabouts. Mr. Myers is determined to remedy this at least semi-abuse, and, though the habitual late-comers will perhaps for a time grumble because of the change, the majority will applaud the shift of the opening hour.

Peg Woffington, writing in the Chicago Times-Herald, tells this story about Henry Miller:

"Talking of that matinée girl's idol, he really is married, you know; or at least he used to be, for I recollect once that he sat in the front of the house when his wife—a charming little actress—created a part in a rousing performance. After the piece was over she asked him breathlessly, 'How did my gowns look from the front?' He gazed at her helplessly. 'Really, I don't know,' he said; 'I'm sorry, but I never noticed what you had on.'

"Then she said some wifely things about the sort of a man who never notices his wife's clothes. Almost any woman would have been annoyed, but you will agree that it was 'very like a man.'

"The next time that Mrs. Miller (that isn't her stage name) was making her appearance in a new piece, Mr. Miller was in California, while she was in New York. But after the performance she was handed a magnificent box of roses, and inside was tucked a telegram from her husband: 'My dear, your dresses were beautiful this evening.'

"Of course, he had fixed it up with

"Aboard"—there never is one attached to a farce-comedy, and the very lack of a sustained story affords the clever people in the company all the more opportunity and license to display their unusual attainments as entertainers.

As a laugh producer, "All Aboard" has been a preëminent success. It was written for fun, and so admirably has it served its purpose that the piece is one of the biggest farce-comedy successes of the year, although this is its first season. The company is composed of people who are unusually clever in the interpretation of farcical comedy. The Ott brothers, who are starring in the piece, have made notable successes with a number of big or-



NELLIE SENNETT, "ALL ABOARD" COMPANY.

ganizations, including "1492," "The Star Gazer," "The Dazzler," and others. Phil Ott, who is one of the cleverest of farce comedians, started in life behind the counter of a corner grocery in Chelsea, Mass. He finally became owner of the store, but in a short time he wearied of selling ham, bacon and lard, and yearned to go on the stage. He obtained an engagement with his brother-in-law, William A. Mestager, the author of the first really successful musical farce-comedy. His first appearance was in a piece called "The Grab Bag." Then he went with John Stetson in "The Captain's Daughter." His next venture was with Cosgrove and Grant, in "The Dazzler," in which he played his brother Joe's part, making a tremendous hit. After two seasons with the "Dazzler," Phil joined Joe Ott in his starring tour in the "Star Gazer," playing the opposite part and sharing his success. He afterward appeared in "Town Topics" and the "Widow Goldstein," making the hit of the last-named piece in a part written by himself. This season he joined his brother Matt, and they star jointly in "All Aboard," in which both have made the greatest success in their career. The company supporting this clever pair includes Barry Maxwell, John Donahue, George Ebner, Thomas Cook, Percy Dokes, Nellie Sennett, Lillian Burnham, Adelaide Burnham, Levine Deuth, Marie Biffen, Jessie Armstrong, Mabel Davis, and others. The engagement is for one week, beginning with a special holiday matinée this afternoon. Matinée performances will also be given Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

Not a whit behind its predecessors, in point of attractiveness, is the Orpheum's bill for the holidays, beginning at the Christmas matinée tomorrow. A programme of eight strong acts, four of these entirely new and four others from the past week's bill, is the prospect menu in outline. In detail it is even more satisfactory, from a vaudeville epicure's standpoint.

Although Paul Batty's trained Russian bears are given the big type on the bill, because of the novelty of the thing, Mme. Camilla Urso, the distinguished violinist, will remain the strongest artistic and probably popular card, as well. Her repertoire of music is, of course, large and varied, insuring a complete change of selections for her violin next week.

Batty's bears are one of the Orpheum company's importations from Europe, and are expected to create a sensation here, something they have not failed to do wherever their wonderful feats have been seen. Batty is an experienced trainer, who, after handling lions, snakes and a half-dozen other sorts of beasts and reptiles, took up bears, mainly because of the difficulty involved in training them, a feature that insures against imitation and consequent cheapening of the act.

Batty is not foolish enough to claim that his bears are the only trained animals of the kind. There have been dancing bears and other trick bears before, but the series of feats that Batty has taught his protégés to go through, are so superior and dissimilar to others that they can, it is said, be counted the first and only really scientific tricks of trained bears.

George C. Evans, the "Honey Boy," a great favorite in this city, where he composed and first sang that classic "Standing on the Corner—Didn't Mean no Harm," is to have a prominent place on next week's bill. He will sing some old favorites and introduce a number of entirely new melodies.

Vouletti and Carlos are a team of Mexican acrobats, reported to be the



WILLIE COLLIER, IN "THE MAN FROM MEXICO."

died almost every kind. The number of tricks that a bear can learn is limited. They have to be taught early in life, too. An old bear is no good. This small cub (pointing to a diminutive bear curled in a corner,) I have been working on for several months, and all I have been able to teach him is to stand on his hind legs and drink from a bottle. It will take at least three years to develop him into an understudy for one of the older bears.

"The only way to teach bears is by imitation. To train them, say, to turn a somersault, I must first turn one, and after watching me they can, with infinite pains, be persuaded to follow my example. They have to be rewarded with sugar lumps after every trick, or trouble ensues. My animals are all Russian bears, the oldest one about 15 years old. The hardest trick for them to learn is to walk upright on a barrel. Bears hate to hurt themselves, and after one tumble will refuse to try it again until the hurt has been forgotten."

Nance O'Neill is coming to Los Angeles again, Manager Shaw having secured the talented young actress for the Burbank Theater, where she will appear the week of January 9. Miss O'Neill's engagement in Honolulu was the greatest success ever known in that city. The original season of three weeks was extended to four in response to universal demand, and a big guarantee was given the company for the extra week. The repertoire for the engagement in this city has not yet been decided upon, but it is promised that Miss O'Neill will be seen in several new roles.

An innovation that Manager Myers of the Orpheum is confident will prove popular with his patrons, is to be in-



JOHN DONOHUE, "ALL ABOARD" COMPANY.

shot, which is slowly rocked from side to side, thus producing a really wonderful imitation of the swash of water under the wheel. The villain comes off the stage and helps the boat to whistle by blowing hard into a long box with queer internal arrangements, while a man at the back begins to work a slowly-turning crank which raises the illuminated drop and brings the lights of New York into view.

The hurricane scene, the shot box

pride of Mexico City, which they never before left. Their first appearance in America will be at the local Orpheum.

Frank La Mondue the "Clown and the Clothesline" man, will provide a quantity of the knockabout comedy, which is deemed a necessity in a vaudeville bill. La Mondue is a clever acrobat in addition to his gift of funmaking.

Baker, Sellery and Bartlett will present a sketch, and Lillie Western, the "Queen of music," will vary her performance materially. Arnesen, the great equilibrist and acrobat from "The Land of the Midnight Sun," completes the bill.

A special Christmas matinée will be given tomorrow afternoon at 2:15, when all the foregoing features will be presented.

Willie Collier, who will present the successful farce, "The Man From Mexico," at the Los Angeles Theater for four nights, commencing this evening, December 25, has had an experience on the stage that has led him from the polite comedies produced by Austin Daly to the vociferous products of American humor, "The City Directory," "Hoss and Hoss," "One of Our Boys," in which three farce comedies he was associated with the late Charlie Reed. Reed and Collier were welcome for a number of seasons on their tours, playing to crowded houses. Collier will be remembered for his cheerful performance of William Penn in "Miss Philadelphia." His William Penn was a gay party who would have brought laughter to the old philanthropist himself. One of the best instances of his art, was as O'Houlligan in E. E. Rice's "Little Christopher," in which the exigencies of the plot required Mr. O'Houlligan to assume nine different disguises, his identity being disclosed to the audience by the line, "They'll never know me now." Collier's natural propensities and genuine humor have been supplemented by thorough and

Beginning at the matinée next Wednesday, the Orpheum management will give souvenirs at each mid-week performance: Manager Myers has arranged a series of gifts that should prove acceptable to patrons, and the "continuus-souvenir" idea will probably prove a feature of value. A momento of Mme. Ursu, the violinist, will be the initial souvenir, each lady attending the matinée next Wednesday to receive one.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

When Annie Russell has exhausted "Catherine" she will be seen in "Two Kinds of Women," by J. M. Barrie.

Julia Marlowe will have a new play by Clyde Fitch founded on the history of Barbara Freitchie, as well as one of life in England under Charles II.

The Louis James, Kathryn Kidder, Frederick Warde combination is already making plans for next season "Coriolanus" and "Damon and Pythias" to be revived.

Another brilliant star has appeared on the theatrical horizon of Italy. "Little Duse" she is called, for she is only 11 years of age. Her name is Cornelia Pallotti, and she took her audience by storm on her first appearance, awakening a sleepy public at the first word she uttered, just as the now great Duse did years ago in Naples. Like the great Duse, also, what is especially remarkable in the little Duse is her spontaneous ease and naturalness, which is a good omen for her future individual originality.

Nat C. Goodwin attended a vaudeville performance recently and saw a young character actor give an impersonation of him. After the show they met in a saloon. The impersonator said: "Well, Mr. Goodwin, I didn't expect to have you for an audience tonight when I impersonated you. But candidly, how do you think I did; anyway up to life?" "I don't know," replied Nat, "I don't"

SOME OTHER PLAYS BY EDWARD ROSTAND.

From the Chicago Journal.

SOME OTHER PLAYS

BY EDWARD ROSTAND.

From the Chicago Journal.

ONE ounce of ocular demonstration is worth many pounds of hearsay. Since "Cyrano de Bergerac" has proved the competency of its author to be considered great by appearing bodily before us, a few attempts have been made, on the part of some of the more ambitious, to become acquainted with the earlier plays of Edmond Rostand, which "Cyrano"—by that very ocular revelation to which allusion has been made—has overshadowed.

One reason, possibly, for the popular lukewarmness in this regard is that no English translations of the other plays have yet been made.

"La Princesse Lointaine" and "La Samaritaine," written for Sara Bernhardt—at any rate dedicated to her and played by her—were brought out in Paris, the one three years ago and the other last year, and made great sensations there—sensations quite equal to that which "Cyrano" created at home.

"La Princesse Lointaine" is a highly, indeed, a purely romantic play, dealing with other times, other manners, in so pronounced a way as to remove it at once from the surrounding sphere. A troubadour, poet and prince, Joffroy de Rudel, journeys to Tripoli in the archaic fashion of his day, and the scene opens upon a violent sea, a pallid heaven, and gray clouds, after a terrific storm, during which the vessel has nearly been destroyed by battle, as well as wrecked. Men are thrown overboard, as the curtain rises, dead from wounds and privations, and in the "Chateau de la Nef" Joffroy lies dying. The journey is undertaken ostensibly as a crusade, but actually that Joffroy may seek the love of his poetry and visions—Melissinde, Regent of Tripoli, who is, of course, La Princesse Lointaine.

The incidents of the period lend some remoteness to the scene. The pilot, amid the jeers of his fellow-mariners, cries constantly for a "needle" (of which he dreams) which points to the north.

All the sailors are as much in love with the beautiful Princess as the Prince Joffroy, and a dialogue in which they complain of dire hunger and thirst and ask to have the many charms and graces of the Princess recited again to allay their pangs, is the most poetic of conceits, and unique in its way.

Frere Trophime, chaplain, and Erasme, physician of Joffroy, hold metrical discussions, which serve to get the ship and the reader on toward Tripoli, which they finally sight, amid paucans of joy. In one of the fraternal disputes, for instance, Trophime recites his simple philosophy, ending with:

Ah, l'inertie est le seul vice, maître Erasme,
Et la seule vertu, c'est—
Erasme, "Quoi?"
Frere Trophime, "L'enthousiasme!"

At Tripoli, in the palace, enter Melissinde and her attendant, to whom Bertrand comes, bearing messages from Joffroy. The old story repeats itself, and Melissinde, from the troubadour whose devotion has captured her imagination, fancy and brain, gives her heart to Bertrand. Repenting, however, she seeks the ship and Joffroy's presence. He dies in her arms, her assurances of love the last sound in his ears, his hands entwined in her hair.

This poetic climax over, and Melissinde having added a most dramatic touch by cutting her hair off with a sword, thus leaving it in his dead hand, Bertrand enters, exclaiming at the sacrifice. Melissinde then gives up Bertrand, counseling him to spend his life fighting for the cross. Melissinde renounces for herself the pomps and vanities of life, with all its joys, and the curtain goes down on a picture of power which does not need a stage setting to add to its vividness.

There are love songs sung by Bertrand and Joffroy to lend variety and beauty to the long lines of the main poem, and one in particular is a graceful lyric one dreads to see translated by a bungler.

"La Samaritaine," in which Mme. Bernhardt achieved one of her greatest successes, has nothing in it to remind one of the brilliant, climactic and poetic "Cyrano" or the Princess Lointaine, but the beauty of its lines. "La Samaritaine" is, as its author calls it, a "gospel in three tableaux, in verse." The first tableau is a sort of ghostly prelude, like the witches' scene in Macbeth, where Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, or rather their shades, sit about the brink of the well which Jacob dug, and vaguely speculate, Jacob prophesying the coming of the Messiah.

The people of Samaria then cluster round the well, and presently Jesus and His disciples appear. In this scene the celebrated answer to the question: "And who is my neighbor?" is given by the Saviour in rhyme, which, however odd it may read to English eyes, is certainly good French poetry.

Photine appears at the well, singing to her last lover, and Jesus listens un-

observed; then the scene becomes literally scriptural. A wonderful touch is that by which the woman, converted at last, breaks out with the very same song with which she had celebrated her guilty love. Her anguish at the sacrifice is poignant, but she naively exclaims in extenuation of her crime:

Maitre, pour adorer, j'ai dit ce que j'ai su.
(Master, to adore thee, I said what I knew.)

But picturesque and impressive as this rhyming "gospel" may be admitted to be, it will never be played to Anglo-Saxon audiences, nor liked by Anglo-Saxon readers. It is essentially Latin in idea and expression, and in spite of the beauty of the poetry and the necessity for giving Sara Bernhardt an effective "tag," it is bound to give anything but a pleasant thrill to any but a Latin mind to conceive the Lord's prayer given out for the first time as a formula by the woman of Samaria.

As a poem, the book is full of fine lines.

WOES OF STAGELAND,

MORALIST AND ACTRESS ENLIVEN THINGS FOR ALAN DALE

[New York Journal:] A Philadelphian who takes himself wondrous seriously writes—and what is more, gets printed—these sapient words on the subject of the moral status of the stage: "I condemn Tess. Tess is a celebration of lust. I condemn Cyrano. Cyrano is the celebration of a nose. I condemn 'The Wife of Scarf.' 'The Masqueraders.' 'A Lady of Quality.' 'The Liars.' 'The Devil's Disciple'—all plays so revolutionary in character whose purpose or drift is toward the inculcation of dangerous social heresies. I condemn vaudville, which plays to the most depraved appetites of our generation. I want to see the youth of America encouraged to nobility by the art of the stage. I want to see their elders fortified in their faith. I do not wish stage pictures. I wish stage sermons, if you will. Let the stage preach. I would banish all evil from the stage. You say the stage needs contrast. A hallucination."

If this pleasant person would only make us out a list of the things he doesn't condemn, I should think it would make jolly reading. How he must hate this world, which the poor stage tries to mirror! He is the sort of individual who would probably criticize heaven before he had been there half an hour, and complain of his wings and the harp assigned to him. Possibly he would "condemn" the angels.

The youth of America, I beg to assure him, seem to be getting along very nicely, thanks. Nor are their elders apparently losing any "faith" from their visits to the theater. How sorry this cosy person must feel for the critic who has to visit the playhouse every week, and yet look clean and decent on Sunday! If he would like my latest photograph to study and see if this perpetual service of the evil theater has written lines of ignominy, malice, lust and loathsome upon my once candid brow, I'll send it to him. Many critics are very young, my Philadelphian friend. They were once artless, ingenuous and bland. Each has had a mother apiece. You speak of the horrid fate of the casual theater-goer, who visits the playhouse perhaps once a month. What of the poor critic? Wouldst like my phiz?

Am I to champion everybody's grievances? Am I a philanthropist? Am I to sit up all night and right things for wrong people? Into my bosom are poured such tales of anguish that I squirm and wriggle, and wish I were noble—and, better still, a millionaire. Listen to this from "a leading woman": "I wish that you would take the stage manager in hand and give him—well, a little of Fighting Bob's language. Make him behave with respect toward actresses who portray life because they love it and desire to show it. He is responsible for the ruin of temperament. The backer and the author pay him for doing something, and he creates opportunities for himself by robbing people of all originality. That constant thought, 'Was that what he told me to do?' or the consequent 'Go back,' yelled in angry tones, is what deprives actresses of their spontaneity. That is the cause of so much seriousness. That wicked atmosphere, with its nerve currents charged with the bully's profanity, has driven women to drugs and men to death. In a recent episode, where we were kept till 3 a.m. rehearsing, one of these 'directors' found it necessary to build up his reputation at the expense of an artist too gentle to answer his thundering tones and too poor to give up his part and walk out of the theater. The bully knew it and profited by it. Let him earn his salary fairly, and not by such tricks. You can make him think, if you only will. This is the average stage manager, and he is the type best known to me in a very wide experience."

Come, come, stage manager, please think. Let the actresses who portray life because they love it do as they please. Give individuality a chance, I beg of you. (There now! That letter has been attended to. I have done my duty.)



PAUL DATTY AND ONE OF HIS BEARS.

long experience in his art, although he is yet a young man. Mr. Collier comes to this city fresh from his recent triumphs in all the large cities of the country, where last year his success in "The Man From Mexico" was enormous.

The engagement of the legitimate Irish comedian, Daniel Sully, at the Los Angeles Theater New Year's night, will serve to reintroduce the theater-goers of Los Angeles to an actor who has done more toward elevating the Irish character in the estimation of American theater-goers than any other man. In "Uncle Bob," Mr. Sully's latest successful play, he appears as a street railway superintendent, who sacrifices his home and fortune to save the honor and good name of the son of his best friend. The eastern press all unite in declaring "Uncle Bob" the most sympathetic role Mr. Sully has assumed in years, and one enthusiastic critic in Philadelphia vehemently asserts that in the new play Mr. Sully has unearthed another "Shore Acres."

"The South Before the War" will be presented by Harry Martel's big company at the Burbank one week, commencing with a matinée next Sunday, New Year's day. This attraction is one of the most popular now before the public. It presents fascinating, true-to-life scenes of the old South, the cotton fields, plantation pictures, buck and wing dancing and the old-time darky melodies that are always enjoyable. In addition their up-to-date features—a cake walk, new songs and a melody of tuneful choruses. The company includes the original pickaninny band, some wonderfully clever dancers and excellent singers.

I know, I have been thinking about that; I really don't know. It seems to me, however, that one of us must be a poor actor."

Augustus Pitou has made a new play for Chauncey Olcott, "A Romance of Athlone." As all who have heard the toast of "the great, glorious and immortal," will remember, Athlone is in Ireland, and contains the famous "Great gun of Athlone." But Mr. Pitou's play contains, it is said, neither redcoats nor "oppressed pisinthry," which augurs well for its originality.

"The Cyrano de Bergerac" fad is to be taken advantage of by the dealers in opera. A new comic opera called "The Loves of Cyrano" is soon to be staged in New York, with Lillian Russell, Pauline Hall, Thomas Q. Seabrook and John E. Henshaw in the cast. This work has been adapted from the French by Louis Harrison and J. Cheever Goodwin, and the music is by Louis Varney. The production will be notable, as it will again bring forward Miss Russell and Miss Hall after their retirement from the comic opera stage.

Henry Miller will be seen next in New York as the hero of "Brother Officers," a play of English military life, written by Leo Trevor for Arthur Bourchier, who acts in London the part to be played by Mr. Miller. Good English plays with a military character have been rare in London in recent years, although many efforts have been made to find a successor to such a piece as "Ours." But none has recently made with the same favor that came to "Brother Officers." It tells the story of an officer who is raised from the ranks as a reward for his bravery, and the character would seem well suited to Mr. Miller's vigorous, manly style.

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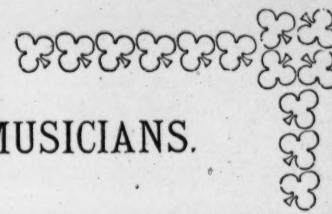
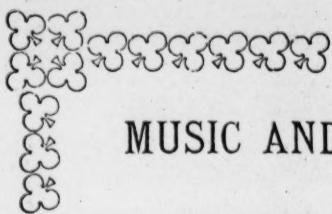
There are love songs sung by Bertrand and Joffroy to lend variety and beauty to the long lines of the main poem, and one in particular is a graceful lyric one dreads to see translated by a bungler.

"La Samaritaine," in which Mme. Bernhardt achieved one of her greatest successes, has nothing in it to remind one of the brilliant, climactic and poetic "Cyrano" or the Princess Lointaine, but the beauty of its lines. "La Samaritaine" is, as its author calls it, a "gospel in three tableaux, in verse." The first tableau is a sort of ghostly prelude, like the witches' scene in Macbeth, where Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, or rather their shades, sit about the brink of the well which Jacob dug, and vaguely speculate, Jacob prophesying the coming of the Messiah.

The people of Samaria then cluster round the well, and presently Jesus and His disciples appear. In this scene the celebrated answer to the question: "And who is my neighbor?" is given by the Saviour in rhyme, which, however odd it may read to English eyes, is certainly good French poetry.

Photine appears at the well, singing to her last lover, and Jesus listens un-

DECEMBER 25, 1898.



MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

STANDING in the center of the stage, clad in shimmering, golden brocade, a woman small of stature, with the fresh bloom of youth gone from her face, but in its place unmistakable marks of high breeding, culture, travel in many lands; enveloped, in fact, in the palpable atmosphere of the gentlewoman; an artist in the truest sense of the term, with eyes closed, her priceless violin held with easy grace beneath a caressing cheek, and with her right hand wielding a bow which drew the soul from her instrument—such has been the picture presented by Mme. Camilla Urso at the Orpheum this past week. And her playing? It has held her audience at every performance, whether afternoon or evening, captivated, enthralled, during each number, until, at the closing note, her eyes opened, and with a charming smile, she bowed her acknowledgment of the storm of spontaneous, genuine applause, that burst upon the ear, and showed no sign of diminution until the little woman made manifest her intention to give further evidence of her great art, by playing again.

The whole gamut of commendatory adjectives has been run again and again for Camilla Urso's playing on both continents; she has for many years stood the acknowledged queen among violin virtuosos, and the most authoritative critics the world over have taken off their hats in reverent homage to her magnificent tone, her exquisite nuances, her deliciously clear, pure harmonics, her wonderful double stopping, her masterly technique, her capacity, in short, to do what she will and because she wills it, with her instrument. The most critical audiences in all the large cities in America and abroad have sat at her feet, literally and metaphorically, entranced with her intelligent, scholarly exploitation of her art, and yet she says frankly and sincerely that her successful invasion into the realm of vaudeville has been the crowning triumph of her professional life.

"I have always received the most flattering attention from the musicians, my colleagues," said Mme. Urso, Friday, "and from cultured musical laymen, so that I had no fear of the 'downstairs' audiences in the 'continuous,' or vaudeville; but the gallery! Ah! of the gallery I stood in awe. Of course, they had never heard of 'Camilla Urso'; they knew nothing of the kind of music I play; their greatest pleasure was in coon songs, and the banjo, in tumbling turns and burlesque, and I knew I must be very careful in making up my programmes. I was willing to make some concession, but I determined from the beginning not to lower the standard of my art by playing down to their level; therefore I tried to choose compositions that would entertain and interest them, and at the same time cultivate their taste, because it is always the best of its kind. And what is the result? I hold them from the first note, hold them and carry them with me. They love it. They listen with their hearts and their souls, and with their minds, too, only they don't realize that, and the consequence is that I am doing them all good. In every city I visit, I am helping to raise the standard of musical taste among the classes that would otherwise never hear the kind of music I play, and I play it with everything there is in me. In fact, I am raising all these people up toward my musical level; my art is not hurt the least bit in the world, and it is from the ranks of these very people that I believe the future concert audiences in America will be drawn."

When asked if she enjoyed the symphony concert last Tuesday afternoon, Mme. Urso remarked promptly and with great earnestness: "I enjoyed it exceedingly, and I wrote the director the same evening and told him so. And now, since you told me how young the organization is, and that most of the members play such an entirely different class of music in theater orchestras, at dances, and so on, most of the time, I acknowledge to you frankly that I think it the most remarkable thing I have ever heard anywhere, that, having worked together so short a time, this symphony orchestra can and does produce the results it showed last Tuesday. It is really nothing short of remarkable, and I won't make any exception as to place in this country or abroad; I never heard such admirable work. But circumstances aside, I can say frankly and honestly the concert I attended was thoroughly enjoyable, and if it is supported, as it certainly should be by the public, the members and their conductor will thus be encouraged to continue their efforts, and I will predict that your orchestra here has a brilliant future before it, because the material is certainly there."

* * *

Of Moriz Rosenthal, the great piano virtuoso, who is to play at Simpson Tabernacle next Thursday evening, December 29, and the following Saturday afternoon, the New York Musical Age has this to say: "Rosenthal's

strong personality is irresistible. He strong glows with magnetism, and the result is that he invariably makes friends wherever he goes. He is exceedingly witty in conversation, and, unlike most musicians, his range of subjects is not confined to his art alone. He has marvelous retentive powers, as is proved by his enormous repertory. But this does not extend to his music alone, but to literature as well. The great pianist is especially fond of Heine. It is related of him that he can complete any one of that author's poems if the first line is quoted."

The music critic of the New York Evening Journal says: "I should say, after hearing this new idol of New York's music-mad population at Carnegie Hall last night, that Rosenthal has about six hands, with an allotment of something like sixteen fingers to each of them. Shut your eyes while Rosenthal is playing, and you are convinced that what he is doing would be impossible to a man with less than ninety-six fingers. The foregoing is nothing more than corroboration of the Berlin verdict with respect to Rosenthal. Last night

T. Fitzgerald, under whose management Rosenthal appears, has arranged that the highest-priced seats are less than half the amount charged at the Paderewski concerts.

* * *

At the symphony orchestra concert last Tuesday afternoon, the marked increase in the audience was both gratifying and encouraging. In spite of the unusual excitement and multifarious diversions, social and commercial (shopping,) incident to the week before Christmas, the number of attendants was almost half as large again as at either of the previous concerts, and at the next concert three weeks hence, on January 10, and from that on during the rest of the series, indications promise a still larger attendance. By such mark of appreciation Mr. Hamilton and his players will be encouraged to further effort, and spurred on, eclipse their previous accomplishment in their future performance. All this is eminently as it should be, for both orchestra and public. The musicians will constantly develop individually by continued work in the way of frequent and conscientious rehearsal produce praiseworthy results of which the public will receive many and far-reaching beneficial results. The symphony at the next concert will be Beethoven's No. 6, in F., Op. 68 (pastoral.)

* * *

Receipt is acknowledged of the second section of the National Edition of the New York Musical Courier. It is mammoth in size, gotten up throughout luxuriously, on heavy cream glazed paper, profusely illustrated all through, and enclosed in handsome colored covers. It announces itself as the "Nestor in the cause of art for America's mu-

promises to attain the popularity of "Cavalleria." It undoubtedly is superior to all his other works. Mascagni appeared in the Costanzi Theater in Rome at the same moment as Queen Margherita, and received an ovation overshadowing that accorded to the royal family. Pale, trembling, profoundly moved as the audience acclaimed him with salvo after salvo of applause, Mascagni raised the baton. The theater was darkened instantly, an innovation resented fiercely by the Romans, who protested so noisily for five minutes that Mascagni could not proceed; but the first bars of the overture compelled silence, and the music, gaining in fascination as the theme developed, was rapturously encored at the close.

In Mascagni's own words, "Iris" is a drama based upon human egotism, or, to be more precise, on the egotism of three men conspiring against an innocent creature, whose life is one continual aspiration toward light, the soul of the world, whose pleasures consist in listening to the tales of the babbling brook, and in giving away to sunny reveries that float before its childish mind."

The scenery is of marvelous correctness, beauty and effect. The first scene represents a street in a Japanese village lined with small houses, that of the heroine surrounded with a miniature garden overflowing with flowers, flanked by a limpid stream. When the curtain rises the stage is in perfect darkness. Almost insensibly dawn breaks, outlining the houses and trees until the light, at first silvery, turns rosy, then yellow and floods the whole scene. At the same time the volume of tone increases, and the chorus joins in a triumphant hymn to the rising sun. The end of the first act was the signal for another tremendous demonstration. The composer and the singers were recalled five times. The gem of the act was the tenor serenade, which recalls the "Siciliana" of "Cavalleria" translated into Japanese.

The second act, exotic in its richness, is in direct contrast to the freshness and purity of the first. One is transported to Japan, with its pagodas, lanterns and characteristic costumes, the latter all thin, delicately tinted, vaporous silk and veritable feasts for the eye. This act is superior in construction to the first but less easily understood by the ordinary public. Here and there reminiscences of "Cavalleria" leak out. Several parts had to be repeated. This act ended with every sign of popular favor. The third act, although in part good, is considered the weak point of the opera. However, the many melodies were well received, and at the finish there was a touching demonstration to the composer, the author of the libretto and the singers. The audience seemed wild with enthusiasm. In a subsequent interview Mascagni said his object was to treat a Japanese topic from a serious dramatic standpoint.

"I have not been content," he continued, "with two or three ideas, twisted, repeated and reproduced, masqueraded to hide monotonous repetition with learned technicalities and cunning harmonic combinations. I have always sought melody, and hope I shall be accused of having found even too much. I say I have sought melody, but in reality I waited for it to come. If I did not feel it welling up from my brain or soul or fantasy, I simply put aside pen and paper and awaited the pleasure of that fickle goddess Inspiration. For instance, the serenade in the first act, which gives the impression of being the result of hard work and patient harmonization, flashed through my mind in a moment. I wrote it down immediately and did not change a note in the score afterward."

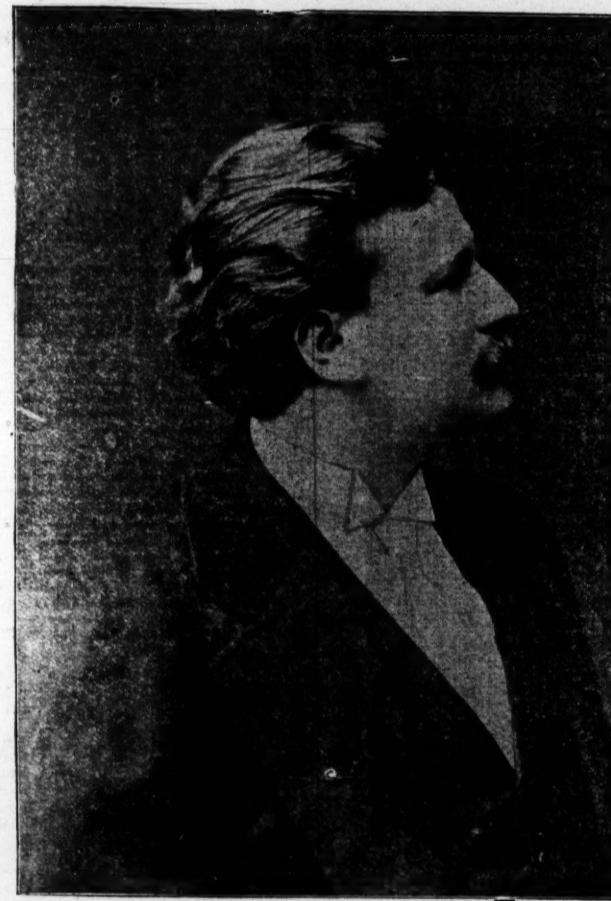
Darcée, the dramatic prima donna of the Mapleton Company, in New York two seasons ago, sings the soprano part in "Iris," and the tenor role is sung by De Lucia, who also has been heard in America. Both singers acquitted themselves nobly the opening night.

* * *

[Musical Age:] Walter Damrosch has taken a great step toward the front. His ambition to be known to the world of musical art as a composer as well as a conductor has been fully justified by the results he has achieved. His "Manila Te Deum" is an elaborate, scholarly and massive work, marked by originality as well as by technical skill. The composer describes it as written "for solo quartette, chorus and orchestra, and composed in honor of the victory won by the American navy under Admiral Dewey at Manila Bay, May 1, 1898," and in another page it is announced as dedicated, "In reverent admiration, to the soldiers and sailors of the United States of America."

Everyone at all informed on musical history knows that the celebration of a great victory by a "Te Deum" specially composed in its honor was instituted by Handel, who, after the triumph of the British and Austrians under George II, over the French under Gramont and Noddles, June 27, 1743, was commissioned to write a "Te Deum" for the thanksgiving services at Westminster Abbey. The battle had taken place near the little town of Dettingen, and so the work became known as the "Dettingen Te Deum." Some years before, Handel had written another "Te Deum" in honor of the Peace of Utrecht, but the later threw the former into the shade. With this notable precedent Walter Damrosch had ample justification for his effort and achievement of 1898, and he has nobly followed a great and memorable example.

The "Manila Te Deum" opens with a



MORIZ ROSENTHAL.

Carnegie Hall was packed to the doors with musicians and music-lovers when, for a clincher, Rosenthal gave us his own counterpoint study on Chopin's D flat walse. Words are powerless to describe what Rosenthal did to his piano in this instance. My sympathies were so completely with the piano that it was a pleasing sensation rather than otherwise to see Rosenthal surreptitiously shake the kinks out of his ninety-six fingers as he bowed and smiled pleasantly to the cheering audience. Candily, I don't think you can afford to miss Rosenthal—but take your opera glass with you."

"No difficulty confronts him," says the "Courier," that does not easily and gracefully yield to his o'ermastering grasp of all that is contained within the limitation of human ability. As regards interpretation, it is evident that whatever he does is because through a clear design, he desires it shall be done. It is a matter of broad comprehension upon his part, no haphazard emotional impulse that may depreciate or enhance the value of the composition as the case may be, but a coherent exposition of the work in hand, as he conceives its intention; something that must command the admiration and excite the enthusiasm of every unprejudiced critical listener. Hence it is that this master's performance is not an object of criticism."

In order that the concerts here may be within the reach of students, and all interested in any way with music, J.

Pupils of the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music and Arts will give the semi-annual concert Tuesday evening, December 27, in the auditorium of the Y.M.C.A., under the direction of Mrs. Emily J. Valentine. The programme will include vocal, violin and piano solos, duets, trios and quartettes, and readings. Certificates will be presented, and a silver medal will be awarded Anna Spahe Henry.

* * *

Miss Meta Glenn Tonis, the promising young soprano, leaves tomorrow morning with the Widow Bedott Comic Opera Company for the season.

MUSICAL MELANGE.

[New York World:] Mascagni's new opera "Iris" was received with immense

enthusiasm on its first production, and

few fortissimo chords, sustained boldly and vigorously, and leading into a harmonized treatment of the bugle call of the United States army, into or under which is woven a running accompaniment for strings, scarcely audible through the ponderous harmonies of the brass instruments. The chorus bursts in with the words "We Praise Thee, O God," for twelve bars, the bugle call continuing through this passage, which suddenly gives way to a fugue started by the basses and taken up consecutively by tenors, sopranos and altos. Plain chords follow at the words "We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord," and the fugal movement is resumed with a repetition of "We praise Thee." Then occurs a sudden change from the key of D major to that of B flat, where the new movement also has fugal characteristics. Into the key of G the composition slowly merges, leading naturally again to that of D, in which the triumphant finale closes, with stately procession of chords, the first number of the elaborate harmonious work.

Very different in character is the second number, opening with a graceful melody in B flat for solo violin, the theme being taken up by a solo soprano voice followed by the solo bass, the alto and the tenor. Resolving into D major, these voices lead to the chorus at the words, "The heavens and all the powers therein." Unusual and remarkable is the treatment of the words of the cherubim and seraphim, "Holy, Holy, Holy." It is customary to give these with simple sustained chords, often (though without any logical reason) pianissimo; but Walter Damrosch gives to them a series of wavering runs in groups of four notes each, taken up in responsive iteration by the four solo voices and transferred to the chorus. The effect is weird and beautiful in the extreme, and is resumed after a brief vocal interlude of simpler chords. "Lord God of Sabaoth" is sung by the chorus, and at the words, "The glorious company of the apostles," the melodic theme given out in the opening violin solo recurs, taken up first by the bassos. Quartette and chorus are most felicitously intertwined in the close of this skillful, ingenious and yet majestic number.

At the words, "When Thou tookest upon Thyself," there is a brief soprano solo of tender and melodic grace, the solo alto repeating it an octave lower, the basso coming into possession later on, but this time with full choral accompaniment, and again solo quartette and massive chorus combine in melodious antiphon and harmonic conjunction. For the finale there is a well-defined fugue of Handelian type, beginning with bass voices at the words, "Thou sittest at the right hand of God." This is worked out with signal skill and is productive of brilliant effects, especially at the point where, by enharmonic changes, the composition merges into the key of E flat, and then by various pungent modulations finds its way back to the original D major, producing en passant an absolutely sublime effect at the words, "Thou art the King of Glory," sung for a few bars by the quartette voices in sustained chords to a quaint accompaniment in triplets, the movement then heightened by full chorus, ending in a telling climax involving the entire vocal and instrumental force.

After this elaborate number there is a pause, and then comes in No. IV, one of the most admired features of the "Manila Te Deum," an accompanied solo quartette to the words, "We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge." It is a simple chorale of the German style. Bach used such chorales in his oratorios, and later Mendelssohn availed himself of the same device. Here the chorus takes up the same theme more elaborately harmonized and to organ accompaniment. The quartette voices alternate and blend with the more strenuous chorus, and this antiphony is sustained until the fugue, "Make them to be numbered," brings this No. IV to a close.

"O Lord, save Thy people," is a prayer to a rather simple melody and is sung by the full chorus. It is in B flat, but a few pages further there is a modulation into D major, and in this latter key the announcement, "Day by day we magnify Thee," is vigorously set forth. Very beautiful is the music allotted to the words, "Vouchsafe, O Lord." In the finale occurs a phrase from our national anthem.

[New York Musical Courier:] Gertner, the great claqueur of Vienna, has just died of a broken heart. He saved up over \$50,000 as the proceeds of his unique calling. He was for years director of the clique at the most popular theater of Vienna, the Deutsches Volks Theater. It is said of him that he elevated his humble occupation to an art, and was in great demand by actors who wanted discreet assistance from the auditorium. Gertner was the soul of discretion. He came to the theater night after night in different characters and costumes, and was never recognized as a claqueur by those around him. Sometimes he occupied a box, sometimes a seat in the stalls, sometimes he posted himself in the gallery, but always where he could indicate to his subordinates by a code of signals previously arranged how and when to applaud without attracting undue attention. Gertner has been sitting in a box, for which he himself paid, in an elegant dress suit, with white tie and gloves, and looking so distinguished that no one would have dreamed that he was a claqueur. When he raised his handkerchief to his nose a round of applause followed; when he replaced the handkerchief in his pocket the clapping gradually subsided. Gertner came to grief in a curious way. He was sitting

in the stalls on an important first night, and fell asleep during the play. A particularly tragic passage had been reached when Gertner suddenly awoke with a start, and commenced to applaud vigorously. The house roared with laughter, and the piece was ruined. Gertner was dismissed in disgrace, and died of a broken heart.

Channing Ellery, formerly one of the publishers of the Concert-Goer, of Detroit, Mich., has undertaken the management of Eugenio Sorrentino's Banda Rossa. The headquarters of the organization will be No. 23 East Fourteenth street, New York. This is indeed a turn for the better, if there is any truth in the following little yarn that appeared recently in a Chicago paper:

"A pathetic story is that of the Banda Rossa. Since the breaking up of that famous band in Chicago, the dark-visaged fellows who played Schubert's serenades and Verdi's compositions have been digging on the streets, beggars, and beating their way over the country on the bumpers of freight cars. The proud musicians in gorgeous red uniforms who played classical music to fashionable audiences in Central Music Hall have been hardening their digits on spade handles this summer and reviving desperate schemes for reaching Italy again. Just one of the Banda Rossa musicians is now left in Chicago. He was reckoned the best cornet player in the organization. His name is Antonia Stepanie, and he lives on Halsted street. All the glory of his uniform has departed. He wears the clothes of a laborer, although he has never been able to earn a laborer's wages. He got a job at shoveling snow on the streets last winter, after the band broke up. That only lasted a little while. Then he began driving a fruit wagon with one of his countrymen. Antonio, however, was not half as good at yelling 'baanaan' and forcing quiet people to buy in self-defense quarreled with his employer, having as he was at blowing a cornet. He most unmercifully appetite notwithstanding his poor business qualities. Since then he has worked at first one thing and then another. Occasionally he gets a temporary engagement with a theater orchestra. Then he holds his head high and eats 25-cent meals. For the rest of the time he simply exists. A dozen Banda Rossa musicians have been at work on a short railroad track being laid near Omaha this summer. They pawned their instruments to get enough money to take them out there. Their letters to friends in the Italian colony here indicate that they have not been a success as shovel-pushers. They are coming back to Chicago in a few days, in the hope of somehow obtaining employment and the wherewithal to make the port of San Severo, Italy, by next spring. The Banda Rossa artists who went East, instead of West, fared no better. Selling newspapers on the streets was the most remunerative business they found open. Some of them blacked boots and some of them begged. The twenty who stayed under the wing of Sig. Sorrentino played popular airs at a beer garden for awhile."

NOTES.

M. Jean Gérard, the cellist, has been engaged for several ballad concerts this season in London.

The Philadelphia Etude says that Busoni, the eminent pianist, was once asked whether he liked to teach. "It is better to take than to give," he paraphrased, by way of answer.

Henrich Vogl's new opera is built on German mythology, the release of Earth from the rude hands of Winter, by Balder, the god of spring. It is very Wagnerian in form, and will be produced in Munich in April.

Arthur Friedheim has sailed from Europe for the United States, to remain here permanently in all probability. Friedheim, besides being one of the foremost pianists, is also a musician of eclectic attainments, and is a gifted conductor.

A clever little device is that in the form of a baton which shuts up into a case about the size of a fountain pen. At the end of the handle is a pitch pipe, which is always an invaluable possession for a conductor. The unique "stick" is worth an examination.

The Abbé Lorenzo Perosi, composer of the oratorio, "Resurrection of Lazarus," which has made a sensation in Italy, explained his success in this way: "It is not sacred music I compose, but operatic music, such as a priest may write." Now, you know all about it!

"Walkure" was produced for the ninety-third time at the Paris Opera, very recently. The cast was the same that sang Wagner's music-drama at its initial production here, and the audience appreciated the fact by extraordinary enthusiasm, culminating after the third act in numerous recalls.

At the second Gewandhaus concert under Nikisch, Felix Berber, the youthful concert master, scored a rousing success with his performance of the Mendelssohn violin concerto. Berber has phenomenal technic, and every artistic virtue that is desirable. He will one day rank with the world's greatest fiddlers.

The chief source of success at the recent Gloucester, Eng., festival was won by Coleridge Taylor, a colored man, who had an orchestral piece played there. English critics say that it showed strongly the influence of Berlioz and Tchaikowsky, but is full of Southern warmth, fancy and feeling. Mr. Tay-

lor's mother was an English woman, and he was born in London, but his father was a native of Sierra Leone.

[Minneapolis Journal:] Atchison, Kan., listened to Wagner's "Tannhäuser" in some surprise, and the musical critic of the usually accurate Atchison Globe remarked that the overture "sound exactly like a big row in a saloon." Yet they say that Kansas is paying off her mortgages and getting rich and powerful.

"Ta-ra-ra, boom-de-ay" has at last reached Queen Victoria, so a London correspondent writes, and Her Majesty is so pleased with the classic air that it is played for her every day at dinner. It is appalling to think how many more dinners Queen Victoria will have to eat before "Enjoy Yo'self," "Syncopated Sandy" and "Take Your Clothes and Go," reach Osborne.

One day when Paur's Orchestra was playing the Goldmark overture to "Sakuntala" at Carnegie Hall, says Ewan McPherson in Musical America, an ignorant man, who came in toward the end of the number, remarked: "Why, they're actually playing 'Mrs. Awkins!'" and yet one need not suppose that "Mrs. Awkins" is really "Sakuntala" stolen and smuggled into the Whitechapel road.

BLIND JAPANESE.

THEY EARN A GOOD LIVING BY SHAMPOOING AND MASSAGE.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Talking a few days since with an observing traveler recently returned from

the waist. They are all provided with a whistle of a peculiarly plaintive sound, which may be heard night and day, as they slowly grope their way about, tapping with their long walking sticks—seeking employment.

This is rarely hard to find, as they are in great demand by the natives who suffer from rheumatism. The climate of Japan is damp, and the Japanese dress almost entirely in cotton, so that the wet penetrates to their very bones, and cripples them with rheumatism while they are yet very young. Their draughty paper houses do not tend to improve matters, and fireplaces or even stoves as we know them, are unheard of. It is a popular superstition there, that if the wrists are kept warm one need fear no evil effects from the cold; but it evidently does not hold good, and the stampor and masseur drives a flourishing trade. You can see him—or her—at work by day in any of the poorer houses of the village, sitting patiently before a little Jap, rubbing him gently, and by dint of pinches and kneadings, seeking to charm away the wearing pain. In some places they use instruments of wood for their massage.

"There is at least one that I know has a very soothing effect on the muscles after a fatiguing walk, for I have had it tried on myself," explained the traveler. "It is simply a handle with four round wooden balls attached which is run over the body. Another instrument that seems to be a favorite with the natives is a round wooden ball with an adjustable handle."

Many Europeans are massaged regularly when they take the baths at the



A PRETTY BLIND MASSEUSES.

Japan, he spoke of the practical use to which that clever people put a portion of their afflicted ones, and expressed his surprise that with all our philanthropic and sociological studies, such a simple and sensible idea had not yet taken root among us. Of course, blindness is much more prevalent in Japan than here, and the question of providing for those of the poorer classes is a very serious one, which they, however, have met in the following manner:

At an early age, all the poor little blind boys and girls are initiated into the mysteries of shampooing and massage. Every one knows that the sense of touch in the blind is very fully developed by habit and necessity, and the Japanese have taken advantage of this fact, rightly concluding that they are fitted by nature to become gentle and delicate masseurs. The trade is therefore reserved entirely for them, no other people being allowed to pursue it.

In spite of the inevitable pathos of the situation, these shampooers are one of the picturesque features of a Japanese village. In the first place, unlike most of our unfortunate, they make themselves as attractive as possible, doing their best to hide their defect from the eyes of the world, by wearing neat and pretty dresses, arranging their hair with the utmost care, and cultivating generally a cheerful appearance. They are usually dressed in some light-colored kimono, spotlessly clean, with a pretty obi or sash round

different hot springs which abound in Japan; but, generally speaking, these shampooers are employed by the Japanese themselves. In this way the blind of Japan are rendered independent and earn an honest livelihood, instead of feeling themselves a burden to their families. With the constantly increasing demand for massage in this country, it would seem that a course in this specialty ought to be introduced wherever the blind are taught.

D. T. D.

The Queen gives Christmas presents not only to every member of her own family, but to a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

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WOMAN AND HOME.

STRANGE NEW COLORS.

SMART PRESENTS EXCHANGED BETWEEN FEMININE FRIENDS.
[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The temperature without is apt to govern our thoughts and talk, which, even now in the holidays, turn persistently to wraps. The last word in this department of the feminine wardrobe recommends the use of corduroy, and already a gen-

mas time, for an abundance of smart presents are to be exchanged this year between feminine friends in the form of gorgeous waistcoat fronts for fur coats, elaborate ruches and bows for wear at balls and the opera, splendidly-brocaded revers and collars with which to differentiate evening gowns and velvet gowns and velvet cloaks, while some of the neck bows, scarfs and colarettes given and received are easily valued at \$20 apiece and even more. Some of these bows, made in the form of full fans to spread over the

on novelty go calling with bags of doeskin on their arms, elaborately and expensively beaded by Indian squaws, and mounted on frames of perfectly-unpolished Klondike gold in pouch-shape.

ALL ARE OF CHIFFON.

The dressmakers, driven well nigh to desperation in their search of some means by which to give to a hundred-and-eighty-pound patron some of the imperatively fashionable semblance of almost serpent-like slenderness, have adopted at last the Parisian expedient of making calling, as well as dinner, opera and ball gowns, all of chiffon. The superstructure so diaphanous is built on a foundation of Liberty silk, or crepe de chine, and it is almost necessary to attend a special school of deportment in order to learn how to carry such a skirt with dignity and modesty.

To the wedding reception of Mrs. Colgate and the Earl of Stafford several of these skirts were worn with notably long trains, and at the first great afternoon reception in December Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who is as slim as she is tall and graceful, appeared in a very much trained costume of beet-root-colored chiffon, adorned on its flounces, foot and drapery edges with narrow bands of sable. Her waist of chiffon, over silk of the same color, turned back wide revers of Venetian lace, heavily set with turquoise beads, just over the bust from a square bib similarly decorated. Her high collar was of lace set with blue, and her tight-tucked sleeves had a row of tiny turquoise buttons, running from wrist to shoulder, over the outside of her arm.

An oddity noticed with this toilet and that of many other ultra fashionable women was a single-jeweled chain falling from the girdle, and to it was suspended a very, very small Recamier fan with gilded wooden sticks and a narrow mount of painted parchment. The second striking point was the enormous flaring cuffs, which were so deep that when the arm hung slack only the tips of the fingers could be seen. As a result of these cuffs, into one of which as much as a yard and a half of delicate lace is often thickly pleated, only two-buttoned gloves can be worn, and the thinnest white Pyrenees kid, undressed, is considered the most fashionable selection. For walking a new four-buttoned glove has been brought out, and for warmth they are lined about the wrist with a close-woven plaid silk.

TOO COSTLY FOR RAIN.

In the dear old days of comparative simplicity in dress a woman, with her winter costume, usually carried a close rolled umbrella, showing a soberly-handsome handle. Just now frivolity is rampant in the umbrella department, and in fair weather, as in foul, she who walks carries her umbrella mainly to excite curiosity, admiration and



STREET GOWN OF VIOLET BROADCLOTH, TRIMMED WITH BLACK SATIN. BLOUSE IS OF MAURE VELVET. BLACK VELVET TOQUE WITH CHOU OF BLUE SATIN AND BLACK TIPS.

covetousness of its handle. It is now sure to be as large as that of a man's umbrella, and cut of wood, or ivory, or precious metal, to show the beautifully-modeled head of a horse stretched as in the excitement of a race, strapped into a bridle of gold, and the eyes superbly-polished, sanguine agates.

Another favorite cutting in wood is that of a hare's head with large eyes of cloudy amethysts; an ivory elephant's head with ruby eyes and gold tusks is quite a marvel of the jeweler's art, while a handle made all of gold, exquisitely enameled in opalescent effects and the crook formed by an out-thrust serpent's head with diamond eyes, is one of the new umbrellas that went for a Christmas gift to handsome Mrs. Goelet.

The heads of greyhounds and doves, Black Forest boars, mild-faced Jersey milkers with jeweled rings in their noses, are among the other extravagantly dear and beautiful designs on umbrellas that the smart women carry tenderly in the crooks of their elbows as if they were babies. To add to the sumptuous excellence of these umbrellas their ferrules are of gold, their silk cords and tassels have guards of gold set with stones, and the light steel ribs are garnished with French gilt. All



TOQUE OF BLACK AND WHITE, KNOT OF RIBBON ON VELVET AND LEAVES EMBROIDERED IN GOLD.

eration of sloped-tailed walking coats, snug pelisses and shawl-shaped capes of corduroy, are in evidence. With customary discretion the women do not adopt any but the very soft tones in this goods, seeking variety and gayety of effect in the use of cut steel buttons and handsome lace jabots under the throat. Smoke-brown, olive-brown and the green of dried hay are the colors most sought after in these wraps that are one and all set off with deep fur cuffs and collars. In passing, it may be safely said that a corduroy wrap lined with satin is as warm a garment as most weather necessitates, and these novelty wraps that are said to hail from England have a cuff arrangement which goes quite away with the need of a muff.

The Countess of Stafford went off after her wedding in a very covetable coat of dried hay-green corduroy that had a long round tail, edged with Russian sables, falling over the hips, with sable-edged revers turning back from a full jabot of gray Russian lace—a collar of sable turning up close about the throat and not a sign of a muff. Folding away from her delicately-gloved hands, however, were huge cavalier cuffs of sable, and by the simple device turning down the cuffs over her hands together, the edge of one cuff slipped inside the other and a perfect shield against the cold was formed. It is needless to say that the cuffs were faced on both sides with fur.

SPLENDORS FOR THROAT AND HANDS.

Cold weather gossip recalls another beneficent device of the furriers. This is a box made of four mink, or sable, or fox bodies linked together, the teeth and claws at either end of the soft scarf fastening in prettily jeweled rings that depend from the outside edges of a roll of fur that constitutes the muff. Not to be outdone by the furriers and milliners, the tailors are up-to-date with really luxurious hand warmers of cloth richly braided, to be slung about the neck by suede straps fastened with handsome buckles, else a band of plaited silk cord is used with jeweled slip catches at the end that snap into small gold or silver rings sewed in the ends of the muffs.

Fashion has her uses even at Christ-

chest and surmounted by twisted skeleton knots of Louis Quinze shape of colored velvet, gave visible excuse for their costliness when one came to examine the fan of exquisite Venetian lace, and the heart of the bow showing a gold framework holding a beautifully-cut bit of jade.

Another costly smart collar of Tangerine velvet will have its wide bow and neck stock inserted with bands of Brussels lace that is mellow from age. Somewhat lower down in the scale of prices is a ruffle necklace with front tabs, made all of a pretty grayish applique lace, having every inch of its figuring outlined in peach-colored velvet bebe ribbon. Beside these doubly dear trifles are chiffon sailor knots, or those of Liberty silk, accordion pleated and drawn through a narrow clasp of jeweled or bullion lace.

Down low in the scale of prices for necklaces are crisp, becoming ones for 25 cents, made of cream pleated point esprit. A pleated band incloses the throat and two accordion wrinkled sailor tabs drop on the chest. Into the knot of this fresh white tie a bright brooch or scarfpin is usually thrust, and save for the sentiment of the thing the 25-cent scarfpin is every whit as effective as the one that cost \$30.

COMFORT BAGS.

Fashion and Christmas traditions have also fraternized over the very sumptuous comfort bags that the women carry in place of bouquets to the opera and theater. Reticles of peach and plum-colored satin, brocaded in gold, and then criss-crossed with narrow quillings of a green or yellow chiffon are the most popular conveyances for the small fan, handkerchief, glasses, smelling salts and comfit box that the women like to have near.

Mrs. Henry Clews takes on her arm to her box seat a bag of pearl-gray moire, painted with trails of periwinkle, her favorite flower this winter. Its four sides are edged with silver fringe, and it hangs by a silver chain from her girdle, or her waist, or the back of her chair.

Numbers of women adopt little sat-

chel-shaped bags of antique brocade, with clasps and bindings of gold, supplied with a very positive gold lock and key. Others who are determined



SIMPLE GOWN OF BEIGE CLOTH, OVER TURQUOISE GLACE SILK, WITH GARNI-
TURE OF BROWN MIRROIR VELVET, AND HAVING A TUCKED YOKE OF
CREAM TAFFETA. THE CLOTH IS PERFORATED TO SHOW THE LINING.
PURPLE VELVET HAT, TRIMMED WITH THREE LIGHTER SHADES OR PURPLE
SILK.

the while only a good grade of plain, black silk is stretched on such magnificent frames, but that is a small matter, since their owners consider them far too precious to wear out in the rain.

TULLE TURBANS.

To discourse on hats is to dwell chiefly on the recent proneness of women to wear small three-cornered affairs of one color or felt faced with another. For example, a sweet pearl-grey felt will have its brim looped away from the face in three places, and covered all on the under side with a warm shade of dahlia felt, then a big bow of dahlia velvet is set upon one side with a turquoise heart, from which springs a big black osprey. That is the sort of hat that youthful beauty wears to its advantage, while among the most becoming possessions of young matrons are bonnets made of creamy lace in a perfect cape shape, showing a wide-winged bow of velvet up in front.

The toques all of bird breasts hold their own gallantly, and with demit-toiles it is no longer uncommon to see a stately fowl with breast, head, wings,

OUR MORNING SERMON.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

By Rev. William E. Harmon.

In an olive grove on the Bethlehem plain stands a little chapel known by the name of "The Angel to the Shepherds." It marks the traditional site of the fields where the shepherds watched their flocks on that first Christmas night, when "the angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them." There, to the wondering ears of these lowly men, first came the strange message which was to be to all people glad tidings of great joy: "Unto you is born this day in the City of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

It is this momentous event which the

command peace, and out of peace will come the longed-for joy.

"On earth peace, good will toward men," sang the herald angels over Bethlehem's fields. The Christ child came into the world to show us the meaning of perfect love. No person who ever lived held within himself such a wonderful, ever-renewing fountain of love, freely open to the whole world, as did this little heir of the manger. Even while growing up into manhood, though history tells us little of his younger years, we know that such a character must have been an ever-living inspiration to all with whom it came in contact.

I often try to imagine just how much Jesus knew in these younger days of the wonderful power within Him, or whether He knew of it at all; but we must always feel that at any rate His life was so delicately adjusted to the harmonies of nature that even if it did not realize itself all those who came into touch with it must have realized a sense of the presence of something different from ordinary man. If, as many think, Christ began to realize His mission only as He passed to manhood, we can imagine the wonderful, overwhelming sense of love which arose as He recognized the poverty of all the world, which was apparently without His gift.

Love seems such a small thing, and yet rightly understood, it is the moving force in creation. We sometimes wonder why joy is so infrequent with us; but if we realized how rarely our lives were filled with that sweet, unselfish love which Jesus gave to the world the question would never repeat itself. We should see before us the reason of our unhappiness, and its solution as well.

If we only knew how easy it is to love others. Many will differ from this statement, but that is only because they love themselves. Take selfishness out of consideration. Even though you do not believe that unselfishness will bring any reward, or any return, just take self out of the question and substitute therefor some sort of a love—the love of a pet, of a child, of a father or mother—let it be perfectly unselfish, and see how quickly a sense of peace, even though sometimes mingled with sorrow at love unrecognized, but always peace, will creep into your life. Sometimes it will seem so strong and overwhelming that the very fountains of the deep appear to be opened, and the peace of God floods your soul! And then you will begin to see that this is the solution of life—begin to see that out of love only comes peace! We will realize that no matter how much the thing we do may apparently help ourselves, when it is done for that purpose, the reward is dearly bought. And, on the other hand we shall see that an act done for another, no matter how small it may be, if from a pure and sincere motive, will bring a sense of peace far out of proportion to the magnitude of the act.

I know a thousand and one thoughts come up against this theory of life. The ingratitude of others, impulses of a strong nature, gratification of appetite, all influence us, and at times with considerable force, in the other direction; but as we grow older we will realize that attention to these things is the source of all trouble. We were not put here to look after ourselves, but after our neighbor. Love conquers all things. Every act of life which can be accomplished through force can be accomplished, and far more easily, through love, and the day is coming when the whole world will be nothing but a world of love. But until that time comes let us each endeavor to do everything in our power to hasten it.

Let each of us think, as often in the day as it is possible, of some little act of kindness, some little deed of charity, nothing big, nothing much; some little kindly attention which we may bestow upon someone. We are so apt to want to wait for big things. We so often say how readily we could sacrifice ourselves if it would save an army, or a city, or a ship. What does the physical existence of an army, a city or a ship amount to beside a human soul? And not once in a lifetime, but a dozen times a day do we all have the opportunity of saving a human soul. Not saving it once, but saving it over and over again. Saving it to an hour of gladness and peace.

If we could only realize how unlimited are our opportunities for doing Christ's work here on earth each heart would beat with joy, and tears would fill our eyes at the wonderful goodness of God in making our lives a part of just the kind of a world he has put us in. Don't wait for the big things. The little things are the ones that go to make up character. And if we have kept on for a long time earnestly and conscientiously doing the little acts of kindness, the little neighborly courtesies, and a great opportunity comes it will find us, like the wise virgins, with our lamps lighted, our souls disciplined to duty and to this long past life of ours has been a part of the preparation for the great event which does save an army, a city, or a people.

Christ came to teach the everlasting boundlessness of love. Love your neighbor. Love your enemy. Love them that hate you. Let the very purpose of your existence be recognized by your friends as a dominating example of un-

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selfishness and devotion to this great law. Peace will then abound in you. Peace will come to you like a garment and wrap itself about you. Even in the deepest sorrows of life, sweet peace will come in and soften the aching heart. It will become your companion, and at last it will become yourself.

And then, as its child—as a product of itself—will be born unto you joy, the highest of God's privileges, the thing all men seek and so many fail to find. And with its birth will life become one beautiful, all-complete, ever-present Christmas celebration.

WILLIAM E. HARMON.

Edwin Lord Weeks, the American painter, who is now a chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France, is a Bostonian, but has spent much of his life in travel, except for twenty years, when he lived in Paris.

The Princess Therese of Bavaria is a scientific writer of considerable merit. She has already published one book on South America, and is now at work on another to get materials for which she made a journey of exploration in the wildest parts of Brazil.

The Duchess of Fife delights in gymnastics, and is an accomplished mistress in the art of fencing.

Two Suggestions.

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TWO RICH RECEPTION GOWNS.

and tall settled down as if for comfortable nesting on a woman's head. The head rears up finely, with a black osprey topknot and diamond eyes, right over the brow, while the feathered body completely covers the hair. Unfortunately, these birds are dyed the most unnatural tints of pale pink and green and lilac, and thus all semblance of nature is destroyed.

Quite as gay and somewhat more appropriate are the really lovely and huge bonnets of blue, pink, white and black gilded tulle. Women wear these when going rounds of reception teas, and to weddings or to opera matinees, if the luxury of a box is enjoyed. They are often as big as Hindoo turbans, and consist of ropes and winds and bows and puffs of tulle piled on a skeleton wire frame. Gilt is not only woven into the tulle, but spangles, large and small, are powdered on until by gaslight an idea of a fairy crown is conveyed. Pins with spangle heads are used to hold them in place, and convey a deceptive notion that the bonnet is resting by magic in place.

MARY DEAN.

Russell Sage takes the keenest pleasure in horses, and, although he seldom rides now, he is very fond of driving the best horses. Following the custom of his younger days, he prefers to "trade" horses to buying them. Lord Kitchener is engaged to be

Christian world is celebrating today the coming of the Christ child into our earthly life. This is why we engage in such a festival of joyousness as comes but once a year, and it would be hard to find a person in our whole land whose life is not more or less brightened by the spirit which moves through all things at this Christmas time. Many people have but little idea of the highest and truest meaning of the day, but they cannot help partaking of the magnetic current of life and joy which sweeps through the civilized world on this day of days.

The spirit of Christmas is certainly joy. That strange intangible something which comes into our lives for a few moments at a time—come to the most of us but rarely—leaves us all too soon. Joy is fleeting—probably the most ephemeral of all our emotions, and yet the best day of the year is given to its celebration. And why? Is it not because, while so fleeting, it represents the highest point to which the human spirit can attain? And may I tell you of a way by which even this, most precious of God's good gifts can be ours always?

Joy seems to me to be the blossoming out, the fulfillment of perfect peace. Peace is the certain fruit of perfect love. And while, like most emotions, we cannot command joy to come to us, yet in controlling our actions we can

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SWEET-GRASS.

HOW THE GREAT CREE CHIEF WAS
CONVERTED,
[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

What the great Chief Crowfoot was to the Blackfoot was Sweet-Grass to the Crees. He was the Seneca of this great tribe; that was when he was Sweet-Grass.

At the beginning he was next to nothing; a wee mite of a copper-colored pagan Cree. His father had been too indifferent to even fight well, so he had been slain like an obese buffalo bull.

In the hunt there was no warrior to kill the buffalo for the widow's wigwam. She followed up the others, and gleaned what they left. In times of plenty this was not so difficult; but when hunger stalked through the flappling tepees of the Indians in the winter months, the gleaning was nothing, and existence for the squaw and her little brown papoose became a struggle with

world he began to discover that life was a fight.

This conviction deepened as he grew older; and the village outcast always grows old fast. His years outstretched his stature; at 14 he was small, but hard as nails; fighting for existence did not tend to soften him.

At 14 he said to the nokum: "Mother, I am now a warrior. I have not even a name. As I lie on my buffalo skin at night the wind whispers to me through the grass and the purple moose flowers ask me what is my name. What can I answer, mother?"

"I answer—that I am the nokum's child; and the wind laughs and sweeps away, and the pack dogs howl, and my heart grows black with anger. If I were a maiden the water would trickle from my eyes, my heart grows so sad. But I am a warrior, mother, a brave; and my heart beats hard and fast against my ribs, and I know that it is

though the great spirit called me to follow."

"Tonight I am going, mother. In five nights if I do not return it will not matter, for I have no name. I will bring a name if I come back."

The nokum's eyes were old and blurred, the pupil was glazed with a bluish cast and the whites were streaked yellow and red, so not much expression could creep into them. They did not tell what she thought—they were like badly-colored beads. Her tongue did not know how to give expression to sentiment; her poor old heart tugged and strained at its lashings and hurt her, but she was used to pain. It never occurred to her to complain because of pain.

So the boy looked in the poor gnarled eyes and saw nothing. The white, withered lips told him nothing, and he thought "the nokum is glad—she would like her boy to have a name."

He took his bow and his knife and his tenderly feathered arrows and held them in his arms as a lover fondles the roses he takes to his lady love. It was a man's bow, for the boy's arms were like steel—got of the fighting with the dogs and everything else in the camp. Cheap little bits of finery he togged himself out with; trifles of brass tied in his long black shining hair; a little remnant of bead work, blue and yellow and black, that his mother had saved from the deerskin shirt of his worthless father, fastened about his neck.

When he was ready to start the nokum made his young heart bound with delight when she handed him a pair of delicately beaded moccasins; they had been worked for a young chief. "For when you are coming back," she said.

Then the sky swallowed him up. The nokum saw only millions of stars blinking at her as she sat in the rent of her battered old tepee, and looked toward the land of the Blackfoot.

Thus the childhood of Sweet-Grass.
THE NAMING OF SWEET GRASS.
The chinook wind blew through the feathers of the boy's arrows and

the badger hole sentinel—the cleome. "Why did you not tell me, little brother?" he said, as he tore them up by the roots reproachfully. "They could not tell me because I had no name, I suppose," he muttered, as he sped on again.

The thought stopped him—he turned and called back to the crushed blossoms, "When I come again this way you will know my name."

All night he traveled, his feet crushing eagerly through the bunch grass and the silvered wolf willow; the long, purple-tipped wild pea caught at his legs and caressed them gently. The gaillardies and the daisies stared sleepily at him as he passed like a gray shadow.

When the light began to steal up in the east he crawled down into a coulee and hid himself like a coyote and slept.

That night he traveled again. Across morning the shallow "Battle River" and the shallow "Nose Creek;" before morning he knew that he was close to Sounding Lake, and closer still to the Blackfoot encampment he had been traveling toward.

In a little bluff of white poplar he hid and waited for the coming of day—the day that was to give him a name, or see his scalp hang drying in the teepee of some Blackfoot.

Close to where he crouched the Indians' ponies were herding. How his heart throbbed with exultation as he watched them passing in and out among each other as they fed.

As the gray light began to turn the dark brown of the earth to orange, his eyes singled out the leader of the herd, a heavy-quartered chestnut. Beyond the horses, a quarter of a mile away, were the Blackfoot tepees, cutting the bright horizon like the jagged teeth of a saw.

Like a general he waited, and strung his bow taut, as a musician keys up his harp.

They will come to the horses," he thought, "some of them, for I must have scalps as well as ponies."

"His heart grew warm as he thought of what it meant for the nokum. With a name as a brave he would take part in the hunt and a share of the buffaloes would fall to the lot of his mother. She would always have plenty to eat.

Something gorgeous caught his eye. It was a medicine man in all the grandeur of his barbaric splendor. Eagle feathers, paint, bead work and charms seemed to have been peured upon his tall figure like fruit from a cornucopia.

He was coming straight toward the boy—coming to commune with the Great Spirit in what was evidently his private prayer ground.

On a gray willow bush, forty yards from where the boy crouched, three pieces of red cloth hung limp in the morning sunlight. It was one of the medicine man's propitiatory offerings.

Behind the medicine man stalked a brave.

"He is coming to round up the horses," thought the boy.

He took an arrow from his quiver, held it up toward the east, and let the sunlight kiss its V-shaped head. Then he placed it to his heart. That was that it might go with unerring aim to the heart of the medicine man.

Then he knelt reverently and kissed the earth.

The steel-nerved arm drew the bowstring until the arrow-head came back against the hand that grasped the bow.

The medicine man was standing in front of his red-streaked bush, his lips muttering an incantation to the particular spirit he was having dealings with. His broad chest, thrust well out, seemed to invite the death-shaft.

"For mother's sake!" hissed the boy; and "twang!" went the stretched-sinew string. The jagged iron head of the arrow tore a ghastly hole just where a streak of yellow beads cut through a body ground of blue, almost in the center of the strong chest of the Blackfoot priest.

Never a sound he gave—only a little hoarse gurgle as he fell forward in a crumpled heap, and writhed over on his back, where he lay, staring up at the smiling sky.

The boy's brain surged hot with a blood-like fury. He rushed from his concealment and pulled the feather of another arrow to his ear as the dead Blackfoot's companion faced him.

It, too, found a mark! but only through the shoulder, and too eager for further combat of this sort, he and the brave drew their knives and closed in upon each other.

But the devil was in the boy—he had been bled; while the other man had an arrow in his shoulder, which is not so good as an incentive to fight.

In a few minutes two Blackfoot scalps were dangling from the boy's shirtfront, and he was taking breath after his fierce struggle. He was mad with delight—the delirium of triumph was strong upon him. He felt like rushing upon the whole encampment; he wanted to kill, kill, even if he died killing.

He pulled a handful of "sweet grass" and dabbed it in the blood of the medicine man.

He held it aloft and screamed in his triumph. His high falsetto voice trilled the "Hi, hi, —!" of the Cree battle song.

That was the first sound the camp heard from the battlefield.

He thrust the wet grass in his breast and raced for the horses as an answering cry came back from among the blue columns of upward curling smoke.

His pack was a little woven horse-hair halter. He pulled it out as he ran. He had lived among the ponies



"HE HELD IT ALOFT AND SCREAMED IN HIS TRIUMPH."

the coyote-like dogs of the camp for the things the others threw away.

That was the childhood of Sweet-Grass. He did not even own a name—he was only the nokum's child; nobody had time to even dream a name for him.

If in the scramble for bits of jerked buffalo, he and the dogs fell out, and he struck his canine rivals, somebody would retaliate—the dogs were in the right of it; it was only the nokum's child, anyway. The dogs belonged to somebody, after a fashion—so many to each tepee; but Sweet-Grass was only the nokum's child.

His mother carried wood and smoked meat for others; stripped the red willow and made kinnikinnick for lazy braves with lazier wives, and in return she was allowed to poke through the offal and find her living there—if she could. She was like the village poor woman, with the usual boy, who scrubs and washes and does all the village chores.

Sweet-Grass was the boy. As soon as he opened his eyes on the pleasant

knocking that it may grow—grow big, and strong, and fierce like Black Wolf's.

"Yesterday a big black eagle flew over the snow mountains, and his shadow swept like a cloud across the grass that is like the yellow gold. He flew toward the sun, mother—south toward the land of the Blackfoot, and he called to me. I looked up and I saw his eyes—they were bright and fierce just like Black Wolf's.

"But he was looking at me, mother, and he whistled shrill and sharp,

rubbed against his cheek. How light his heart was! For fourteen years he had fought for existence without a name; in a few days he would come back again with one, and wearing the beautiful moccasins now tied up in the little pack on his back.

He reached up his hand and patted them affectionately. As he did so he came to earth with a smash that shook his body—he had put his foot in a badger hole.

As he rose he chided the rose-pink flowers which hid the hole. They were

and dogs in his own camp—their ways were his ways.

Two or three of the ponies were hobbled as sheet anchors to keep the others steady. He tore the hobbles off—from the chestnut stallion last; then grasping the strong mane he swung himself onto the eager back and started the herd.

The Blackfoot warriors were running from their tepees, but the Cree laughed in victorious glee.

Round the herd of ponies he dashed on the chestnut with a wild yell, and when they were fairly stampeded he swung into the lead. Their fast-beating hoofs pounded the grass-knit turf until it gave forth a sound like the roar of many drums.

A shower of arrows came hurling after him. A few of the Blackfoot had muzzle-loading guns. A little puff of smoke here and there among his pursuers, a tiny white cloud of dust thrown up to one side, or in front of him, told of the useless shots.

They were pursuing him on foot—they had no choice, for he had all their horses.

As he drew rapidly away he uttered once more his shrill note of triumph, Then he sat down on the stallion and rode with judgment—eased him up a little.

All that day, and all the next night he rode, resting his band of horses after he had forded the Battle River the first evening.

At daybreak on the second day he sighted his own camp.

The appearance of so many horses on the distance excited the Crees; they thought their enemy, the Blackfoot, had swooped down upon them.

When the boy rode into the camp at the head of his footsore troop of ponies, the warriors swarmed about him.

Modestly he told his story, for the long ride had quieted down his spirits.

He showed them the scalps and his band of loot.

The braves pressed about him closely, and felt his arms and his legs to see where the strength had come from.

Suddenly there was a little commotion. An opening was made in the crowd, and the nokum pressed forward to the feet of the tribe's idol.

"My boy, my boy," she stopped short; her eyes caught sight of the blood on his breast.

"Are you wounded?" She thrust her hand in at the opening of his deerskin shirt, and drew it back, clutching a mass of blood-stained grass.

"No," replied the boy; "that's Blackfoot blood, nokum."

"It's sweet grass," she cried exultingly, holding the well-known grass aloft in her hand.

Contagiously the others took up the cry, "Sweet grass! Sweet grass!"

As by inspiration the tribe medicine man stepped forward and said: "He is a brave now. He must have a name. Let his name be Sweet-Grass."

Thus was the naming of the great "Chief Sweet-Grass."

THE RULING OF SWEETGRASS.

That was the beginning. Sweet-Grass had graduated from his dog's life. The braves that had been before were as nothing to what Sweet-Grass became.

Black Wolf, who had been his model, was soon outclassed by the pupil. Brains and pluck and muscles of steel made the little man the greatest among all Crees.

He was an ideal pagan; no glinting of a light that illuminated the wrong-doing side of horse-stealing and killing, shot athwart the narrow pathway of his pagan mind.

If there were any commandments inscribed in the Cree pantheon they were aimed at the extinction of the enemies of the tribe—the Blackfoot.

So Sweet Grass served the great spirit with an eager vigor that left many scalps hanging in his lodge.

He stole horses until the medicine man classed him as the greatest pagan of them all.

While he reduced the census of his neighbors, his own tribe waxed populous and rich through his wisdom.

Then came the day when he was chosen chief; and even as he had been the greatest warrior, so he became the greatest chief the tribe had ever known.

And the husks had all passed away from the nokum, for Sweet-grass honored her in his prosperity even as she had toiled and slaved for him when they fought with the dogs for the scrapes.

THE CONVERSION OF SWEET-GRASS.

Pere Lacombe was as great a warrior as Sweet-grass. He, too, was a fearless brave. His bow was the Christian religion, and his arrows God's love, feathered by his own simple, honest ways.

Through the Crees' tepees he wandered at will; and with the Blackfoot he slept back to back on the sky-kissed prairie.

As a rule an Indian does not receive religion with open arms—he is not looking for it. He has other things to think of.

And though they received the father for his own sake, his master's commands they cared not much about.

Pere Lacombe was working his way southward through the Blackfoot country one morning in May.

He came upon a small party of Blackfoot. With them they had a captive—a Cree maiden.

Practical Christianity was part of the father's creed, and he determined to rescue the girl if he had to pawn his Red River carts to the Indians.

"Camp here," he said to them; for a

bargain with Indians is like a Chinese play—it will end only when there is nothing more to be said on either side.

So they encamped where they were, among the spring flowers, and smoked the pipe of peace and bargained for the girl.

The priest meant to have her free at any cost, but it was also legitimate to get her cheaply. In the end he gave an order on the Hudson's Bay Company for a sum sufficient to bankrupt his small means.

He took the girl with him on his southern trip, for there was no way of sending her to her people till he should return in the autumn.

It had been the usual order of Blackfoot enterprise; the war party had swooped down upon the few Crees she had been with at the time, and killed them all but herself. Her parents had not been of the party.

In October Pere Lacombe went north again—back among the Crees.

One evening, after he had camped, he saw a large outfit of Indians trailing toward him. He hid the girl under a cart, the sides of which were draped by a large canvas.

It was Sweet-Grass's party. They encamped beside the father for the night.

To Pere Lacombe the Indians were as children; to him their lives were an open book, and the misery that was in one old couple's hearts was soon pourred into his sympathetic ear.

To an Indian there is no loss so great as the loss of a child; even horses are less to be lamented.

And Many Herbs had lost a daughter the Blackfoot had attacked the party she was with in the spring and all had been murdered, even the daughter. Pere Lacombe had opened up a gold mine and he knew it. The priest had several gifts besides his great generosity and his wide humanity. He had that fine dramatic instinct which makes the most of an opportunity. Evidently God had delivered the captive into his hands that good might come of the evil which had been done.

That was the priest's way—profit for his master. Another would have calculated how many furs the girl would exchange for.

When the father spoke of hope Many Herbs scoffed. Alive there might be hope, yes! But was not Two Winds dead? Could the priest take a stripped wand of the red willow and change it into the form of Two Winds and alive?

Was not Sweet-Grass also like a stricken buffalo? Two Winds was to have gone to the chief's lodge even at that time—at the time of the great hunts.

"Surely," thought the priest, "the Father has given these people into my hands." If Sweet-Grass also loved the maid much good must come of the rescue.

Then he spoke aloud to the Crees and prayed silently in his heart the while.

Eloquently he told, in the short, terse sentences of the Indian, the infinite power and mercy of the Lord. That if they would only listen it would heal the arrow wounds in their hearts.

"Will your God, who is so powerful, give us back Two Winds?" cried Many Herbs.

"Or bring her back to my lodge?" asked little Sweet-Grass.

"Have patience, my brothers," said the priest. "You have forgotten one thing—you have forgotten the power of this—and he held aloft the black cross which was tucked in his girdle.

The light from the aspen campfire flickered against the brass image of the Savior drooping from the cruel, holding nails.

Surely the light of his mission was in the gray eyes of the black-cassocked man, as he drew himself up to his full height and held the figure toward the Indians with a commanding supplication.

It was Sweet-Grass who said: "Call on your Medicine to give us Two Winds. If it can do that I will believe—I and my tribe. The Little Father shall have five horses if he can do this thing. I have spoken."

The chief and the priest were old friends—almost old antagonists on the question. Pere Lacombe knew that Sweet-Grass's words were like the flow of the Saskatchewan—a thing to be depended upon.

"And I have heard," he said, as the Cree chief ceased speaking and placed the long stem of his pipe between his lips. "I have heard, and my master has heard, and the power of the cross is for good!"

Among the whites Pere Lacombe was the one man Sweet-Grass trusted, and as the priest spoke he started forward eagerly in a half-famished way, as a gaunt wolf eyes a life that is just out of his reach.

"Two Winds," he whispered, huskily, expectantly. "Yes!" answered the priest, in his deep voice, as he drew aside the canvas of the cart.

It was as though God had looked down and smiled upon the camp as Two Winds came and stood in the light of the campfire; the same light that had flickered at the brass Savior streaked with bronze the black mass of her hair, and showed the great love light in the sparkling eyes.

Pere Lacombe stood a little to one side, with bowed head, his hands crossed lovingly over the brass Savior, as he held it against his breast. The power of the cross had come to pass.

Thus was the conversion of Sweet-Grass.

W. A. FRASER.

SHOEMAKER'S WAX.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

One of the most apt illustrations ever made by Lord Kelvin was his likening the luminiferous ether to a mass of shoemakers' wax. What Lord Kelvin said of shoemakers' wax may be tested by any boy in a manner that will aston-

ish his playmates. First let it be said that the ether penetrates all space. It is as rigid as steel and yet so flexible that it does not retard the passage of planets through space in the least. It is an invisible substance which travels in waves through all things. Now, to illustrate the nature of such a paradoxical material Lord Kelvin searched everywhere, and at last concluded that shoemakers' wax represented the best. He made tests and this is what he found:

He melted some wax in a common glass tumbler. After it had hardened he tried to thrust a lead pencil through it. It would not go. Then he placed a coin on the surface of the wax, and left it for several days. When he again visited it the coin had sunk to the bottom of the glass. The wax had closed over it and by lifting up the glass and looking through the bottom he could see the coin lying there. Had the wax been so deep as a well the coin would have gone on sinking until it reached the bottom. This proved that the wax would conform only to very slow movements. If he had tried to push it too fast it would have resisted him.

An idea struck the scientist: If the wax acted like this toward the coin, how would it treat an object which floated? He accordingly placed a cork in a tumbler and poured hot shoemakers' wax upon it. The wax hardened with the cork at the bottom. Yet when Lord Kelvin looked at the bottom of the glass in a day or two, he found the cork had disappeared. It was somewhere in the mass of wax, and prob-

ably rising very slowly, but surely, toward the top. Sure enough, after a given period of time the cork peeped above the surface of the hard wax, and finally it rose to a point where it remained half imbedded in the wax, just as it would have done in a glass of water. It rose no higher than this, however, and a corkscrew probably would not have pulled it from the wax. Yet its own buoyancy had raised it up from the bottom, through what seemed an impenetrable mass of wax.

This, in fact, is the peculiarity of shoemakers' wax, that it resists all sudden or quick movements, but is highly susceptible to very slow and prolonged pressure. If you pressed a flatiron hard down on a lump of wax on a table, it is probable you would make no impression on it, but if you left that iron resting on the wax for a day or two, you would find the lump flattened out under the iron. So curious is this property of the wax that tuning forks have been cast from pieces of it. These forks were capable of vibration, giving a musical note and being set going by vibration from another tuning fork, yet when one of them was laid across the open mouth of a jar, it slowly collapsed and fell into the jar in a shapeless, sticky mass. Any boy may perform these experiments, and the lesson in physics to be got therefrom is no less valuable than the amusement which the performance affords.

Mrs. Hetty Green says that the talent for cooking comprehends the talent for all other womanly success.

ANAEMIA

HUDYAN CURES

Dear Doctors: I write to inform you of the results of Hudyan in the case of my daughter, a young lady just past 18 years of age. In her childhood she seemed to enjoy perfect health, but about the time of her first menstruation she showed many signs of decline and we feared that she was going into consumption. She began to lose flesh gradually, had a constant headache and backache, the bowels were very constipated, her face was as white as the paper I am writing on, and her condition was indeed a pitiable one. The menstrual flow was attended with severe pain, the limbs became cold and the lips and eyelids blanched, and she would have frequent attacks of fainting. During these periods it was always necessary for us to call in a physician, who would relieve her somewhat, but at the next period the old symptoms would return. This condition kept on for a long time and the doctors seemed powerless to act—they all advised a change of climate and we had about concluded that such a course would become necessary, when we read of the almost miraculous cures being effected by your Hudyan. My husband was against trying it, but I insisted because I wished to try every means before sending her away. We received your pamphlet containing directions, and we were careful to follow them closely. After one month's treatment we noticed a very remarkable change for the better, especially in the disappearance of the pains. Then other favorable signs made their appearance—the face, instead of being pallid, showed traces of red, showing that the circulation of blood was better. The menstrual periods were passed over without the slightest difficulty, the flow not even being attended with pain. After only four months of treatment, during the latter three months of which she continued with her studies in business college, she is now perfectly cured. Her color has returned, she has no headache or backache, she rides a bicycle several miles daily, and it does not cause her much exertion, and she is rapidly gaining in flesh and strength. Inclose a picture of herself just completed and I assure you that you would not recognize it if you had seen her several months ago. I hope that your Hudyan will have the success that it deserves, and I would advise all mothers to give it to their young daughters when there are any signs of weakness about the beginning of puberty. Once again, thanking you for the cure that has been effected, and wishing your Hudyan continued success, I am

Yours very truly,

MRS. EVELYN JONES, Seattle, Washington.

Women who are suffering from disorders peculiar to them, will find Hudyan beneficial. There are hundreds of women who have used Hudyan and endorse it. It is sold all over the United States. Hudyan cures diseases of the blood and nerves, weak nervousness, weakness, exhausted nerve vitality. Hudyan will put your system in condition to resist the "Grippe." Hudyan cures headache, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, regulates the blood. All druggists 50 cents per package, 6 packages for \$2.50, or sent to your address on receipt of price.

HUDYAN REMEDY COMPANY,

316 South Broadway,

Los Angeles, Cal.

Consult the doctors of the Hudyan Company free of charge. These doctors will advise you what to do and how to do it. Call or write.

HUDYAN REMEDY COMPANY,

316 South Broadway,

Los Angeles, Cal.

The Development of the Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY AND CAPITAL, ENTERPRISE AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

Electricity.

H. SINCLAIR, general manager of the Redlands Electric Light and Power Company and the Southern California Power Company, places an estimate of 50,000 horse power on the possibility of development from mountain streams between the San Bernardino Mountains and the ocean. This does not include the Kern River plant, which is looking to this city for disposal of its product. Such a supply of power will be sufficient to be of incalculable benefit to the country, and it does not appear that it will be many years before the full possibilities are attained. The Southern California Power Company is now about ready to generate about five thousand horse power. The San Gabriel Power Company's plant is completed. The Redlands company is extending its plant to about double its present capacity. Below the Southern California Company's plant A. G. Hubbard is at work on another large plant, and below this plant preliminary work is being done on a third. Dr. Baldwin is still at work on his proposed system in Mill Creek Cañon. In Lytle Creek work is under way on another plant, and two other systems are proposed for the San Gabriel River. In view of this activity, it seems that the supply of electricity will keep pace with the demand for many years.

Prof. C. G. Baldwin was in Elsinore Wednesday, so the Press reports, and also visited parties at the head of the lake. Prof. Baldwin is hard at work on his electric-power scheme. The past summer has been spent in developing water, and he has secured fifty-four inches more than he had last spring. The past season has been the driest for twenty years but Prof. Baldwin says that even now he has water sufficient to generate electricity so that he could deliver 750-horse power at this end of the line. The people of Perris Valley are very enthusiastic over Mr. Baldwin's project, as they have demonstrated that they have a splendid underground flow of water, and only need some cheap and feasible way of raising it to the surface.

Transportation Matters.

A REPORT has gained currency, which, although it yet lacks official confirmation, has some of the elements of apparent truth. It is to the effect that the Great Northern Railway Company has secured control of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, and that in this manner the Great Northern is to be brought into direct competition for the business of Southern California. This is in line with the policy of J. J. Hill, whose masterly executive ability has made him almost the dictator of transportation affairs through the Northwest. Should this report prove true, it brings to Southern California new business methods in connection with transportation, for Mr. Hill is noted as the economist in railroad construction. His lines have from the first been free from the fictitious capitalization which has made it necessary to levy rates to pay interest on capital squandered years ago by mismanagement and fraud, a condition which has coupled scandal closely with more than one great enterprise. With this new connection with the Northwest there may be found an opportunity to break the fruit-car monopoly, which has gained a cinch on the growers of Southern California, and thus give the advantage of competition where none now exists.

Improved Mining Outlook.

IT DOES not require that one should have full confidence in all the reports of the finding of mythical fortunes in the mining territory of Southern California to perceive that the development of the desert riches is going on steadily, and that the country is entering upon a period of great prosperity in a mining sense. The wild tales of the finding of immense ledges which run into thousands of dollars per ton are such as have always emanated from mining countries. But taking the testimony of conservative men who have made mining a study from a scientific point of view and it is evident that great progress is being made. The career of Randsburg is an example of the growth of the State along mining lines. Two or three years ago there was scarcely a conservative mining man who would admit that there was a probability of the Rand developing any great riches. It was said that it would be found that the riches were all on the surface, and that they would soon peter out. One of the most practical mining men who talked in that strain two years ago and who has no interest in the district, said a few days ago that he had just been

over the district carefully, and he was at last convinced that there was a great future for the Rand. The success of that camp is one of the great events in Southern California, not simply for the gold that has been found there, but because it removes one of the traditions which have most seriously handicapped the mining interest. It has been repeated so often that even those who wanted to believe otherwise have felt that there would never be anything but shallow mines on the deserts of Southern California. Capitalists are now given confidence in the deserts for the first time in the history of the settlement of the State. It is not strange that this one great success was necessary for this purpose. The men who discovered the many ledges thus far disclosed have been poor prospectors, and the desert is full of "faults" or broken stratas, making it a difficult matter to follow any given ledge. These faults were found at Randsburg, as they have been in numerous other desert mining sections, and it is creditable to the owners of the Randsburg mines that when they lost the ledges they had the ability and the courage to continue work to recover the treasure which had hidden itself. That they have been so eminently successful demonstrates the possibilities in this line, and will encourage the owners of hundreds of other desert mines to pursue the same course. The effect of the encouragement obtained from the experience of Randsburg is evident now in Virginia Dale and the Panamint country, especially where there are many mines which, in the first stages of development, were fully as promising as those of the Rand, but where the prospectors were unable to hunt for lost ledges for financial reasons, and it is now believed that the development of these mines will proceed with newly-enlisted capital.

Colonizing.

THERE is a feature of the new era of water development, that by sinking wells, which promises for the next few years, at least, to change our methods of developing the new sections of the State. Heretofore it has been in the nature of a handicap on the State that it has been considered necessary to develop water in large quantities before inviting colonization, and this required the settling of the tract under the new irrigation system at a very rapid rate to utilize the water. Under the new era there are many large bodies of land where it is possible now to sink wells and thus supply the necessary water, and settlers can come at their leisure and the country be developed in much the same way that the older West was developed a quarter or a half century ago. Of course this does not apply to all sections of Southern California, but it certainly does to many thousands of acres, and this is sufficient to provide the means for the expansion of our industrial life for a number of years.

This new condition will undoubtedly have its effect on the values of real estate throughout Southern California, and is already opening opportunities to people of moderate means which have not heretofore been provided. There are now a number of wide valleys where water is to be had at a depth of from twenty to one hundred feet, in which it has been believed until the past year that it was impossible to secure water, and the fact that they are not adapted to citrus fruit is really an advantage to the State, as having a tendency to promote a diversity of products. General farming and dairying are already taking a firm hold on these districts, and the thousands of acres of land which have been prepared for alfalfa during the past few months is an indication of an increased yield of feed during the next few years, which will tend to make the State more independent than heretofore.

If it is to be taken for granted that the development of 20,000 inches of water during the year now about to close has added something like 80,000 acres to the tillable area for irrigated crops, there should never again be a lack of feed such as has hampered the State during the past year, and the yield of dairy products should soon make California a heavy exporter of butter and cheese, while at the same time it should make the State self-supporting in respect to pork production, for hogs are always kept by successful dairymen in sufficient numbers to consume the waste products.

Taking all things into consideration, the outlook for rapid growth in the State was never brighter than it is today.

Deciduous Fruit Organization.

THE Azusa Pomotropic thus points out the necessity of united action to force deciduous fruits on European markets:

"The action of Germany in inhibiting

the importation of deciduous fruits and the danger of the prohibition being declared by other European countries emphasizes the necessity of a closer union among the deciduous fruit men of California. In some respects the need of organization has not been so apparent in the deciduous fruit trade as in the citrus, but events of the last few months have shown that there should be a strong organization through which the growers could appeal to their own government for relief from exacting measures prescribed by foreign nations. They should also have some means of correcting false impressions relating to the danger to foreign countries from scale insects. The menace of San José scale is real, but it has been demonstrated that the scale cannot live under the most approved curing processes—but it has not been so demonstrated to Germany and Switzerland, which countries have already put a permanent inhibition upon our dried fruits, to the detriment of the health of their poorer classes. Southern California has a deciduous fruit-growers' organization in process of construction, which, if made general, would have the power to regulate many of the abuses of the trade at home and remove much of the prejudices existing in foreign countries. We do not believe this organization can be made effective without a general and prolonged agitation, such as seemed necessary to establish the orange exchange."

Fund Bedrock

THE San Gabriel Power Company has had a big task in finding bedrock for a submerged dam in the San Gabriel Cañon. The Azusa Pomotropic says:

"The prospect work on the site of the proposed submerged dam at the intake of the conduit system of the San Gabriel Electric Company has been completed. Mr. Keatinge informs us that eight shafts were sunk on the site, six of them being to bedrock. The other two shafts, after reaching the depths of forty-four and sixty-four feet, had to be abandoned, as a stream of water of about 500 inches in volume was encountered in each, and it is practically impossible to take care of so much water and work in a shaft. The various shafts show that at this point the bedrock will be found at from four to something over sixty-four feet in depth. While the construction of the dam will be a much more difficult job than was anticipated, the work done there has demonstrated that the salvage of water will far exceed the claims of the most enthusiastic advocate of the work, and there is no doubt but what the enterprise will be put through. The shafts have been covered and left in such a shape that they can be readily utilized when the work of construction begins."

New Depot at Lake View.

THE construction of a spur of the Santa Fé Railroad from Perris to Lake View, just completed, opens up new territory, and the Perris New Era says that plans and specifications are now being prepared for a new depot at Lake View. The depot will be located about two hundred feet northwest of the hotel. The grounds are being prepared, and it is believed that work on the building will be commenced next week. The depot will be surrounded by a pretty garden.

Citric Acid.

THE Chino Champion says: "The citric-acid factory at North Ontario has been declared a failure by the proprietors, the Marshall Field Company, and the machinery will be moved away. The reason given is that the lemons carry so much smaller a percentage of citric acid than limes, from which the acid is usually made, that it does not pay to work them."

This is rather a surprising statement in view of the fact that a large amount of citric acid is made in Philadelphia from lemons imported, but which have so far decayed as to be unsaleable, and the operation of the factories at National City and La Mirada will be watched with interest to see whether they meet the same experience. So far the National City plant seems to be conducted with profit, while that at La Mirada is not yet in operation. Southern California will soon have thousands of tons of culled lemons which will go to waste unless they can be thus utilized, and if the industry of manufacturing citric acid makes greater protection from imported acid made from limes the industry is of sufficient general importance to ascertain that fact definitely and work for its accomplishment.

New Coast Line.

THE San Diego people are naturally pleased to learn that a new line of steamboats is to be put on between that city and the Mexican ports. The Sun says:

"The first actual work to be made

public was an order left two days ago with Sterne Bros.' foundry in this city for extensive repairs to the machinery of the development company's steamer Carlos Pacheco, now lying at the Santa Fé wharf. Yesterday a boiler of 150 horse power was ordered for her from San Francisco, and contracts were entered into here for the complete overhauling of the machinery, the building of new decks and passenger accommodations, and the general renovation of the boat, at an expense of something like \$7000.

"The balance of the information was given by an officer of the development company as follows: 'When the repairs now under way are completed the Pacheco will be in first-class condition and able to carry forty passengers and 200 tons of freight without crowding. She will then be put on her old run between San Diego, Cedros Island and way ports, the run now taken by the St. Denis. The Pacheco handled all that business for years without any difficulty, and there never was any reason for changing her for the St. Denis, except that the development company had the two boats, and the Pacheco being a little out of repair, it was thought best to lay her up for a time until some arrangements then on the tapis could have time to be brought to a head.'

"That time has now arrived, and as I understand it, one of General Manager Packard's chief reasons for going east at this time is to meet President Ripley of the Santa Fé and complete the deal with him by which the St. Denis shall be put on to run on the long run between San Diego and the lower coast. The idea is to have a certain amount of "down" freight guaranteed by the Santa Fé Company and a certain amount of "up" freight by the development company. The coast line will operate in connection with the California and Oriental line, both for the convenience of handling freight and passengers. The Santa Fé Company, I understand, expects to do a big business from the start in shipping agricultural machinery and hardware from points in Illinois and Missouri direct to this city and thence by the steamship line to the west coast of Mexico. There is a big demand for that sort of merchandise down there just now, and the line will no doubt do a large and profitable business from the start."

Water Development

THROUGHOUT Southern California water development still continues on an extensive scale, by the sinking of wells and otherwise. Some weeks since The Times estimated the extent of this development work for the year at 15,000 inches. Since that estimate was made, the developments of water have been so extensive that it is altogether probable that the total developments for the year will not fall below 20,000 miner's inches. Even taking into consideration that a large part of this water will be used in irrigating alfalfa fields, it is evident that over the closing year water for 80,000 acres of new land has been developed, though the full benefit of this will not be apparent until a series of wet winters leads to its distribution. For the present, a large part of the water is being used on land long under cultivation.

The San Bernardino Sun says: "A filing on water was left with the County Recorder yesterday signed by J. D. Burkhart and S. J. Brummett, claiming 100 inches of the flow from Little Morongo Cañon at a place called the Narrows, located one and one-half miles north of Virginia Dale wagon and stage road, and five miles east of M. B. Warren's ranch in the Morongo mining district. The claim is for all the water running on and under the surface, to be used for mining, milling and domestic purposes at the Pioneer group of mines owned by the claimants."

The Monrovia Messenger says: "Having purchased a fine piece of land, consisting of thirty-five acres, just west of Cronenwett and Walton's orange orchards, A. J. Averell is going immediately to work to sink a well on the property. The well is situated on the south side of White Oak avenue, and was located by Mr. Godfrey, of Pasadena, who has quite a reputation as a 'water witch.' To facilitate the work of lifting the dirt out of the shaft an eight-horse power Hercules gasoline engine has been purchased and is already on the ground. The derrick is now being built and active work on the shaft will soon begin. A house for the workmen to live in is almost completed. Mr. Averell is going about the work in a systematic manner, and if water is to be had in that locality he will be sure to get it."

A correspondence from Perris says: "Two large pumping plants arrived last week. One of them is for the Burbank ranch on the East Side, and will, when erected, pump 100 inches of water."

The San Bernardino Sun has the following: "A Boermann has filed on 2000 inches of water from the underflow of the Santa Ana River to be taken out in the foothills, and used for irrigating the agricultural lands of Mentone and Redlands. The means to be used to divert the water is to be a pipe line thirty-six inches in diameter and a

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ditch three feet wide on bottom, four and a half feet wide at top and three feet deep, sufficient to carry the whole 2000 inches claimed."

Municipal Debts.

THE large importation of gold into this country, and consequent decreasing rate of interest, is being felt in California, and San Bernardino officials are considering a proposition to take advantage of the new condition. The Sun says:

"City Attorney Haskell yesterday filed an opinion with the City Clerk, in which he advises the Board of City Trustees that the section of the statutes of 1897 limiting the powers of Boards of City Trustees to make expenditures for waterworks has only to do with cash in the treasury, but does not in any way relate to the powers of the board when a question of bond indebtedness is in issue.

"In other words, he finds nothing in the law which will prevent the carrying out of the plan proposed, to refund the city's water debt, by issuing a new series of bonds, at a lower rate of interest. This, of course, is subject to the will of a majority of the board, and of the electors of the city.

"The plan now under consideration is twofold. The board wishes to refund the city's bonded debt of \$88,000, and the Trustees believe the new bonds can be floated at not to exceed 4 per cent. interest, if the issue is for forty years. Against this proposal, we have not heard a single valid argument. Its disadvantages are that it reduces the city's interest payments one-third and that it will distribute the payments over a longer period, leaving something for the people to pay who will benefit by the improvement in coming years.

"The second branch of the proposition is the purchase of a water supply. Whether the people of San Bernardino will vote bonds to purchase a water right is a doubtful question."

In the same line is the opportunities which are open to Pasadena. The News says:

"Pasadena's standing in the financial world is high up, as a communication from President George F. Kernaghan of the Pasadena National Bank, presented to the Council this morning and printed below, will show. It demonstrates not only the high standing of the city, but also that Pasadena can build its waterworks system and make improvements so much cheaper than individuals can. With 4 per cent. bonds, Pasadena's credit is close to that of Uncle Sam's. The letter is as follows: 'PASADENA, Cal., Dec. 10, 1898. Hon. Trustees of the City of Pasadena:

"Gentlemen—Having heard frequent inquiries made as to what interest this city would have to pay on an issue of \$500,000 bonds for water and sewer purposes, it occurred to me that some reliable data upon the subject might be desirable, and for your information I beg to quote from the letter of a responsible banker in the East, as follows:

"We have had experience with Pasadena securities in the past, and believing in the city's strength, we are willing to handle more of the city's bonds. We are prepared to say we will take the entire \$500,000 bonds made in accordance with the general description contained in your letter and bearing interest at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum, and pay par for the block."

"I believe that under competitive bidding a 4½ per cent. bond will sell at a premium, and a 4 per cent. bond will go at par. Yours respectfully,

"GEOGE F. KERNAGHAN."

Road Making.

THE California Cultivator has started the annual campaign in favor of good roads. It says:

"Usually in the plowing season there come heavy rains that may delay regular plowing for a day or two. This is always the most favorable time to plow up old roads, with a view to grading and fixing them up. They can be torn up and left for another rain to soften, when they can be harrowed and the clods broken up and put in condition for a first-class road. It is always well to consult the county surveyor on jobs of this sort, to give lines and levels and to indicate where culverts should go in. If at all possible, put in stone culverts, or vitrified pipe, so that all improvements of this nature may be permanent. Always remember in estimating the capacity of a culvert to provide for a proportion of sand and other impediments in the time of the heaviest rains.

"Make the job first-class as far as it goes, and calculate that one mile of first-class road is better than two of an inferior quality. If your road overseer has been put in because he has a political pull or to pay political debts of the Supervisor of the district, be pretty sure that he is not very competent, and have as little to do with him as possible, but get some man of experience and good judgment to 'boss' the job, even if he has to be paid pretty well."

Oxnard Sugar Factory.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Ventura Independent says: "I am in position to state positively that in the event of a good and sufficient downpour of rain prior to February the ca-

pacity of the Oxnard beet sugar factory will be doubled.

"This fact was settled upon at a meeting of the parties in interest something more than ten days ago.

"The engine and furnace capacity will be doubled, and exactly double the present manufacturing capacity will be provided for in every department of the factory.

"The contracts for the addition have been settled upon, and all that now remains to render certain the improvement is a copious shedding of tears by Jupiter Pluvius.

"Ventura county has long held the record for possessing the largest bean field in the world, with no locality to dispute her title.

"I can now record that I have received information direct from the party of the first part, James Leonardt, that he has closed a contract with the Patterson ranch, which when fulfilled, will give to Ventura county the largest beet field (under one fence) in the State of California, if not in the United States. Mr. Leonardt, who held a building contract with the Oxnards, and whose work on the Ventura factory was so entirely satisfactory in its every detail, informs me that he will plant 500 acres of the Patterson ranch to beets. When this planting is completed Mr. Leonardt will hold the big field record for the year. He is enthusiastic over the beet-sugar outlook in Ventura county, and the best evidence of his sincerity and belief in the old county is found in the reading of the contract, just closed."

Oil Development in Kings County.

A COMPANY to be known as the Hanford Oil Company has perfected organization. The Fresno Democrat says:

"It proposes to begin operations on land in Kings county adjoining the Baby Kings County property. It will organize with \$62,000 capital stock, and the following are announced as the board of directors: J. T. McJunkin, J. O. Hickman, E. H. Walker, R. A. Talbot, S. J. Sensabaugh, C. R. Brown and J. Brincefield.

"The field of operations of this company will embrace 2100 acres, and the fact that it is the second organized move to develop oil in Kings county is important. Men who have examined the territory in that county and who have had experience in oil mining pronounce the surface indications in Kings county territory as excellent.

"The West Side Oil Company of Hanford has changed its name to the Oregon Oil Company, will incorporate and as soon as possible active development of the property of the company will be made on Little Tar Cañon, southeast of the Kettleman Plain. C. W. Brown is president and F. H. Walker secretary of the new corporation.

"Fresno county has gained much prominence through the development of West Side oil fields, and if the Kings county oil belt can be tapped successfully the county as a whole, as well as the operators of the wells, will reap a benefit."

Porterville Oranges.

FROM a box of superior selected Porterville oranges, sent to Redlands as a sample of what that Central California locality can do in the way of raising oranges, the editor of the Citrograph was permitted to sample two. The Citrograph says:

"These oranges were Washington navel, 126s in size, were very solid, heavy and meaty, full of juice, thin skin adhering tightly to pulp, colored nicely, but the color rather 'lemony' as compared with Redlands. They were rather sour, too sour for market, but they were sweeter than the straight run of Redlands at this time.

"These oranges were good, and would be so pronounced by any judge of citrus fruits. They were about three weeks ahead of ours in coloring and in sweetness; no more. This three weeks is gained because of hot summer nights. In this Redlands cannot possibly compete—and does not desire to. Porterville raises good oranges. We have never denied, or desired to deny it. All we have ever done that even the most touchy Porterville editor could take exceptions to, is these absurd claims of such extra earliness in ripening and sweetness of the fruit. We are perfectly willing that every little warm pocket in the State should make a try at orange growing. Dame Nature will tell, in a few years, where orange growing is a profitable business occupation."

Street Trees.

THE importance of providing trees for shade is not limited to any section, and the comments of the Albany, N. Y., Times-Union are applicable in California as in the East. That paper says:

"One has but to walk along some avenue lined with trees and then along one with no trees to notice the difference in the air. One longs to linger along the first and drink its pure air permeated with an unnameable freshness and buoyancy, while haste cannot be too fast along the street with a musty and heavy smell. It is a pleasure to live in the first, a spring of health, while to live in the latter is a punishment, a generator of disease.

"There is also a pecuniary side to this question. Property-owners and building associations are beginning to find that the appreciation of rents in sections supplied with shade trees

makes it profitable to attend to tree planting.

"Tree planting associations have been formed in several large cities, and an organized movement is on foot to plant shade trees wherever possible along the streets. It will be a conclusive element to the good health of our cities and cause a large decrease in the mortality list of the young in tenement house districts when a row of shade trees along the street is considered indispensable."

Woman's Neglected Opportunity.

THE Bakersfield Echo is rather severe in its criticism of the women of that town, when it says:

"Strange to say, in this movement for a cleaner, brighter and more beautiful Bakersfield, the women are last to move. Privately or individually they can state their views on the situation with commendable emphasis. But they have never shouldered their influence and gone forth in a body to flay the derelict men right and left for leaving the city in dirt and neglect. We have been expecting for years that they would go on the warpath in this matter, but it now really looks as if cold, calculating man was going to leave his esthetic partner behind in this movement. We hope not; we want to see all move together. But as yet there is little sign that the women are dissatisfied with present conditions. But if the women want to continue to wade around in the dust there are evidences that the men do not, and some improvements are going to be made. Let the standard be kept high enough and the result will justify the cost."

Obstacles to Colonizing.

IN AN article in the December Irrigation Age, T. S. Van Dyke of this city takes a philosophical view of the obstacles which present themselves to irrigation companies seeking to colonize new lands, as follows:

"In spite of all that can be said, the fact still stands out clearly that one of the main things with which irrigation companies have had to contend has been the difficulty of getting settlers. The stupidity of companies about this has been wonderful, but even the most judicious management has found it uphill work for several years past, growing steadily worse up to the last year or two.

"The main cause of it is due to the idea that farming is unprofitable; that a country life is dull and slow; that farming is good enough for those who know no better, or can do no better, but it is not the thing for the boy of the family, who must be something better than his father was; that it is not progress, but rather setting one back in the world and making him a laughing stock under the name of 'hayseed' or something else."

Development Notes.

A EFFORT is being made to start anew the woolen mills at Ensenada, Mex., which have been closed for the last seven years.

The sprinkling of San Diego's streets from an electric car is said to be a success.

Colton is complaining that the two hotels of that town are closed, and people who would remain there overnight are obliged to move on to the next town.

A wall-paper factory is to be built at San José.

Fresno is talking of reincorporating under a charter.

The Fresno Republican heads an article as follows: "Citrus Fruits—More of Them Should be Grown Here. Our Fruit is Earlier, Cleaner and Cheaper than in Southern California." In this section cheap oranges are not considered an advantage here, and as for cleanliness is not well informed.

One firm in Ontario is said to be distributing \$1000 per day for fruit and labor, which they ship East.

A meeting was held at Santa Monica on Monday last for the organization of a Town Improvement Club. The town is badly in need of such an organization, as a large portion of the property is held by non-residents, who neglect their property, especially during their absence from town. As a consequence an organization of citizens to promote general cleanliness of streets and lots is desirable.

The Mount Whitney Power Company has succeeded to the plant of the Visalia Electric Light Company, and expects to be ready to supply electricity by April, 1899.

San Diego Councilmen and Mayor visited the Otay reservoir last week, and, according to the Union, they were well pleased with the new reservoir and its present supply of water.

The San Joaquin Electric Company, operating at Fresno, is building a reservoir in the mountains to impound water for use at times of lowest natural supply, and thus raise the minimum capacity of the electric plant.

DIDN'T MEAN TO.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] Little Bessie, having been punished for misbehavior, walked to the other end of the room, crying.

When her sobs had subsided, her mother turned to view her repentance, found her engaged in making faces at her.

"Why, Bessie," said her mother, "how can you do so?"

"Oh, mamma," answered the girl quickly, "I was trying to smile at you, but my face slipped."

IN TRIBUTARY TERRITORY.**Tonto Basin Dam.**

THE Phoenix, Ariz., Republican points out the importance of a water development project now underway, as follows:

"Henry H. Man of New York, vice-president of the Hudson Reservoir and Canal Company, in a conversation yesterday upon impounding the flood waters of the Salt River, said: 'The Salt River Valley presents ideal conditions of irrigation under a proper system. That agriculture can be profitably carried on here if water is supplied has been demonstrated by practice. The flood waters of the river are ample to supply the irrigable land. There are reservoir sites where these flood waters can be economically impounded. The river heads in this Territory, and there is no danger of conflict as to the right to grant water for irrigation purposes.'

"The project of the Hudson Reservoir and Canal Company is to construct a masonry dam in the box cañon of the Salt River, at the point where the river leaves the Tonto Basin, so as to form a storage reservoir. The conditions for constructing a reservoir at this point are singularly favorable, the bottom and sides of the cañon being of hard rock, and the cañon itself being narrow in proportion to its depth, while the reservoir site is extensive and open. A dam 200 feet in height—which is higher than necessary—and 200 feet in length at the bottom, would not exceed 600 feet in length at the top, and would make a lake between fifteen and eighteen miles in length, one arm of which would extend up the valley of the Salt River, while the other arm, nearly equal in length, would extend up that of Tonto Creek.

"Considering the magnitude of the projected reservoir and the importance of the work, the engineering difficulties are remarkably few. The rock excavation for waste ways, will be more than sufficient to supply the necessary building stone, which is of a good quality, for the masonry dam. Thorough examination of the site discloses that at no point will the dam rest upon or touch anything but solid rock. Modern improvements in the construction of masonry dams have greatly decreased the time necessary for their construction. The water will flow from the dam to the headgates of the present canals, down the cañon of the Salt River, which the company has the right to use as a canal for the delivery of water. As the sides and bed of the river are in rock, the loss by seepage will be the minimum. From what has been said, taken in connection with what everybody in the valley knows, it will be seen that the conditions for the construction and operation of a reservoir at this point could hardly be improved upon. The reservoir site lies 2000 feet above sea level, and the greater portion of the watershed lies in the mountains and includes some of the best drainage areas in Arizona."

Flagstaff's Water Bonds.

WHEN it comes to voting on bonds for the construction of waterworks Flagstaff's citizens nearly make it unanimous for bonds, says the Flagstaff Gem. The town has held three elections within the past two years to vote on the proposition of voting bonds and the vote against it doesn't make a tally. The vote last Monday showed eighty in favor of issuing bonds to four against it. The voters by their action saved the town \$600 each year in the way of interest, and showed to the world that they would back the town in her obligations to secure waterworks. Monday demonstrated that Flagstaff would not take any backward steps. That her motto was onward and upward. She has secured, and will soon complete, the finest system of waterworks in Arizona. This of itself is a half a million dollars to the Skylight City. An abundance of cold, pure mountain water at our doors is a rare luxury and comfort and one that we should appreciate. We can have nice lawns, the streets sprinkled and various comforts by having plenty of water. It will be a great inducement for capital to invest in Flagstaff, and no doubt it will be the means of making this town a large and prosperous city.

THE DOLL'S HOUSE.

[Chicago Inter Ocean:] It is always pretty hard to buy books for children, since what is usually paraded under the head of juvenile literature is such namby-pamby stuff, and "grown-up" reading is not always either safe or wise. But the funniest instance of mischoice was when, last week, a lady doing her Christmas shopping, and hurrying about it, as we all do, saw a book entitled "The Doll's House," by one Ibsen, and bought it to give to her little granddaughter. Now, what I am wondering is the mental condition of that child when she wakes up Christmas morning and finds that blessed book in her stocking, and what she will say thereof?

Alma Powell, the singer, has taken a very practical step. She has retired temporarily from the concert stage to take a course of law, especially that branch of it dealing with contracts.

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FRESH LITERATURE.

Reviews by The Times Reviewer.

A New Venture by Mrs. Craigie.
THE AMBASSADOR. By John Oliver Hobbes. [New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

J OHN OLIVER HOBSES has made a new move. She has ventured into the playwright's realm, and her maiden effort in this new field is the easiest reading in the world. There is no problem, no tax on the imagination, no mental effort of any kind attending its perusal. The situations are so entirely possible, the men and women so eminently conventional and so typical of the vulgarities of society, that one wonders just why they should figure in Mrs. Craigie's mind as worthy of perpetuation. However, in consideration of the fact that the play had a supposedly successful presentation at St. James' Theater, cavil is perhaps superfluous. In the face of success it is useless to remonstrate, even were one inclined to remonstrate against anything so innocuous as the situations and the dialogue of "The Ambassador." There is a good deal of more or less superficial moralizing about life, love and marriage, a broken engagement or two, and the climactic spectacle of a blushing old flirt falling madly in love with a thoroughly unworldly girl, who is foolish enough to accept his scarred affections and to feel perfectly satisfied with her bargain.

The dialogue is fair, though not enlivened with any great show of wit; but it reads well, and probably "speaks" with equal smoothness.

An Enterprising Yankee Boy.
A YANKEE BOY'S SUCCESS. By H. S. Morrison. [New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

A unique literary product is to be found in young Harry Morrison Steele's story of his travels in Europe, and of all that Yankee pluck and ingenuity did for him in making his way from Chicago to the capitals and out of the way corners of Europe. This ambitious and energetic young Yankee had but \$25 with him when he left Chicago, but he found ways of adding to his small store, even while missing none of the old world sights, he set out to see. The entire trip from Chicago and back again was accomplished for very little more than \$100, and for that small sum Master Harry enjoyed many priceless pleasures. Beginning with President McKinley, whom he bodily interviewed at Washington, Morrison had audiences with many famous people, including the Queen and Mr. Gladstone, the Lord Mayor of London, King Leopold and President Faure.

The book is thoroughly boyish, sprinkled plentifully with small egotisms and immature impressions; but it is naïvely interesting, and shows a good deal of literary ability, as well as a laudable ambition to "get on" in the world. An introduction by Chauncey Depew gives his impression of the "Boy Reporter," in which character Morrison interviewed the famous New Yorker.

Travels With Young People.
TRAVELS THROUGH NORTH AMERICA WITH THE CHILDREN. By Frank G. Carpenter. [Chicago: American Book Company.]

A few weeks ago there was noticed in these columns a "Geographical Reader" by Frank Carpenter, whose entertaining letters of travel have been enjoyed by Times readers for many years. Mr. Carpenter has published this attractive work under another title, and as "Travels in North America" it holds forth an invitation to children both in and out of school to inform themselves more fully as to the wonders of the land they live in. There is no reason why the book should be limited to the text-book field, and doubtless in its fresh form it will have a deservedly wide reading.

TRAVELS THROUGH ASIA WITH THE CHILDREN. By Frank G. Carpenter. [Chicago: American Book Company.]

Along the same line as the book mentioned above is Mr. Carpenter's book of travels through Asia. In a letter received with the volume, Mr. Carpenter mentions that the material for them was gathered while his letters were appearing in The Times, and this fact will doubtless have interest for the paper's readers, many of whom are devoted admirers of the clever traveler, and read with avidity all that comes from his pen.

Mr. Carpenter proves himself an accomplished guide in this imaginary tour of the world on the other side of the globe. He has traveled many thousands of miles through the scenes he describes and has spent much time among the strange peoples whose customs and habits of life are a continual source of wonder to dwellers in the civilized world. He has an admirable faculty for choosing matter that is likely to interest young readers, at the same time that he touches upon the most important points of the country's physical and political geography. Through Japan, Korea and eastern Siberia, In-

dia, Persia, Arabia, Palestine and Turkey is a fascinating tour, which has its terminus at the western end of the Transsiberian Railroad. Under Mr. Carpenter's guidance and with the help of the excellent pictures illustrating his book, every boy and girl may enjoy such a charming trip through Asiatic countries, that are now of especial interest to us, since we have taken a hand in the world's great game of international affairs.

From Prang and Company.

Among the daintily attractive publications of the Prang Art Company their holiday calendars are conspicuous. These range from the tiny "Porte-Monnaie Calendar," through the list of flower calendars, and also include some admirable patriotic and historical designs. The firm points with pardonable pride to the thoroughly American character of their publications, all the designing, lithographing and printing being done in this country. The results are sumptuous and beautiful enough to satisfy the most fastidious.

Imperial Rome.

DOMITIA. By S. Baring-Gould. [New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

Mr. Baring-Gould has been so fortunate as to meet the approval of the public taste in most of the novels he has written heretofore, but his latest venture, though scholarly, is not likely to be a popular success. It is a story of the Roman emperors, beginning with the last years of Nero's reign, and on through the stormy periods of Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Vespasian, Titus and Domitian. The narrative is full of description and detail, all of which, however, fails of producing graphic effects. It is distinctly an effort to follow Mr. Baring-Gould's thread, in spite of the fact that the period he has chosen is fruitful in incident and abounds in brilliant opportunities for the display of the novelist's art. He ambles through pages of description of the most stirring incidents without effecting a thrill in his reader's imagination; his characters fall short of humanness, and express themselves in speech so slantly modern that one wonders at the author's temerity in employing such a mode of language, side by side with pictures of ancient life, the details of which, at least, he has mastered so well.

Altogether Mr. Baring-Gould is more at home in a nineteenth-century atmosphere, and his book is further handicapped by a collection of excessively bad illustrations that could not fail to dispel any charm that the story itself might have power to produce.

Optimistic Essays.

VOICES OF HOPE. By Horatio W. Dresser. [Boston: George H. Ellis.]

Prof. James says, "Believe that life is worth living, and your belief will help create the fact." On such cheerful philosophy is the faith of Horatio W. Dresser grounded, and his outlook upon life and its problems admits no cloud of doubt upon its horizon.

Dr. Dresser is far from being an illogical optimist, but is, on the contrary, a broad, liberally-trained thinker along philosophical lines. His essays not only sound the note of personal conviction, but bear the mark of the logician. They are cheerful, convincing, applicable to practical things, and, at the same time, well ordered studies of psychic and spiritual laws. Endless progress is the message which the author proclaims, and the breadth of his ideals includes faith in the discords and inharmonies of life as steps in the great evolutionary scheme, whereby the human race is to arrive at better and more perfect things.

Dr. Dresser's essays cannot fail of being helpful to the restless mind that is continually turning over the great puzzle of life. They are a step in the direction of a philosophy of individuality, progress and optimism. . . . which shall sometime interpret the harmonies of the universe."

Magazines of the Month.

THE end-of-the-year number of that admirable quarterly, "Poet Lore," is out a trifle later than usual, but is so richly satisfying in every way that this fault is easily forgotten. Perhaps the most notable feature of the number is William Morris's "Night in a Cathedral," reprinted from the rare Oxford and Cambridge Magazine of 1856. Another reprint is one of Edward Rod's brilliant bits of fiction taken from his "Scenes de la Vie Cosmopolite," published in 1890. M. Rod has been engaged for a course of lectures before Harvard University during the coming winter, and a glimpse of his style is for this reason doubly interesting. The essays and appreciations include a study of "Tennyson and Other Debtors to Spencer's 'Faerie Queen,'" by William Sloane Kennedy; "A Spanish Poet-Laureate; Jose Zorrilla," by Fanny Hale Gardner; "The Serpent of Old Nile," by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., being a study of the Cleopatra of Tragedy; "Hecate in 'Macbeth,'" by Mary E. Gardwell, and "The Sigrid Stories in the 'Nibelungenlied' and Elsewhere," by Camillo-von Kleuze. A great number of scholarly reviews and interesting

news of the literary world is also to be enjoyed.

Among many clever cover designs for the Christmas magazines, that for Harper's Bazar is conspicuously quaint and artistic. Its homely suggestion is redolent of heartiness and good cheer, and recalls the customs of our grandmothers, while the contents of the magazine are full of more modern hints for enhancing the joys of the present time.

"London's Store of Furs" is the subject of an article by C. J. Cornish in the December Cornhill Magazine. London and Peking are vast storehouses for furs from every quarter of the globe, and the trade in these forms a great industry, and a study in fashion's whims and fluctuations. The conclusion of Orme Agnes's strong story, "Zike Mouldom," is to be found in this number, together with several shorter bits of fiction.

Field and Stream is gay with Christmas mirth on its cover, and is filled with stories of sport and adventure and with studies of the sportsman's craft.

The Christmas issue of Harper's Weekly is larger than ever before, consisting of forty pages, and a four-page cover in colors. The special Christmas features are Christmas stories by Frank Stockton, entitled "The Great Staircase at Landover Hall," illustrated by A. E. Sterner; "The Amalgamated Brotherhood of Spooks," by John Kendrick Bangs, illustrated by G. Verbeck; and "A Spanish Money Jar"—a Christmas story of Santiago, by Hezekiah Butterworth, illustrated by Henry McCarter. Howard Pyle contributes a double-page drawing in colors. Among other illustrations of special interest is a drawing by Tappan Adney—"Christmas in the Klondyke," and "A Cock Fight in Porto Rico." The regular departments are also very full and comprehensive.

Collier's Christmas number blazes forth in a brilliantly-illuminated cover that is one of A. B. Wenzell's charming designs. Mr. Wenzell has also done some dainty figure drawings for a story by Sarah Grand, in this issue. S. R. Crockett has a story of adventure "on the border of three realms," and there is an extravaganza of New York life, with striking pictures by Howard Pyle.

This is eminently the day of the man. Evidences of him are to be found in every field once set apart for grown folks, and the day when little people were seen and not heard is distinctly past. By way of example, young Eugene McCarthy, 18 years of age, occupies the leading position in the Midland's December issue, and tells with much gusto his experiences in the Klondike. The possession of a camera put young McCarthy in a position to get some interesting views and these he has used to good advantage in the illustration of his article. J. Floyd Cole writes of "Our New Neighbor, Hongkong," and shows a series of pictures that give one a new idea of the oriental city.

The twelfth and last number of Elbert Hubbard's series of "Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen" is devoted to Lincoln. An admirable portrait prefaces the sketch, which is in Mr. Hubbard's usual excellent vein, with the added advantage of personal recollection to enhance its interest.

The Youth's Companion issues an especially charming calendar for 1899. It is in folding screen form with an exquisite girl's face occupying the central panel.

Literary Comment.

The First Printed Book.

TO SEE and handle absolutely the first book ever printed, what a pleasure for bibliophiles! Percy Fitzgerald saw and handled this book, and he gives a description of it in Literature. One would naturally expect it to be, as Mr. Fitzgerald says, "a rude, unformed, ill-furnished thing." Instead it is really a masterpiece of the printing art. It was a first attempt, and yet modern printers agree that it is impossible to match it. It is interesting to know that the book was sold at Sotheby's for £3000.

A volume might be written about the printing of this first book, and Guttenberg, Fust, and their clever apprentice, Peter Schoeffer. These men began the task about 1450, and four years were spent in experiments and failures. First they tried wooden letters, but these were an utter failure, as they either split or wore away. Then the letters were cut from metal by hand, a process which was very costly and at the same time extremely slow.

Finally, the apprentice Schaeffer hit upon the plan of casting lead from molds, and he was not slow to claim the honor of the invention. It is an interesting fact that the printing business established by Schoeffer was carried on under the firm name of Schoeffer & Co. until the French revolution.

War Heroes as Lecturers.

[E. S. Martin, in Harper's Weekly.] That is a sorrowful story that Lieut. Hobson tells, albeit one greatly to his credit, about the \$50,000 that was offered him for a lecture course, which he felt obliged to decline. He reasoned that the only thing that made him valuable as a lecturer was the sinking of the Merrimac, a job done in the course of his duty as an officer of the navy, on the renown of which he had no mind to trade.

Undoubtedly he was right about it, though Piper Findlater would have decided differently. It is hard to say whether his case is better or worse than that of Col. Roosevelt, who contracted last winter, doubtless at a moderate figure, to give eight Lowell lectures in

Boston, and then hustled off to war and back, and in one way or another made himself the most-talked-of man in America, and the most valuable as a lecturer. The colonel's flittings to Boston and back to keep his engagements have abounded in adventure, and have amused the newspaper-reading public.

A Quartette of Indians.

Edward Eggleston, the novelist, is sojourning at Madison, Ind. This is practically a return for him to his native health. He was born at Vevey, in that State, sixty-one years ago, and in company with James Whitcomb Riley, Gen. Lew Wallace and Maurice Thompson, secures for the Hoosier State no mean place in our literary history. To the publisher especially this Hoosier quartette must seem important; at least three of the four have been extraordinarily good sellers. It is perhaps not generally known that Mr. Eggleston began life as a Methodist minister. Most of his employment, though, has been as an editor and writer. As an editor he served first in Chicago—on a children's paper, and then on the Sunday-School Teacher. Then he became connected with the New-York Independent, and then with the Hearth and Home, afterward absorbed by what is now the Century Magazine. Of late years he has given himself wholly to authorship, dividing his residence between his country home near Lake George, and New York. Although he has been much of his life a man who has had to have a special care for his health, he is, in appearance, of rather sturdy physique—tall and large-framed, and of erect carriage. Add a very bright, dark eye and an abundance of gray beard and hair, and you have all that is particularly memorable of the outer man.

[Chicago Post:] Sir Walter Besant makes a distinction between Browning the man and Browning the poet in an article in the Queen. While admitting that he had genius in great measure he thinks that personally he was most uninteresting. The opinion should be taken, however, with some reservations since Besant saw Browning but once and bases his estimate on his reading about him, and on the circumstances of his life. It was his good fortune that made him an unsatisfactory character study:

"He had cultivated and scholarly parents, private means, troops of friends, cheerfulness while he waited, success at the end, and, to crown all, an absorbing passion for a woman who stimulated and encouraged him, and who was worth all the devotion that could be lavished upon her. There were no anxieties about his life, no struggles, no ups and downs, no garret, no Bohemia, no wanderings in doubtful valleys with Byron and Burns. His life seems to me to have been passed in a comfortable barge, towed along a canal, from which, quite at his ease, he could survey mankind and watch their ways, and, in his poems, forget himself absolutely and enter wholly into the minds he was studying. With this view of Browning I have read his life. I find it exactly what I expected, and, indeed, knew beforehand. The man is not interesting; his letters want distinction; I would rather read a page of Keats's letters than all Browning's. The life had to be written, but it does not greatly increase my admiration of the poet. He remains singularly apart from the man. Browning was evidently a most sincere, loyal and admirable character—only not interesting. But the poet was so much more than the man."

The Horrors of Thirst.

"Sven Hedin's description of his sufferings in the great Takla-makan desert reads like a page of Dante's 'Inferno,'" says Marion Wilcox, in a review of "Through Asia" in Harper's Bazar. No one has ever described the suffering of thirst in such realistic fashion, and when at last the explorer had crawled to a stagnant pool, he carefully noted every sensation as he lifted the cup to his lips, and the effect the water had upon his pulse and circulation. "My blood, which had lately been so sluggish and so slow that it was scarcely able to creep through the capillaries, now coursed easily through every blood vessel; my hands, which had been dry, parched, and as hard as wood, swelled out again; my skin, which had been like parchment, turned moist and elastic." Thanks to Dr. Hedin's careful description of his march through the desert, we have realized so fully what it means to be deprived of shelter, water, and human companionship—that when Hedin comes upon some shepherds, keeping their flocks by the river bank, we revel with him in the possession of a hat, and their maize bread seems food for the gods.

Black's Plan for Serious Work.

The death of William Black, the novelist, in London last week, makes significant these words of his, taken from a short sketch of himself and his work, written several years ago: "My last published (1877) novel, 'Madcap Violet,' already appears to be most popular of these books of mine, as it undoubtedly contains the best work of which I am capable. But as to the 'something serious' which Mr. Carlyle once suggested I should write—in offering this cruel hint he did not know how he was revenging himself on me for my juvenile impertinence in praising him—who can tell? My more intimate friends—one-half of whom seem to consider my novels facetious and trivial, the other half complaining of them as far too gloomy and tragic—appear to agree in thinking that there ought to be something 'beyond these voices.' Perhaps I shall satisfy them in time. Perhaps I shall end as I began—with a series of

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suggestions for the better government of the universe. In fact, I have now in my eye a scheme—but we will not anticipate." Was this "scheme" ever carried out? • • •

Literary Notes.

WITH the January number, the Critic will appear in enlarged form and in an entirely new dress of type. It will be printed by G. P. Putnam's Sons at their Knickerbocker Press, but will remain under the same editorial management.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich is trying to get some satisfaction out of the fortune left him by his friend, the late Mr. Pierce. He and his family are making a tour of the world.

The article in The Quarterly dissecting and denouncing the religious views of Marie Corelli and Hall Caine, as exemplified by their novels, is said to have been written by the Rev. Dr. Barry of Dorchester, England.

The December Century is out of print, except for such copies as are now on the dealers' counters. No more can be supplied, as the colored covers were printed in France and a new edition cannot be had in time to be available.

"Authors who have published twelve books should be suppressed," says a well-known English bookseller. A study of the book market shows that the demand for the last book of a leading novelist falls off after the public has learned to expect something new every season.

In the December Book News, Molly Elliot Seawell enters a mild protest, apropos of her latest story. She says: "I wrote The Loves of the Lady Arabella because I had a story in my mind, and a publisher in New York. It has amazed and annoyed me to find critics on reputable newspapers have mistaken it for a story for young people. It was meant with the greatest seriousness, for men and women—and how any one can suppose otherwise passes my knowledge."

Capt. Sigsbee ought to have a watch made especially to resist the action of salt water. The one he now carries has been submerged three times. It went down in Japanese waters many years ago. At Bahia Honda, in 1878, when a Spanish pilot grounded his vessel, the Blake, it had another salt-water bath, the vessel being flooded to prevent her pounding to pieces on the rocks. At Havang it went down with the Maine, but was recovered by a diver. When the war broke out and Capt. Sigsbee took command of the St. Paul, he wisely left this watch at home, thinking it indiscreet to risk it again in Cuban waters.

According to Literature, the French writer, Gyp, is in extremely hot water because of a certain passage in one of his latest books, "Le Journal d'un Grinchil." This passage is only a dozen words in length, and it states: "M. Trarieux became a Protestant for the sake of making an advantageous marriage." That might not seem at first sight a very dangerous statement, but the fact that M. Trarieux is a Senator alters the case. For each copy of the book sold Trarieux demands £500, the suppression of the passage in future editions, and £50,000 damages. This is probably the only case of the kind on record, and the first instance of a novelist plunged into mourning by the enormous sales of her books.

HIS NAME WAS BILL.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] Shortly before I left school a new teacher had been engaged.

"What's your name?" he said, addressing the first boy on the bench.

"Jule Simpson," replied the lad.

"Not Jule—Julius," said the teacher, solemnly. "You should not cut words short in that way." Then addressing the next boy, he asked, "What is your name?"

"Billous Simpson," sir. The next thing the new teacher had to do was to rap for order.

Emma Eames takes great care of her voice, and says she "lives by the thermometer as most people do by the clock."

THE LITERARY OUTLOOK.

ENDURING PROSPERITY OF THE SECOND-HAND BOOK TRADE.

By a Special Contributor.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—I was talking the other day with a man who is pretty familiar with all the mysteries of the second-hand book trade, and he told me what was news to me, and what, I fancy, will be news to the public at large—that the trade in second-hand books is generally profitable, and often profitable by a large percent. It had rather seemed to me that in the course of years the second-hand book shop had taken on a sadder and more struggling aspect, and as several well-known and almost historic establishments of the kind here in New York had, within the last two or three years, changed hands and undergone a sort of absorption, I was about concluding that here was another once important industry passing out of existence under the pressure of new commercial conditions. But my authority assures me that this is not at all the case.

The best part of the business is not, however, in the selling of ordinary cloth-bound books. In that one department, I infer, it may have lost ground a little, for ordinary books are now to be had of any dealer at prices so much below what was formerly asked in the first-hand shop that the inducement to resort to the second-hand dealer is much less. Rare books—such as books out of print and early editions—and books of fine bindings are the second-hand dealer's best commodities. In these the margin of profit is always good, and often it is large. The rare books, of course, he can secure only now and then; but the frequent sales of private libraries—"gentlemen's libraries"—enable him to maintain a fairly constant stock of books in fine bindings. In no business does prosperity depend more on skill and shrewdness in buying. And, indeed, you don't need to go often into a second-hand book shop to discover that the men in the business themselves understand this very well. One who has seemed almost listless and indifferent in the work of selling may become, if you propose to him to buy, most alert and interested.

While rare books and books in fine bindings are of best promise in the general way, the second-hand dealer has a few chances in the ordinary books that he prizes above anything else in his trade. The best of these is a connection with some periodical that maintains a widely-recognized review department. When the dealer can secure to himself from such a periodical most of the books sent in for review, he considers himself almost a made man, and, I may add, that periodicals now quite often have an agreed-upon relation with the second-hand man and send their "review copies" off to the second-hand shop, at a contracted percentage off the list price, the moment they are finished with them. Thus, the tender young poet, whose own relation to these things is so beautifully remote from anything commercial, may, if he will take to his soul the added agony that the reviewer who cuts him up so ruthlessly has the hardihood, after pronouncing his book of no account, to carry it out and sell it.

Few men have devoted themselves to literary pursuits with more energy and constancy than Rossiter Johnson, who placed the reading public under a special debt of gratitude twenty years ago, when he originated the idea of a collection of the best short stories written in English, and carried it out so acceptably in the series of handy, low-priced volumes entitled "Little Classics." The work had a novelty then that it would have now, for since then—largely, no doubt, because of the success of Mr. Johnson's project—such series have become as common as "bargain" gloves and neck-wear. It has been largely in compilation and editing that Mr. Johnson's talents have been employed. In work of this kind there is never much of general fame, and yet only a man of rare equipment can do it capably. At first he was a newspaper editor, beginning the work in his native town of Rochester, N. Y., and continuing it as Concord, N. H. But at 30, or a little past, he became associated with George Ripley and Charles A. Dana in editing the new edition of the "American Encyclopedia," and has held a connection with that publication ever since, having been since 1883 the editor of the annual, which is issued at

the end of each year as a kind of appendix to the cyclopedia proper. Then he has edited no end of other books and series; and if a list were made of all the important works he has had a share in producing it would be a long one, and would testify to a degree of industry and a range and care of investigation of which any man might well be proud. But even all this has not fully occupied Mr. Johnson. He has, in addition, written several histories, and two or three long stories for young people. His "Phaeton Rogers" everybody knows. And, even with these, his time, apparently, was still not all gone, for he is the secretary of the executive council of the Authors' Club, and is the man especially charged with attending to the business and affairs of that organization. There seems to me to be a special fitness in this last relation of Mr. Johnson, apart from any consideration of the skill with which he undoubtedly discharged it. He represents in himself what one may call the two grand divisions of literary work—first, that of investigating, gathering and sifting, and, second, that if pure composition—and, therefore, in an association of literary men he is most naturally the man to be looked at from all sides to keep the thing together and moving.

The fact of the payment of \$27,500 for a controlling share in the English Saturday Review has several points of interest. The Saturday Review has changed hands several times within a few years, and, in addition, it has given signs in its pages of finding the tide rather set against it, and of wanting, and not quite knowing how, to recover its old place in the "swim." Moreover, it has as property nothing but sheer "good will." It has no valuable press franchise like many a newspaper, and no exclusive hold on a circle of popular authors, like some of the magazines, and it has no mechanical equipment. The purchaser buys simply a name—a trade mark. This name, it is true, has been well before the English public for upward of forty years, and under its earlier editors the Review was highly prosperous. But in the clear uncertainty of the position it has held latterly, the size of the purchase price in the last sale would seem to be indicative rather of the wealth of the buyer than of the real commercial excellence of the property. The man of money who craves the distinction of connection with a periodical is not an unfamiliar type, even among us, and there has been good reason to believe that he was a yet more familiar type in England. In neither country, however, is he quite numerous enough to go round. There are still in both lands a few embarrassed editors and publishers who would like to find someone on whom they could unload—at least, I suspect that there are.

The fact that Dr. Samuel Smiles has lately rallied from an illness which all his friends felt that he could not survive shows from what a good personal endowment of tenacity he wrote those books which have made him peculiarly the prophet of resolute living. In a few days now he will be 86 years old. He lives in London, and his manner of life is very quiet and domestic. He had already had a long and varied experience of life before he undertook to become the guide of others by writing his famous book, "Self Help." Educated for a surgeon, he practiced that profession for some years, then became editor of a newspaper at Leeds, and then the secretary of a railroad company. It was when he was 46 or 47 years old, and after he had been a railroad manager for four or five years, that he wrote "Self Help." Like many another successful book, it had to beg at first for a publisher. Within a year 20,000 copies of it were sold, and literally hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold since, and it has been translated into something like twenty languages. Since Dr. Smiles furnished the model any number of writers have tried to repeat his achievement with books of practical advice on the conduct of life enlivened by anecdotes from eminent biography; but none of them has really succeeded. "Self Help" stands alone, there is no second of its kind.

E. C. MARTIN.

The Boston Transcript observes, without fear of retribution, that Patti is warbling, "Oh, the Swede By and By."

DECEMBER 25, 1898.

HARD TO PLEASE.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] It was in one of our crowded department stores, at the book counter, the morning after Mansfield's great success. Three youths who had made part of his enthusiastic audience drew near.

"Have you a translation of 'Cyrano de Bergerac,'" one of them, who was evidently proud of his pronunciation, asked of the haughty young person with eyeglasses and a black pompadour who dispenses literary pabulum for the low price of 12½ cents a copy.

"What is it you are wanting?" she asked sweetly, much impressed by the youth's collar and grey fedora.

"A cheap translation of 'Cyrano de Bergerac,'" he said, gilding over the name very smoothly and glibly.

The Black Pompadour gasped a moment at the unfamiliar sound.

"Oh, yes, indeed," she said. "Lots of them," placing before him a paper-bound book.

The three youths began a simultaneous giggle.

"This isn't what I want," said the spokesman. "That is 'The Triumph of Death,' by Gabriel d'Anunzio."

"Well, it's the nearest thing we have," said the girl.

The youths moved off, and the Black Pompadour scornfully replaced the book on the shelf, with that injured air we all know, as if remarking to herself, "Some of these people are so hard to please!"

SOL AS A FINANCIER.

Fred Berger, who is the manager and brother-in-law of Sol Smith Russell, was telling some rather surprising things about that actor the other day. "Russell never knows from one year's end to the other where he stands in money matters," said Mr. Berger. "His brother, Judge Russell, makes his real estate investments and takes care of them, and Sol has nothing to say in those matters at all. I handle his theatrical tours, and he neither knows nor cares what the receipts are throughout the season. He draws what money he wants, but is absolutely without information as to whether business is good or bad. He is the only star I ever saw who didn't want to know just what he was playing to and all about the details of his business. When he first began to make money he thought he would invest in real estate, and somebody induced him to put \$2000 into some lots in Galesburg, Ill. Some years afterward a friend familiar with the transaction asked Russell how the deal had come out. He replied: 'That's the best investment I ever made. I only lost \$1500 on it.'"

ONLY A MOUSE.

Kathryn Kidder, now of the James-Warde-Kidder combination, but erstwhile of Mme. Sans-Gêne fame, would not probably admit that she is unlucky, but things keep happening to her. This time it's a mouse. She began the season with a French maid and her (the maid's) white mouse. The actress looks upon it as a rare dispensation of Providence that the possibilities of Felice's mouse were discovered when they were. On the night of the dress rehearsal of "The School for Scandal," prior to its first production, the mouse perched itself on Miss Kidder's dressing table and sat quiet as a Dresden china statuette. As Lady Teazle, the actress wears a powdered pompadour wig of the last century pattern. Though it looks like a mountain of hair it is built spacious on top for the sake of lightness and ventilation. However, between acts Miss Kidder laid it aside. When she resumed it for the screen scene she was in high feather. Everything went splendidly up to throwing down of the screen—the great moment of the comedy. There is not the French milliner, but Lady Teazle! There stood Miss Kidder in the last agony of a real situation which had driven the fictitious situation completely out of her head. She was clutching her expensive head dress in both hands. As the screen dropped she tore off the wig, and from its depth drew by the tall Felice's pet white mouse.

FRANK HAD TRIED IT.

Frank Daniels, whose engagement begins at the Broadway shortly, got even one day last summer with a fresh young man against whom he had a grudge of many years' standing. The fresh young man was talking loud on the subject of patriotism. Daniels is something of a patriot himself, and so expressed his views.

"Yes," said the fresh young man, "I hear you actors talk and sing a lot about patriotism, but I notice that none of you enlist."

"Well," answered Daniels, "I don't want to blow too hard, but just to settle this thing, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll go down to the recruiting office with you and enlist if you will."

The fresh young man got red in the face, but his friends were present, looking hard at him. There was nothing for him to do but to accept Daniels's offer or back straight down. He hadn't the nerve to back down, so he put on the best face he could and followed Daniels. They reached the recruiting office, and, to the surprise of some of the party, Daniels ran up the stairs.

"We want to enlist, this fellow and I," said Daniels to the recruiting officer. The sergeant took Daniels's friend first, passed him and went with

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All Fun, Just What You Have Been Looking for.

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Sunday, Monday
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SATURDAY MATINEE, DEC. 31, 2 O'CLOCK.

Advance Sale of Seats Opens Tomorrow Morning.

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VERDICTS OF NEW YORK AND LONDON:

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"Even Rubinstein had not such a mastery of the keyboard."—NEW YORK HERALD.

"Rosenthal may fairly be termed phenomenal. No terms of praise could be deemed excessive."—LONDON MORNING STANDARD.

"Rosenthal is a great artist who can only be compared with Liszt or Rubinstein."—LONDON DAILY MAIL.

The Advance Sale of Seats Opens Tomorrow Morning, Dec. 26, at 9 o'clock, at the Fitzgerald Music and Piano Co., 113 S. Spring St. Prices: 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00.

him to the examining doctor, who passed him O.K., and then the man signed the articles and became a warrior or less bold.

When Daniels's turn came, he was rejected because he lacked three inches of the required height. To say that Uncle Sam's new man was horrified and wrathful would be expressing it mildly.

"I've tried that before," said Daniels to the new soldier, "and iff were three inches taller, I'd been in Cuba long ago. See?"

Then he went to the florist's shop and sent the new recruit a bunch of forget-me-nots.

PATTI'S WEDDING.

Mme. Adelina Patti's marriage with Baron Rolf Cederstrom will, according to present arrangements, take place in Wales in the beginning of February, either at Craig-y-nos castle or at Swansea. As Mme. Patti be-

longs to the Roman Catholic faith, the marriage will be first celebrated according to the rites of this church, but it is the wish of both parties to have a secondary ceremony performed according to the Swedish Lutheran ritual. There are some difficulties in the way, because, for a Swedish wedding to take place in the Swedish and Norwegian Legation in London, both parties must be Swedes or Norwegians. The same applies to a wedding in the Swedish church in London. It is thought, however, that the legal difficulties will be overcome, and the chaplain of the Swedish and Norwegian Legation, the Rev. J. Palmer, will, in that case, in all probability, go to Craig-y-nos to perform the Lutheran ceremony.

Among the party on Mme. Sara Bernhardt's private yacht on its way to India will be M. Pierre Loti, the French novelist, who will not as captain of the boat.

Cirkusum

Week of Dec. 26,
MATINEE TODAY
AND TOMORROW.
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Matinees, 10c; eday
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Marvelous
Equilibrist"Divorce while
you wait"
Baker,
Sellery,
Bartlett,
Magnetic Artists.

Tomorrow

NOTE—Every artist will positively appear at the Christmas matinee today.

NOTE—Beginning this afternoon the curtain will go up at 2:15, and at 8:15 for evening performances.

Souvenir Matinees.

Next Wednesday the first of a series of souvenir matinees will be begun. Every lady attending the Wednesday matinee will receive a souvenir of Mme. Camilla Urso, the famous violinist.